J. Henry Haynie.

The Nineteenth Illinois

A MEMOIR OF A REGIMENT OF VOLUNTEER INFANTRY FAMOUS IN THE CIVIL WAR OF FIFTY YEARS AGO FOR ITS DRILL, BRAVERY, AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES.

EDITED BY

J. HENRY HAYNIE, of Company D.

AUTHOR OF "PARIS PAST AND PRESENT," "THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS," ETC.; "CHEVALIER IN THE LEGION d'HONNEUR OF FRANCE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

"Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once had beeen."

—LONGFELLOW

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NINETEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY
VETERAN CLUB,
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TO ALL THOSE, DEAD OR LIVING, WHO SERVED IN THE OLD REGIMENT, LOYAL, COURAGEOUS MEN, WHOSE NAMES WILL EVER BE THE PRIDE OF THEIR DESCENDANTS,—AN EMULATION FOR SUBSEQUENT GENERATIONS,—THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

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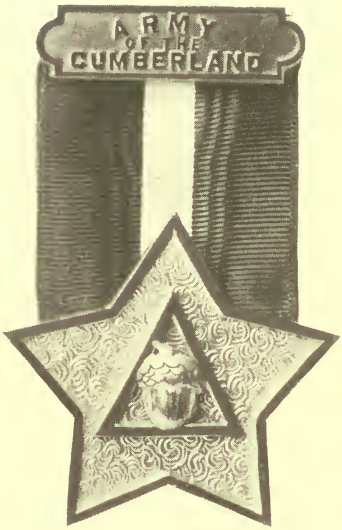
ARMY
OF THE
CUMBERLAND

PREFACE.

At a Regimental Reunion of the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, held under the auspices of the Regiment's Veteran Club, in Memorial Hall, Chicago, October 13 and 14, 1911, it was unanimously voted to have something in the way of a History, or Memoir, of the old organization prepared and published as soon as possible. The following comrades were present at this meeting: Company A—John E. Vreeland, James Gaffney, John Q. Fergus, Robert R. Sampson, James Bloomfield, Joseph M. Spahn, and J. F. Nelson; Company C—James C. McElhose, Frank Applebee, John Ives, and Miles Martin; Company D—J. Henry Haynie, and John Marshall; Company E—David F. Bremner, John Young, David McArthur, Thomas King, and Thomas H. Agnew; Company F—A. F. Scharf; Company H—John Dedrick, C. Van Order, and John Mercer; Company I—D. B. Morehouse, Howard F. Beardsley, and Charles G. Heath; Company K—George Eckart, James Fenton, Andrew Burns, William H. Christian, Albert Heller, August Brinkman, and William Butler.

In the fraternal, yet animated, discussion which prevailed it was stated that such a history had been comtemplated from time to time. Finally, it was fittingly decided that a "Memoir" was a much desired purpose of this Regimental Reunion, and, toward accomplishing this work, a committee of three were chosen to gather in all information possible. Comrade Haynie, of Company D, now a resident of Newton Center, Massachusetts,—this was his first attendance since the members of the Nineteenth have been holding these gatherings—offered his professional services in the carrying out of this commendable attempt; and, by taking the material thus secured, adding to the same his own researches, knowledge, and recollections, and putting the whole into proper shape for publication, both he and the Committee now have the great pleasure of submitting the results of their joint labors in the present volume. All things in the book not duly credited to other sources are from Comrade Haynie's pen,

therefore responsibility not only for compilation but for opinions expressed, and as to the facts, must rest with him, which responsibility he cheerfully assumes. It is to be noted, however, that many of these pages were prepared originally either for the revived Zouave Gazette, or as papers to be read at our occasional gatherings since the War.

At this Reunion of 1911 every comrade present was personally urged—the absent members of the Club were subsequently requested by letter—to lend a helping hand toward this good work, perhaps the last we may ever give of ourselves to posterity. These appeals met with hearty and prompt response in some few instances, but it is to be regretted that many neglected the "call," not to arms but to the pen, though no doubt satisfactory reasons would be furnished if the delinquents were asked to explain their forgetfulness. And now that the task of love is finished and the book is out, we commend "The Nineteenth Illinois" to all the surviving members of the Regiment; likewise to their families, to their innumerable relatives and friends, and to the American public generally, as a work which we believe to be of real value, and well worth the reading.

The Nineteenth was mustered into the Union service at Chicago, Illinois, on the seventeenth of June, 1861, with thirty-seven officers and nine hundred and sixteen enlisted men; it received during its term of service (three years) 264 recruits, making a total of 1,180 enrolled volunteers in its ranks. Of this aggregate force—officers and men—ninety-seven were killed or died of their wounds or injuries, one hundred and two were more or less seriously wounded, seventy-four were taken prisoners and held, some in Andersonville, some in Libby Prison, the others in different places, for various lengths of time. Besides these, eleven were missing in action and have never been heard from; ten died in rebel prisons; forty-five from diseases, two hundred and fifteen were discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, and nine because of wounds received in battle. Meanwhile, twenty-six enlisted men were promoted to be line officers in our own regiment, and eleven as officers into other regiments. We also lost an entire company (G), it having been reorganized into a battery; and on our leaving the front one hundred and fifty-two recruits were left behind to serve out their unexpired terms. Many of these, with numerous Comrades in the Regiment who

had re-enlisted as Veterans, had the great privilege of participating in one of the most remarkable, we might even say, unparalled, military events in history, the Grand Review in Washington at the end of the War.

While in the service our Regiment was engaged in innumerable skirmishes, many combats, half a score of engagements, and at least four great battles, viz.: Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Resaca. It travelled by rail about 2,400 miles, by steamboat over six hundred, and marched quite 1,600 more, making a total of something like 5,211 miles. Every mile of country over which we trod has long since changed its aspect, but will ever be historical ground. Unknown, unmapped, uninviting places were baptized in human blood, thus receiving names to be chronicled as shrines for future patriots. But these pilgrims of years to come will perhaps have less enthusiasm, less keen scent for local color, than might be displayed by the survivors of those stirring events of grim visaged war were we to return to where our company, or our battery, or our squadron fought. If such re-visit to battlefields were practicable and really made, we should probably be saying to one another: "There's where our Regiment was;" or, "Here's where the 'Johnnies' gave way;" or, "This is the very spot where I lost my blanket;" or, "Yonder is where we charged Adam's brigade;" or, and much more softly, "It seems to me that this was where So-and-So was killed."

Leaving Chicago the twelfth of July, 1861, and going southward, after we were done with Missouri, until we came finally to the town of Ackworth, in Cobb county, Georgia, only a few miles from "Kennesaw, dark in its glory," the Nineteenth, on the ninth of June, 1864, for the first time turned back from the enemy, bade goodbye forever to the Fourteenth Corps and the Army of the Cumberland, and arrived at Chicago almost three years after our departure from that city. There, in Camp Fry, at the far end of the North Side—it was at the extreme end of the South Side that we had been mustered in—on the ninth of July, 1864, the Regiment—twenty-eight officers and three hundred and thirty-three men—was mustered out of service; and we, its few survivors could look back with the proud satisfaction of knowing that Ours was considered the best drilled Regiment in the Western, if not in all the Armies. During its service it had

crossed fields and forded rivers, climbed mountains and struggled through forests, in the face of a desperate foe. It had labored hard along terrible roads and suffered severely from camp diseases. It was often sorely tried, and sometimes the men murmured, but were ever ready, aye, eager, to meet the enemy. Thousands on thousands of soldiers at the front, and hundreds of thousands of citizens at home, had sung a grand war hymn composed in honor of its supreme courage at Stone River. The illustrious and lamented author of "America" wrote a stirring poem to commemorate the valor of its soldiers; and all of them—the dead and the living—may feel glorified by reason of having once belonged to such a Regiment.

It is with profound sorrow we announce that since the above was written our greatly beloved comrade, soldier and author, J. Henry Haynie, departed this life at his home, Newton Center, Massachusetts, on May 14, 1912.

"Time laid his hand upon his heart
  Gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm upon his harp
  To deaden its vibrations."

Our late comrade had an enviable war record. He enlisted April 15, 1861, on President Lincoln's first call for troops and served continuously until the muster-out of his regiment July 9th, 1864.

He was seriously wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Stone River, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, was exchanged and rejoined his regiment on the eve of the Chickamauga campaign. He took part in the battle of Chickamauga and shared in the brilliant assault of Missionary Ridge.

In the Atlanta campaign he was engaged at Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Battle of Resaca and other battles and engagements of the campaign up to the occupation of Ackworth, Georgia; on all occasions with distinguished gallantry.

Prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic he was Commander of Charles Ward Post, Newton, Massachusetts, was delegate at large to the National Encampment in 1907 and

Assistant Inspector General on the staff of National Commander General R. B. Brown.

We desire to place upon record our deep sense of the loss sustained by his loving and devoted wife and children, by his host of friends and by his former comrades who shared with him in the stirring events so graphically detailed by him in this volume. We deeply mourn his loss.

David F. BREMNER, Company E,
JOHN YOUNG, Company E,
JAMES BLOOMFIELD, Company A,

Committee.

"WHO'LL SAVE THE LEFT?"

Through three long days the battle raged
  In front of Murfreesboro;
And cannon balls tore up the earth
  As plows turn up the furrow.
Brave soldiers by the hundreds fell
  In fierce assault and sally,
While bursting shell hiss'd, screamed, and fell
  Like demons in the valley.

The Northman and the Southron met
  In bold defiant manner;
Now victory perched on Union Flag,
  And now on Rebel banner.
But see! Upon the Union's left
  Bear down in countless numbers—
With shouts that seem to wake the hills
  From their eternal slumbers.

The Rebel hosts, whose iron rain
  Beats down our weaker forces,
And covers all the battle-plain
  With torn and mangled corses!
Still onward press the Rebel hordes,
  More boldly, fiercer, faster;
But Negley's practiced eye discerns
  The swift and dread disaster.

"Who'll save the Left?" his voice rang out
  Above the roar of battle.
"The Nineteenth!" shouted Colonel Scott,
  Amid the muskets' rattle.
"The Nineteenth be it—make the charge!"
  Quick as the words were given
The Nineteenth fell upon the foe
  As lightning falls from Heaven.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Over the stream they went, into the fight;
Cutting their way on the left and the right;
Unheeding the storm of the shot and the shell,
Unheeding the fate of their Comrades who fell.
Onward they sped like the fierce lightning's flash;
Onward they sped with a tornado's crash;
Onward they sped like the bolts of the thunder,
Resistlessly crushing the Rebel host under,
Till, wild in their terror, they scattered and fled—
Leaving heaps upon heaps of their dying and dead!
And the shouts that went up with the set of the sun
Told the charge was triumphant, the great battle won.

INTRODUCTION.

It is more than half a century since the beginning of the Civil War; it is forty-seven years since that war ended with the complete restoration of the American Union. After Appomattox, James Russell Lowell, himself a Federal soldier, wrote: "The news is from Heaven. I felt a strange and tender exultation. I wanted to laugh and I wanted to cry, and ended by holding my peace and feeling devoutly thankful. There is something magnificent in having a country to love. It is almost like what one feels for a woman. Not so tender, perhaps, but to the full as self-forgetful."

Impossible as it may seem, our Country is really a land of many wars; for although as a great Nation, we are one of the youngest on the Globe, the valleys and the hills, the plains and the mountains we call America, and are our own, are as old as the oldest countries of the Ancient World; indeed some parts of our vast territory are thick-piled with ruined towns and habitations which are believed to be of greater antiquity than the famed desolations of Greece and Egypt. This Continent has probably been a fighting field for more than twenty-five centuries, and for that length of time man has struggled here to defend himself, or to take possession. On this Continent, and in long past ages, men by swarms, naked or in the hairy skins of animals they brought down with flint-tipped spear or arrow roamed in search of their enemies. And no sooner had these hordes become tribal organizations than the struggle for possession leapt again to the fore and wars were everywhere. Centuries later, in the dim majestic forest, hoar with time but silent now and filled with the brooding pathos of forgotten things, the Amarinds, that is to say, the human beings wrongly called Indians, took and held this Continent. In many a region of our now beloved land uncounted warriors once streamed as ruthless forces, advancing and retreating, burning and destroying. Down many a flowing stream, or on many a pond or lake, their war canoes came or went, leaving billows of blood at this bend

or these shallows of river where, fighting hand to hand, savages battled to retain or gain. After innumerable wars between the first inhabitants came the many wars between Red Men and White Men. The Anglo-Saxon had arrived, at Jamestown and at Plymouth, and he hastened to take possession by force of arms. A thirst for empire came with the new comers, and the wars they brought on continued for more than two hundred years. Here, there, and yonder the Red Men and the Whites fought fiercely, the pomp and pride of paint and plumes and bows and arrows against the stern ruggedness of those bearing rifles which spoke death. They fought for centuries—one for increased territory, unbounded power, and civilization; the other for his home and native hunting grounds.

After that, indeed in the midst thereof, the Revolution occurred, and from Lexington and Bunker Hill into the South and Middle West ran not only war's alarms, but many a battle between Anglo-Saxons, one side fighting for freedom and independence, the other side to crush and still control. That war ended, another broke forth within thirty years or so and again between kindred people. Once more our land heard the heavy tread of an armed invading force, but the Battle of New Orleans was the last of the War of 1812, and since then no foreign foe has ventured to set foot upon the soil of this Republic. And then, less than half a century after our last war with England, the most terrible strife this Continent has ever known, or ever will know, God willing, shook the heart and rent the soul of the United States of America. Its valleys and hills, its fields and woods, its brooks and mighty rivers swarmed with armed men, and the smoke and groans of deadly conflict went up from thousands of battle grounds. Those warriors were, in the main, not only white, but of the same race and Nation. It was officially called the War of Rebellion, and later, the Civil War; it was really a fratricidal war of brother against brother, father against son, friend against friend; the same people of the same Republic, and of the same churches, at each others throats in deadly earnestness. The hills and the mountains, the lakes and the streams, the towns and the cities, the fields and the meadows, beheld two enormous armies, one in Blue the other in Gray—most of their soldiers sons of a common ancestry, having the same scorn of danger, the same heroic determination—in battle

array, but, alas! one side attempting to destroy, while the other side was loyally supporting the National Union. Then men of the same race and kin strove and dared, blundered and achieved, fought out their utmost reserves of strength, until a quarter of a million of them lay in ghastly windrows on the same blood-darkened earth where stag and lynx, wolf and bear, brown men and red men have torn one another through an immensity of centuries. It is with that war and some of its battles, that is to say, with a few hundred of its loyal soldiers who participated in it, that we have to do in these pages.

It has been clearly estimated that in the struggle which began in 1861, there were, on both sides, nearly 4,000,000 men and boys under arms, and there are not that many soldiers today in all the standing armies of combined Europe. If we say there were boys as well as men engaged in the Civil War it is because it is a fact. Of the total enlistments, aggregating 2,300,000, in round numbers, for the Union armies and navies—1,700,000 is the established estimate of the Confederate enlistments—there were no fewer than a million who were under nineteen years of age, and there were nearly one hundred thousand under fifteen years. There are no reliable records of the losses on the Southern side but on the Northern side the number of killed and mortally wounded amounted to about 146,000; while the grand total of deaths resulting from military operations was 395,000. In all probability the losses were approximately the same on both sides, that is to say, one-fourth of the entire armed force in the Civil War was destroyed. In other words, nearly 800,000 lives were lost; six hundred thousand men and boys were made cripples for life; and more than two million mothers, widows, sisters, and orphans were made to mourn for the loved ones in the war. All told, no less than two thousand two hundred combats, one hundred and forty-nine of which were important battles, were fought. The loss in property ran into thousands of millions of dollars; the actual cost to the Nation was over $5,000,000,000; and as has been stated, the sacrifice in life was beyond all precedent in modern history. If we count pensions and other expenses since 1865, the Civil War has thus far cost this Country about $8,525,000,000—a cost almost beyond the mind of man to grasp.

But, on the other hand, look for a moment at what has been

brought about by reason of all that the Union soldiers and sailors accomplished half a century or so ago. At the beginning of 1861, the population of the United States was no more than 32,000,000, and the National wealth was only about $8,000,000,000, or $250.00 per capita. Within less than fifty years after the close of the War of Rebellion the population, in round numbers is 92,000,000, and the National wealth has become $117,000,000,000, or nearly fifteen times what it was half a century previously, while the per capita has risen to $1,275.00. It will hardly be denied that this unparalleled prosperity became possible wholly by reason of the patriotism and the sacrifices of those who opposed the armed forces which sought to destroy this Country in the early sixties.

Another thing. Those who were in the American Civil War battled for four years and one month; the heroes of the Crimean War—French, English, Turks, and Russians—were fighting less than one-fourth as long. The duration of our Civil War was seven times as great as that of the Franco-Prussian conflict which overthrew an Empire, consolidated Germany, and established the French Republic. It was twenty-four times as long as the Franco-Austrian war. Moreover, in its influence upon national and human destinies, that war of fifty years ago is still more conspicuous; for it not only made an end of human slavery in North America, but, as an exhibition of military capacity and a revelation of our prodigious possibilities of armed resistance, it taught the world the advisability, and indeed the absolute necessity, of letting the United States alone, as the one unassailable and defensively irresistible Power on earth. Nor was the success of the North in the Civil War a triumph in a sectional sense, as time has since shown that it was for the interest of the whole Nation.

In the ancient world there were several motives for war, and the last of them is to be found in slavery. This, too, was in a way, the motive of the Civil War. It was because the Southern States were determined that slavery should not only continue in their midst, but should be spread into adjacent territory, that they seceded form the Union. Early in February, 1850, Henry Clay presented in the Senate at Washington a series of resolutions, known ever since as the Clay Compromise, on the slavery question in the United States. Speaking in favor of his resolu-

Photographed in 1864.

Left to Right
1st Row.
1. 1st Lieut. John Young.
2. 1st Lieut. V. Bradford Bell.
3. 1st Lieut. C. V. Lamberson.
4. Capt. Alex. Murchison.
5. Capt. David F. Bremner.

2nd Row.
6. Capt. James G. Campbell.
7. 1st Lieut. Wm. Jackson.
8. Lieut. Col. A. W. Raffen.
9. 2nd Lieut. J. T. Thornton.
10. 1st Lieut. S, L. Hamilton.

3rd Row.
11. 2nd Lieut. Jas. W. Raffen.
12. 1st Lieut. D. B. Morehouse.
13. 2nd Lieut. T. M. Beatty.
14. Capt. James Longhorn.

tions, and in answer to repeated threats to dissolve the American Confederation by secession, the venerable Senator from Kentucky said: "In my opinion, there is no right on the part of any one or more of the States to secede from the Union. War and dissolution of the Union are identical and inevitable. There can be a dissolution only by consent or war, and such a war as it would be! We may search the pages of history, and none so ferocious, so bloody, so implacable, so exterminating—not even the wars of Greece, of England, or of France; none of them all—have been characterized by such bloodshed as would the war which must succeed, if that event ever happens, the dissolution of the Union."

The debate on these resolutions continued for several months, taking a very extensive range. Among those who spoke in their support were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Stephen A. Douglas, Cass, Walker, Baldwin, Benton, Seward, and others; opposed to them were Calhoun, Davis, Soule, Berrien, Butler, Badger, Mason, Hunter, etc. These latter threatened disunion, and it was in answer to the fiery speech of John C. Calhoun, read by Mr. Mason—the famous Southern Senator was then struggling with the disease which soon after terminated in his death—that Webster exclaimed: "Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. Peaceable secession! A concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! What would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What states are to be associated? What is to remain America? What am I to be? Where is the Flag to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower, or is he to cower, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors, our fathers and grandfathers, those of them who still remain amongst us by reason of prolonged life, would reproach us, and our children and grandchildren would cry out shame upon us, if we of this generation should bring dishonor upon these ensigns of the power and harmony of the Union which we see around us now with so much joy and gratitude." And later on, in answer to the speech of Senator Soule, Mr. Webster said: "I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the Constitution. I need no other platform. I

shall know but our Country. The ends I aim at shall be my Country's, my God's and Truth's."

The people of the South justified Negro slavery on the plea of race inferiority. "With us," said Alexander Stephens—afterward Vice-President of the Confederacy—"with us, all the white race, however high or low, rich or poor, are equal in the law. Not so with the negro; subordination is his place." And Stephens, like too many men in the South, maintained that the natural and normal condition of the Negro was slavery. He further said, in that same speech: "It is upon this (slavery) our social fabric is firmly planted, and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of the full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world." Yet within five years, and notwithstanding this remarkable prediction, slavery was abolished in the United States, and within twenty-seven years it was abolished in Brazil, thus marking the final disappearance of human slavery as a legalized institution among civilized peoples.

But no historian can ever truthfully assert that we, the men who followed the Star Spangled Banner, our Country's Emblem of Government, Dignity, and Power, with such matchless courage and heroic sacrifice during the War of Rebellion were moved at first to volunteer only by the determination to relieve our black fellowmen from bondage. At the outbreak of that war we who first responded to President Lincoln's calls were inspired to do so by the noblest sentiments of Loyalty and Patriotism; and it was not until the terrible strife had gone on for many months that the freeing of the slaves was made one of the great issues of the contest. The progress of events changed the *status ante quo*, and the abolishing of slavery was a legitimate and necessary result of the arbitrament of the sword.

As a rule war is considered simply as a manifestation of brute force—an encounter between two armies wherein the one that is best armed and is guided by the ablest generals, conquers. This was not always true, however, of the War of 1861-65. It was an encounter between two divisions—the North and the South—of the same Country; therefore a struggle against Government by a rebellious part of the American people who claimed the right to secede from the Union of States to which each State had pledged itself. The Civil War was a struggle not between

two rival nations but between peoples of the same Race and Country. On the one side was loyalty to the existing Government and the Constitution established by our forefathers; on the other side, disloyalty to that Government. Other peoples have fought men of their own blood to preserve their liberties, or in defense of their religion or to secure their possessions, but the political rights of the South were not menaced, its religion was unvexed, its hearthstones were not violated. Slavery was in danger, however, and the South fought to retain it, as "a principal cause of civilization," as one Southern champion wrote. Yet on the eve of the Civil War, 350,000 planters made up the slaveholding class; that is to say, less than six per cent of the white population of the Southern and border States. Then came rebellion, and the great question to be decided was whether the Union was one and indissoluble or a compact of Sovereign States dissolvable at the pleasure of any of the signatories. War followed. For more than fifty years the life of our Nation had been hanging by a thread. The Civil War cut that thread and the Union of States was bound with cords of steel. But it was a very sad war to both armies, as well as to the peoples who sustained those forces in the fields for four years.

To bravely let one's self be killed in combat, even for a righteous cause, is not at all a pleasant thing to do, yet, as a rule, it was done uncomplainingly. Very seldom were there any hand to hand conflicts, where men, inflamed by the excitement of determined energy and the desperation of close quarters, were carried away in a sort of intoxication under the sway of which they found glory in feeling their flesh lacerated and cut by sabres and bayonets until they were bathed in blood; still there were some such engagements. Nor did our war consist of brief exaltations between groups of soldiers, but rather in prolonged and fearful struggles wherein scores on scores of thousands were engaged, with hundreds of yards usually separating the two forces. However, the hardships of that war were not alone in the desperate tension of muscle and courage required at the decisive moment in battle, although it sometimes happened that a strong effort of will was necessary to hold the bravest in the ranks at critical times. There were other hardships, and these consisted in the interminable drills, the policing of camps, the building of defensive

works, the frequent diseases brought on by foul water, the limited supply of food—even when plentiful, its constant sameness—the hard marches, the frequent bivouacs, the lonely picket duty under pouring rains or in the coldest weather, the illness borne when medicines were not at hand, the occasional discouragement at feeling one's self no longer master of his own destiny, stripped, apparently, of all human worth, and, in a way, deprived of the absolute and unconditional right to live, those endless duties were a constant drain upon enduring faithfulness, harder to bear, often, than the crashing excitement of battle, while the deadly suffering of camps and hospital were at times easily worse than all. Yet resistance to fatigue and suffering, implicit obedience to those in authority, a willingness to die, were the virtues which the troops most cultivated in those days of war in the early sixties. In short, with a conscious effort of will, while influenced by diverse ethical sentiments, we succeeded in becoming fine soldiers in a short time, principally by contracting habits of discipline, and by dominating the instinct of self-preservation.

And to no men now in existence except the "old boys" lives a joy so profound or so thrilling as the tribute which rang in the hearty cheering of the fighting line in battle front, which beamed in the thousands on thousands of faces uplifted in utter faith and trust, which sparkled in deep-set eyes blazing with devotion, when the beloved leader, whose command over Comrade hearts was as absolute as over their destinies, rode past. None of us who are still spared, whether "Johnny Reb" or "Billy Yank," has to shut his eyes to see our great Commanders of the Civil War. But we of the North, when we think of that war, can never overlook this important fact, that that bitter struggle was not won by soldiers and sailors alone. In our hours of gravest perils, in our hours of greatest sufferings, in our time of greatest need, in our moments of deepest exultation, and whether by day or by night, there was one man more than any other, more indeed than all the others, who carried the heaviest burden, the heaviest responsibility, yet was never broken, was ever alert and doing for the armies in the field and for the fleets on the seas.

Mankind will never forget Abraham, or Moses, or Leonidas, or Cincinnatus, of Pericles, or Paul, or Richelieu, or Cromwell,

or Washington, or Gladstone. Nor will mankind ever forget the hero-martyr whom our war added to that grand company of Immortals. Lincoln had the faith of Abraham, the leadership of Moses, the courage of Leonidas, the simplicity of Cincinnatus, the statesmanship of Pericles, the intellectual force of St. Paul, the political sagacity of Richelieu the integrity and the patriotism of Washington, and the eloquence of Gladstone. Lincoln! How beautiful and good he stands to our mind and imagination, a man to whom was given so much of earth, so much of heaven! With all the civilized nations of the world today there is one lasting memory of the Civil War in America, and it is the admiring remembrance of Abraham Lincoln, whom our own dear State of Illinois gave to the Union and to the whole Country.

In no sense is this work intended to be a history of the Civil War; however, in the main, it is merely pen and ink sketches of some of the incidents and of a few of the great battles in which a single regiment participated. It is the partial story of the doings of the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, in many ways the most famous of the thousands of organizations in that war. It is the unvarnished, yet incomplete, record of a group of Union soldiers who served their Country in its time of gravest peril; and, fully sensible of how much he stands in need of his Comrades, and the reader's indulgent good will as they follow him in this Memoir, the Editor hopes that what he has recorded may, here and there, throw a side light not only on this particular Regiment, but on some of the conditions under which Union soldiers lived and fought during those stern, fateful years, and give fresh emphasis to his purity of motive and his heroic constancy. One thing is certain: no where in the book can denunciation of "our friends, the enemy" be found. The brave, yet misguided, troops of the South bowed to the decree of Almighty God and the valor of their opponents long ago. They, like us, are thankful that today the sun shines on a reunited Country. Those who wore the Gray, like those who wore the Blue, may not forget that the best of our life and work lies behind us. And, O how sadly! do we who are still here, present at roll call, so to speak, think of those of our Regiment who were killed, or who died of wounds or diseases received while in the service. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mora.* Nameless they may remain on the

pages of History, but their names, whether written or unwritten, will everywhere be accepted as synonyms of bravery, constancy, loyalty, devotion and sacrifice.

Unlike those who followed the Southern cross of the Confederacy—they waged a wonderful fight, those poorly clothed, half-starved heroes in Gray whom we admired as we fought them, and whose courage we shall never forget—there is in our hearts no double loyalty as to our Colors, as to the Flag we followed, around which we rallied, which we enshrined in the sacred soul of our love, which we never let fall to the ground in defeat, and which we honor and cherish now as something almost holy, not merely as the emblem of a heroic epoch, or as the embodiment of memories that will be tender and sweet as long as life shall last, but as the American Flag, the one which our forefathers unfurled to the breeze; which Washington established in triumph; which Barry Bainbridge, Jones, and Decatur, on the seas, and Jackson at New Orleans, upheld in 1812; which Scott and Taylor and Wool carried through Mexico; and which, after our terrible conflict was borne by Miles and Schafer. Schley and Sampson, in the Spanish War.

In an old and glorious Country across the Ocean there was once a brave soldier, La Tour d'Auvergne, known as the First Grenadier of the French Republic. He died in the year 1800, but his name is still carried on the muster-roll of his regiment, and it will ever be. In May, 1904, an urn containing the heart of that Soldier of France was placed under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, where great Napoleon sleeps; and while this was being done the garrison flags saluted, arms were presented by five thousand troops, and a Captain of the Forty-sixth Regiment of the Line, in accordance with the old formula, called out the name, "La Tour d'Auvergne!" And then, after a few moments of solemn silence the answer came in clear and ringing tones from a Sergeant:

"Dead on the Field of Honor."

Survivors of Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, H, I, and K, of the Nineteenth Illinois, call the roll of your companies, and bend low over the names which may be followed by "Dead on the Field of Honor!" If ever there were heroes in war, then were our comrades Heroes. What hardships did they not endure

on the march, in the bivouac, in the trenches, and on the battle-field! What sacrifices did they not willingly make for a cause dearer than life itself! What danger did they not face with unflinching front! Who of us will ever forget them as they, and we, followed Turchin, Scott, Raffen; as these, our Colonels, followed Stanley and Stoughton, Negley and Johnson, who, in turn, led them and us close to Mitchel, Buell, Rosecrans, and greatest of them all, George H. Thomas, the loyal Virginian, the valorous Patriot, the one unwhipped Commanding General on both sides of the Civil War!

La Colline, 1912. J. H. H.

CHAPTER I.

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CHAPTER I.

The first blow of the Civil War was struck in January, 1861. On the ninth of that month an armed force of South Carolina fired upon and drove from Charleston harbor the steamer *Star of the West*, which the National Government had sent with men and provisions for the relief of Major Robert Anderson, who, two weeks before, believing that an attack on Fort Moultrie, which he was then occupying, might be expected at any moment, and in view also of its untenable condition, spiked the cannon, burned the gun-carriages, and moved his small force to unfinished Fort Sumter, in the same harbor. The State flag of South Carolina was soon raised on Fort Moultrie, and because President Buchanan would not punish Anderson for this movement, Secretary of War Floyd resigned from the Cabinet.

In the North this firing upon the *Star of the West* attracted very little attention; but the action of Major Anderson and the resignation of Floyd were the signal for rebellion in the South. Before February several States seceded from the Union, and Texas followed on the first of that month. These States united as the Southern Confederacy, which raised its flag over Montgomery, Alabama, as its National Capital, adopted a Constitution, and elected Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, as President. Meanwhile the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration as President of the United States of North America approached, and, on Monday, March 4, 1861, the oath of office was administered to a man whom some of us who were in the Nineteenth knew as boys at Springfield, Illinois. In his inaugural speech that day Mr. Lincoln said:

"I consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, the Constitution itself expressly enjoins it upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States." He added that in carrying out this purpose there was no need of violence or bloodshed, nor should there be any unless it was forced upon the National authority.

Brigadier General P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana born, graduate of the Military Academy at West Point,—he was a gallant soldier in the Mexican War—was the man who then struck the Union its second blow. He had resigned from the United States Army, already held high rank in the Confederacy, and was commanding South Carolina troops at Charleston. To his demand for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, Major Robert Anderson—another gallant officer in the Mexican War—replied in a patriotic negative; thereupon, a little before five o'clock on the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861, Beauregard opened fire on Sumter. The people of Charleston hastened to the shore to enjoy the shameful spectacle, little suspecting the sad disaster which it presaged.* The firing on that fort lasted all day and through part of the night. On the thirteenth, when the buildings in Sumter were blazing and Anderson's cannoneers could no longer see to load their guns because of the thick smoke, the valorous Commander, after a final salute to the American Flag, surrendered. In 1865, almost precisely four years later, after a prayer by the very Chaplain who four years before had prayed on the same spot, General Anderson

*The First Lesson of the Sunday—the third after Easter—which followed the surrender of Fort Sumter, can be found in Joel III: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: prepare war, wake the mighty men, let all men of war draw near; let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong."

hoisted upon the flag staff the same Stars and Stripes that had been lowered in 1861.*

Seven States in the South had already declared themselves out of the Union; the property of the United States had been seized and appropriated; and now that South Carolina had actually fired upon the National Flag, four more Southern States at once joined the Confederacy, which removed its capital to Richmond, Virginia. Viewed now through the backward slanting light of experience, how futile that action seems. A minority of States less densely populated than the North and West, with an alien race dwelling among them, a race that might be a non-combatant burden or a foe within the breastworks; with no arsenal, no munitions of war, and not a Corporal's guard for a standing army, there seemed no possibility of, scarcely a hope for, success against the organized Government which held the treasury, the army, and all the resources and facilities of war.

The news of Fort Sumter soon reached Washington, and thence spread out to electrify the North, which, until then, had not wished for war, but seemingly desired some sort of a compromise. But now the time for compromise was past. Now that the South had begun it, a willingness to fight was manifested throughout the North and West, and the cry of War, not that of Peace, was heard, even though we were but little prepared for one. On the fifteenth of April President Lincoln issued his first call, *on all the States*, for 75,000 volunteers for three months, and that appeal was printed in the newspapers of the Country that same day. Not a single State which had seceded from the Union acknowledged his summon, nor did any troops come from the border

*Charleston was surrendered back to the Union forces February 18th, and in the Protestant Episcopal churches of that "cradle of secession" on the succeeding Sunday the clergymen had to face as their First Lesson (Quinquagesima) the first chapter of Lamentations, beginning, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! She that was great among the Nations, and princess among provinces, how is she become tributary."

States. But from the free States of the North an army of men sprang up and of this number were four Chicago companies of infantry which were afterward in the Nineteenth Illinois. One of these (Company D) was the very first company raised in that already great city, although another (Company E) had, through its then Captain, John McArthur, (afterward a Major General) offered its services, in case of war, to the Governor of Illinois as early as January previously. As illustrating the swift and patriotic impulses of that memorable day the following account of how he happened to volunteer, by a still living member of the Regiment, is herewith presented.

It was a bright sunshiny morning, the fifteenth of April, 1861. Breakfast in a Chicago home on the West Side was nearly ended when the head of the house, an eminent lawyer, who had been reading the President's Proclamation aloud from his newspaper, spoke to his son and the latter's cousin —neither of them yet nineteen years of age—and he said:

"Well, young gentlemen, what do you think about this grave issue?"

Without giving any definite answer, they rose from the table, left the house and started for their respective places of employment over on the South Side; and, though it had been their custom to take a Madison street horse-car, they walked the entire distance, saying very little to each other on the way, however. Arrived at Clark Street they separated, one to go to his desk in the County Clerk's office in the old Court House, the other to the Judge's chambers, where he had some routine things to do before beginning his morning study of certain law books. But hardly had the latter entered the rooms when he heard the sound of a fife and drum close by, and with that sound came an echo of the question, "Well, young gentlemen, what do you think about this grave issue?"

Immediately there arose several other questions in his mind. What was he going to do about the needs of his Country's Government? How might he help that good man from his own native State, now in the Presidential Chair at Washington? What was he ready to do for the imperilled Nation? Then he saw his own father at Mr. Lincoln's side as a Volunteer from Kentucky in the Black Hawk War; and he also saw that father volunteering to help his Country in her war with Mexico; and he remembered, too, the old cocked hat, the regimentals, and the Continental money at home, heirlooms in a family where paternal and maternal forebears had fought in the war of Independence against King George! The sound of that fife and drum was meanwhile ringing loudly in his ears, and the notes seemed like the voice of one standing at a threatened post calling, "Help! help!" across the hills and the plains between the Potomac and Lake Michigan.

It was then that that young man, hardly more than a boy, saw his duty clearly and he acted promptly. In his veins coursed the blood of generations of loyal Americans, patriots who had been ready to serve their Country whenever that Country called, ever since the first of his name had come to Virginia in 1649. The law books were left untouched, and down to the street the young man hastened. The fife and drum were just around the corner, in Dearborn Street. An empty store had been hastily turned into a recruiting office; and therein, on a large roll he wrote his name, the eighth on a list which soon numbered over a hundred, and it was the first Company of Volunteers raised in Chicago at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion. In the *Chicago Tribune* of April 22, 1861, one may read: "At the theatre on Saturday evening J. H. McVicker presented to Captain Fred Harding's Company an elegant silk flag bearing the motto, 'Retaliation—no mercy to traitors!'

This fulfills the generous manager's pledge to the first Company filled up and received." That organization which Captain Harding so promptly raised became Company D in the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry when it was mustered in for three years of service, although it (the Company) saw field service before that date. As for the other "young gentleman,"* he, too, enrolled his name that same day, in what was then known as" Barker's Dragoons." In due course of time his Company became a part of the Eight Illinois Cavalry, one of the most famous organizations in the Army of the Potomac. After the War, he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant, into the Regular Army;** he served with distinction and marked ability, rising through all the intermediate grades to the rank of Brigadier General, and was finally retired as such by reason of age limit.

So it was with thousands of other young men and boys, native born for most part, though some were from foreign lands, in Illinois that fifteenth day of April, 1861. And it was especially so with many of those whose deeds are chronicled in these pages. They were loyal, patriotic, eager to do everything possible to support the Government and defend the Flag; and it was thus that Companies A, D, E, and K, of the Nineteenth originally sprang into existence. The other companies in the Regiment were none the less faithful in their service of more than three years, and it is with those days of stern war that this volume deals. Looking back on them after these fifty years and more, the survivors can soberly say that in the vigor of their youth they were glad to loyally serve their Country, and now, in their old age, they have no regrets whatever for what they then did; on the contrary, we are proud, we feel uplifted in spirit,

*Brigadier General Louis Henry Rucker.
**Like our own Lieutenant Quinton.

UNIV. OF ILLINOIS

Reunion, Memorial Day, 1888.

Back Row—Fife Major, Jas. H. Moore, Jacob Bolles, Co. D, Thos. H. Agnew, Co. E, Capt. T. M. Beatty, Co. A, Capt, D. F. Bremner, Co. E, J. B. Stanger, Co. D, Z. R. Winslow, Co. A. 3rd Row—D. F. Hohn, Co. A, Fred Wichman, Co. I. W. H. Christian, Co. K, Col. A. W. Raffen, Color Sergt. Peter F. Guthrie, Co. E, Lieut. John Young, Co. E, Chas. Reinacker, Co. K, Com. Sergt. T. C. Hubbard, Son of Comrade Tapley, J. J. Maloney, Co. D, Son of Comrade Tapley, Milo Coleman, Co. C, Thomas King, Co. E. 2nd Row—Lieut. E. A. Filkins, Co. C, Chas. Ferris, Co. D, Robt. Bremner, Co. E, John Q, Fergus, Co. A, Miles Martin, Co. C, P. McDonell, Co. K, J. F. S. Smith, Co. A., Andrew Burns, Co. C, Richard Otten, Co. K. Joseph Slagle, Co. A. Front Row—Joseph Spahn, Co. A, Mark Tapley, Co. C, and Daughter, Fife Major Moore's Son, Capt. Bremner's Son, Chas. G. Heath, Co. I, Albert Heller, Co. K, John R. Powley, Co. A, Robert R. Sampson, Co. A, Jacques Kummel, Co. F.

we are conscious of our standing in our respective communities, and we fully realize now, "in years that bring the philosophic mind," all that the Union soldiers and sailors of the Civil War accomplished. "'Tis an old tale and often told," but we are impelled to once more tell the story, even though, musing on Comrades gone, we doubly feel ourselves alone.

The true beginning of this history is to insist that in those first days of war the officers, non-commissioned and privates, were alike energetic, intelligent, companionable beings, and our early impressions of army life are far from disagreeable. It is true that during the first few weeks and months it was seemingly a continuous guard-mount; a never ending drill, drill, until we fairly groaned when we heard the sharp command, "Fall in for drill!" To some, perhaps to many, it appeared that altogether too much energy and gray matter was being wasted on the mere ornamental parts of the Manual—our wheelings and facings, our holding guns in all sorts of positions, our dress parades and frequent reviews, our inspections—all these multiple things, either as an exercise or as a duty, came to be rather tiresome, to some at least, although there was never any serious complaining. But skirmishes plentiful soon became our portion, and while most of these were so little they hardly counted, yet were they of incalculable value when the time came for us to show the manner of soldiers the Nineteenth consisted of.

With all this marching and counter-marching, this "left, left, left,"—hayfoot, strawfoot, now you've got it, keep it—this "right shoulder shift," this "to the rear, march!" this "unswing knapsacks," this "parade, rest!" this "attention," this "present arms," this "dress up on the right," this "eyes to the front," this "touch elbows," this "front rank forward," this "fix bayonets," this "stack

arms," this "take muskets," this that and the other hundred details in the Manual, life may have seemed something of a burden then; but, later on, when the Regiment was in camp at Elizabethtown, and in camp at Nashville, with thousands of soldiers from other regiments looking on in wondering recognition of the Nineteenth's great skill and ability in the Manual of Arms and in batallion exercises, we were more than repaid for all those weary hours and days of drill. It was indeed a good thing for us to know, as we did in the course of human events, that ours was the best drilled regiment in the Army of the Cumberland, which is to say, the best in all the Northern armies. And meanwhile we were also learning a thing or two apart from military evolutions which we still remember. We early discovered that army service was a great leveller of class distinctions. Where all alike had to perform duties—digging trenches, cleaning camp, building fortifications, keeping muskets in order, doing laborers' work at the Commissary's or at the Quartermaster's request, pitching tents for officers, calling some chap we once knew only as "Pete," or as "Dave," by his rank title, scrambling out of bed at an unreasonable hour in the morning merely because a hard-hearted Orderly Sergeant expected it of us, washing our own shirts and socks—that is whenever they happened to undergo such a surprising process—these and many another "circumstance of war" knocked social standing skywards, and woe unto the "doughboy" who failed to find this out early in his life as a soldier. Fortunately our Company commanders were not only intelligent, but they were human beings, even though gifted with the desire to hurl the Manual at us on every possible occasion. Tradition ran in Ours that once a Captain of a certain Company, finding his manoeuvres had brought his command "up against" a rail fence, and not knowing just how to overcome that difficulty, "according to Upton," gave the

order to break ranks and to fall in again on the other side of the obstacle. The story may have been apochryphal; but it certainly was not in the Nineteenth that a Major, literally following instructions as printed in the book, sang out to his part of the batalion, "Right or left oblique (as the case may be), march!"

It would be impossible to relate in detail in a single volume all the history of our Regiment and its campaigns, but we may safely refer to the changes in character that came with our prolonged experiences. Once we had had our first battle the value of life became less regarded. Death came to be so common among us that we thought lightly of it, if we thought of it at all. There was, of course, a pang when this or that Comrade was reported killed, or dangerously wounded, but the impression did not last long. What difference who went first or who later? although, after a year or two of experience in real war, we naturally took care not to expose ourselves over-rashly. This carefulness was sometimes mistaken by the new recruits for timidity, so that occasionally something like a contemptuous smile might be seen on the face of a "Johnny Fresh" who had hardly yet seen a gun, much less fired one at the enemy. Doubtless, too, there were occasions when some few would have been glad to be far away from the terrible scenes we were forced to witness, but this was rather a fleeting impulse than a deep conviction, and amounted to nothing so far as the offender's value as "food for gunpowder" was concerned.

And the more we became finished soldiers the more we learned how to disregard the rights of property. Fences, barn-doors, clap-boards from out-houses, field-crops, horses —all were "jerked," that is to say, taken, not because they "interfered with military operations," but because they were useful in camp. We were generally hungry, and when haversacks were empty why fail to search for "rebel" bacon,

or for "secesh" hens! True, these were sometimes paid for, but not when it could be helped, or if the offender was a clever soldier. But if it is true that the moral sense of some may have thus been slightly blunted, there is one thing which we can rightfully boast of, and it is, never was there a braver or a more courageous lot of men than those in the Nineteenth Illinois. We held the virtue of bravery in far greater esteem than civilians do; and we respected the quality of courage as much in the boys in Gray as we did in the boys in Blue. And, in due course, we came to know that there are three heroic virtues—Bravery, Courage, and Valor—to be taken into consideration.

There is a marked difference in these three virtues. Bravery is not a quality which may be acquired; we either have it at our birth, or we shall never have it. The quality of Bravery and Courage are not the same. Courage is a quality essential to men of keen feeling, and especially to superior or commanding officers, while bravery is more necessary to the soldier. Bravery lies in the blood; Courage in the soul. Bravery is a species of instinct; Courage is a genuine virtue. The one is largely a mechanical movement, the other a noble action. Bravery shows itself at certain periods and in certain circumstances, yet cannot always be depended on; Courage is ready at all times and on every occasion. Bravery is always thoughtlessly impetuous, and it attracts the admiration of on-lookers, or of those who read —but the more Courage reflects, the more intrepid it is, and the result more sure. The impulse of example, the blindness arising from common danger, the heat of battle, inspire Bravery; zeal for the cause at stake, for the State in danger, a consciousness of duty, and an honest willingness to count the cost, animate and awaken Courage. In short, Bravery may be essential in action, but Courage certainly is so through the whole progress of a campaign. Courage is not

inaccessible to fear, but overcomes it; Bravery is afraid of nothing, yet no man is always brave. It is the union of Bravery and Courage which constitutes Valor; and the true motives of Valor are, or ought to be, the love of one's whole duty, the ever-living desire and the determination to do absolutely the right thing in the interest of a cause and of one's Country. It was this wonderful combination of Bravery and Courage, this ever-living desire and determination to always do the right thing at the precise moment, in the interest of his cause and his Country which stamps George H. Thomas as one of the most valorous soldiers that ever lived, either in ancient or modern times.

In many ways "Knighthood was in Flower" during our long war. The late General John B. Gordon, one of the noblest officers that ever carried a sword, although he was a Confederate, used to tell a story which confirms our statement. In October, 1863, after Chickamauga, when Longstreet's forces were investing the city of Knoxville, Tennessee, there occurred an incident equally honorable to the sentiment and the spirit of "Billy Yank" and "Johnny Reb." The Confederates had made a bold assault upon the fort and succeeded in reaching it through a galling fire; they attempted to rush up its sides, but were beaten back by the Union boys who held it. Then, in the deep ditch surrounding the fort and its immediate base, the "Johnnies" took their position. They could not retreat, except at a great sacrifice of life, but they could not get into the fortress. The sun poured its withering rays upon them and they were famishing with thirst. A bold and self-sacrificing young Southern soldier offered to take his life in his hands and canteens on his back and attempt to bring water to his fainting comrades. He made the dash for life and water, and was unhurt; but the return—how was that to be accomplished? Laden with the filled and heavy canteens

he approached within range of the rifles in the fort, then looked anxiously across the intervening space. He was fully alive to the fact that the chances were all against him; but, determined to relieve his suffering comrades or die in the effort, he started on his perilous run for the ditch at the foot of the fort. The Union soldiers stood upon the parapet with their rifles in hand. As they saw this daring American youth coming, with his life easily at their disposal, they stood silently contemplating him for a few moments. Then, then fired at him a tremendous volley—not of deadly bullets from their guns, but of enthusiastic hurrahs from their throats—the compliments and congratulations of heroes to a hero; the sweet civility of life in time of strife; and if the annals of war record any incident between hostile armies which embodies a more beautiful and touching tribute by the brave to the brave, we know it not.

* * * * * *

More than three decades after the close of the strife a Northern gentleman, driving with his wife through some fertile lands in Central Georgia, stopped his horse at a roadside spring, where already stood a pair of yoked oxen in charge of a rugged looking farmer, apparently the other's elder by a few months only. An attempt at conversation was made by the newcomer, but he was answered rather shortly, as though the tiller of the soil did not care to be patronized by any one who could go gadding about the country in a livery rig. The day was growing warm, so the Northerner threw off his top coat before proceeding on his way, thus displaying a little round bit of bronze in the left lapel of his driving jacket. The native recognized this emblem.

"I see you was in the wah!" he exclaimed, as he left the cattle to roam at will.

"Yes, indeedy," answered the first, cheerfully. "Were you in it too?"

"Yep!" ("Whoa there, you derned ole fools!"—this to his oxen.) "Git through it all right?"

"Not much. I was pretty nearly done for in the Battle of Resaca—through the side, close to the heart, you know."

"Well, well! Resaca! Why, that's where I got it in the shoulder." The two men began to regard each other more kindly. My lady in the buggy was already reaching for her traveling bag. Her husband jumped out of the vehicle; they approached each other.

"Your regiment was—"

"The Forty-third Georgia; an' your'n?"

"Nineteenth Illinois. Do you mind my taking you by the hand, Sir?"

"Just what I was agoin' to ask you, Sir. I'm right proud to meet you again, Sir,"—this with a broad smile on his honest face.

"Not one bit more than I am to meet you again, Sir. Funny, isn't it—our regiments fighting each other to kill and destroy in that big fight of long ago, and now here we are shaking hands, like lost friends, on a Georgia roadside."

The lady in the buggy leaned forward: "As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina!" she gently remarked, handing over a flask. The veterans carried it to the spring and there they drank, "To those who fell!" and as they "smiled" they both thought of the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon; of the plump of solid shot burying itself in solid earth, or in loud compact against a tree; of the shrieking, whistling shells "bursting in air;" of sharp, sudden gasps, followed by suffering groans; of the agonizing neighing of hit horses; of enthusiastic lines dashing across the field, one side all cheers, the other all quiet; of the shouts of officers, the shine

of bayonets, and then, for themselves—oblivion. Once more the two strangers shook hands.

After supper that evening the Georgia farmer said to his wife: "Ma, that Yank I met 'safternoon, up yonder by the big spring, is the one who tried to kill me at Reseca." She looked at him in a peculiar way. "Well, well! I s'pose we'll have to give the body decent burial some time termorrer." He reached over, grabbed her by the arm, and pulled her down upon his lap. She kissed his sun-tanned and wrinkled face, then she said:

"Ain't you ole fellers ever goin' to stop bein' foolish boys when you happen to meet somebody thet was in yo' ole wah?"

CHAPTER II.

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CHAPTER II.

Fifty-one years ago! It seems almost like a dream to those of us still living who responded to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers to protect the Government, maintain the laws, and preserve the Union. Aye, very like a dream, the quickly-opened recruiting rooms; the assemblages of determined men ready to do all in their power for the threatened Nation; the acceptance of companies and then the parting with mothers who once held us in their arms while giving us of their souls and bodies that we might increase in size and strength; the hearty hand-clasps of fathers with dimmed eyes saying, "So long, son: take care of yourself;" the kisses and tears, tears and kisses, as the enthusiasm of Loyalty and Patriotism wielded the actions of thousands on thousands all over the North, helpfully standing by "Old Abe" in his time of great need; some stopping for a few moments to embrace weeping wives as well as mothers, weeping sweethearts as well as sisters; and to some came the saddest parting of all, that of leaving the new born babe, the first born, which might never be seen again.

But it is far from being a dream; it was stern reality. We did hasten from home and loved ones to where shells and cannister, bullets and bayonets, miasmatic waters and lack of proper food, the innumerable diseases of camp life as well as the multiple dangers of grim war, were to be our portion for months and years to come; yet do those who are still here proudly say that they are glad to have been Union soldiers and defenders of the Country in its period of grave peril. And we cannot but be forever grateful because,

while we lay in hospitals of pain, or strode along on weary marches, or as we stood guard in wild storms, or as we struggled with the enemy in many a deadly combat, or waited, wounded on battlefields, for comrades bearing stretchers to bring us to those dear creatures, the army Nurses, who always cared for us so tenderly and patiently, because, back at home, up in a land we ever spoke of as "God's Country," there were women and men, sisters and brothers, friends and fellow citizens, thinking of us, believing in us, glorifying us while we were in ravines running with blood, in furrows of old fields where, amidst the ripening grain, the foe awaited our approach, quite willing to maim us, tear us, destroy us if possible. And as those at home were thinking of, weeping over, and praying for the loved husband, the adored son, the admired brother, the trusted sweetheart, many of these—oh, so many!—were sleeping under the pines and hemlocks, the oaks and tangled bushes, or in the swamps of creeks and rivers, their service ended, their precious young lives given to the Union they had solemnly sworn to defend, but powerless now to do more for "Father Abraham" and the Nation he so nobly stood for in those days of half a century and more ago.

On the fifteenth of April, 1861, Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation was made known to all the world. "*Whereas,* The laws of the United States have been and are opposed in several States by combinations too powerful to be suppressed in the ordinary way, I therefore call for the Militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000," and so on. Having received this official paper, on that date Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois, convened the Legislature of our State in session of General Assembly to enact such laws and adopt such measures as might be deemed necessary under the circumstances; and on that same day he, as Commander-in-Chief of the Illinois Militia, issued Gen-

eral Orders No. 1, ordering the commandants of the several divisions, brigades, regiments, and independent companies of the State, "in view of the present dangers menacing the Government," to hold themselves in readiness for actual service. A circular from the Secretary of War, of the same date, assigned the quota of Illinois as 4,683 officers and men; within a week more than the State's full quota, plus some seven thousand volunteers, was in camp at Springfield, and meanwhile quite a number of those who afterward filled the ranks of the Nineteenth were on our way to the front, willing and determined to deserve the confidence placed in us by President and Governor.

The nineteenth of April, Secretary of War Cameron wired Governor Yates: "As soon as enough of your troops is mustered into service, send a Brigadier General, with four regiments, to or near Cairo." Thereupon his Excellency wired to Brigadier General R. K. Swift* at Chicago: "As quick as possible have as strong a force as you can raise, armed and equipped with ammunition and accoutrements, and a company of artillery, ready to march at a moment's warning." Forty-eight hours after this dispatch was delivered we were on our way to Cairo, over three hundred miles distant from Chicago. That Sunday evening, the twenty-first of April, 1861, General Swift's force of 595 men and four six-pounder pieces of artillery, consisted of Company A, Chicago Zouaves, Captain James R. Hayden commanding; Company B, Chicago Zouaves, Captain John H. Clybourne commanding; Chicago Light Infantry Company, Captain Frederick Harding commanding; Turner

*General R. K. Swift was elected, then commissioned Brigadier General of the Illinois State Militia by Govenor W. H. Bissell in March, 1857. He aided Ellsworth and Scott in organizing the famous company of Zouaves, and its successful trip through the Eastern cities was planned in his residence. He was one of Chicago's early and respected settlers; he died at his home in Lawrence County, Missouri, September 28, 1883, in the seventieth year of his age.

Union Cadets,* Captain Gustav Kowald commanding; Lincoln Rifles, Captain Geza Mihalotzy commanding; Chicago Light Artillery, Captain James Smith commanding. Of these organizations, three—those of Captains Harding, Hayden and Clybourne—became companies in the Nineteenth Illinois; while a fourth company, the Highland Guard, ready at the same date—indeed it had offered its services, in case of need, to the Governor three months previously—was, after two or three days delay in Chicago doing guard duty at the Armory, was ordered to Springfield, and afterward mustered in as Company E of our Regiment. It not only looms large in the history of the Nineteenth, but its Captain, Alexander W. Raffen, became Lieutenant Colonel of ours, and held that command in many an important action.

The necessity of an early occupation of Cairo, Illinois, cannot be overestimated. The town itself was hardly more than a forlorn little settlement at the extreme south end of the State, but the military importance of its position is seen at a glance. The saffron watercourse of the Mississippi River, once the Western boundary of the United States, became, after the Louisiana purchase, the common highway for both North and South. As for its tributary, the Ohio River, longest owned and longest settled by our English speaking race, it flowed for nearly a thousand miles as the boundary in chief between slave and free States, and was studded on either bank with thriving towns and cities engaged in friendly trade. The confluence of these two great streams made Cairo, therefore, a point of prime consequence to the Union cause. Just across these rivers lay Kentucky on the South, and Missouri on the West, and both were then

*This company afterward became the nucleus of Company G, Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry; while the Linclon Rifles was also swallowed up in that regiment, and its Captain, Geza Mihalotzy, rose to the rank of Colonel. The 24th and the 19th were closely allied in war, and their members have been warm friends ever since.

controlled by disloyal men. By taking possession of Cairo the Government was enabled to prevent a traffic with the rebellious States in contraband property; and as three of our companies were in that expedition the time has arrived to give their Rosters, as follows:

CHICAGO ZOUAVES—COMPANY A.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Captain, James R. Hayden; First Lieutenant, James V. Guthrie; Second Lieutenant, Clifton T. Wharton; Third Lieutenant, John C. Long.*

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Sergeants: Thomas M. Beatty, William A. Calhoun, William B. Curtis, William Sackett, and William D. Hawley; Corporals—Charles L. Ranney, Lewis H. Martin, William Quinton, Thomas R. Harker, and Isaac Bard; Musician, John Reilley.

PRIVATES.

Aldrich, Clarence
Ambrose, Mortimer
Bangs, Lester G.
Berg, George
Bristol, William H.
Brownell, William E.
Busse, Frederick
Cherry, John G.
Cole, Theodore
Danks, Albert W.
Denmead, Henry
Dietrich, Henry
Doggett, William A.
Dustin, Emory P.
Edgell, Joseph H.
Ellis, George C.
Fergus, John Q.
Filkins, Edward A.
Fitch, George W.
Fitch, Samuel H.
Fritz, Frederick R.
Gaffney, James
Garvin, James L.
Geggie, John
Granger, Andrew H.
Guenther, George
Hageman, Jacob
Hahn, David A.
Harrison, DeWitt C.
Hart, Samuel S.
Harvey, Clarence A.
Hedges, James
Holmes, Derello L.
Justice, William
Keeble, Berwick B.
Kennedy, Michael C.

*The rank and office of third lieutenant was soon done away with.

COMPANY A, PRIVATES—Continued.

Knowlton, William S.
Lee, Timothy
Lippert, Eugene W.
Lippert, Paul H.
Loomis, Clement A.
Mann, Charles
Martin, S. Wesley
McAllister, Edward
McCormick, William
McDonald, Kyren
McFarlane, George
McKnight, Charles A.
Morse, Albert
Myers, Samuel H.
Paddock, James O.
Pfeifer, Nicholas
Phillips, George R.
Powley, John R.
Price, William H.
Randall, George B.
Rhodes, Abner A.
Sabin, Luther M.
Smith, Lewis E.
Stewart, James
Stickney, Alonzo S.
Stout, Robert
Sylvester, Roscoe G.
Townsend, Albert T.
Trueman, George S.
Turley, Theophilus C.
Uttman, James T.
Vreeland, John
Wainwright, Henry S.
Wallace, Edwin E.
Ward, John R.
Wheeler, Charles I.
Wheeler, Edward G.
Wildey, William H.
Wilson, Stephen
Wilson, William
Winslow, Zebedee R.

CHICAGO ZOUAVES—COMPANY B.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Captain, John H. Clybourne; First Lieutenant, Presley N. Guthrie; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Shepley.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Sergeants: Cornelius V. Lamberson, George Eckart, G. A. Busse, and Edson W. Dorsey; Corporals: I. S. Johnson, George D. Leonard, S. H. Scadin, and R. L. Ambrose.

PRIVATES.

Bagby, James R.
Barker, Henry N.
Bates, Henry W.
Bell, George R.
Benshel, Andrew
Bockee, Abraham
Bowie, G. H.
Campbell, George

COMPANY B, PRIVATES—Continued.

Carney, Michael
Clark, M. M.
Cobb, Joseph
Cunningham, Wm. R.
Dopt, John D.
Ferrers, Charles
Ferrers, George
Fitzgibbons, Wm.
Fletcher, Horace B.
Ford, Seth L.
Friedman, I. W.
Griffin, Daniel W.
Gunter, Charles S.
Guntz, Emil
Ham, William
Haven, E. P.
Hayley, Thomas C.
Heller, Albert
Hettich, Charles
Higginson, H. C.
Hoffman, F. J.
Howell, James W.
Jacobus, Joseph R.
Johnston, Thomas
Jones, Isaac
Kent, C. A.
Kling, D. C.
Knapp, Cyrus F.
Kurtcherval, A. W.
Larg, Emanuel
Lees, Charles W.
Linder, U. F.
Matthei, George C.
McConnell, I. D.
McDonnell, P.
Mendle, Benjamin
Metz, Lewis
Miller, George H.
Miller, Michael L.
Newhouse, John
Newton, John B.
Overacker, Charles E.
Ozier, William C.
Pfium, Isaac
Potter, W. E.
Russell, Frank J.
Schwarz, Henry
Scott, John
Shaffer, Christian
Shepard, Frank
Shoeneman, Samuel
Shoenewald, F.
Slagle, Joseph L.
Smith, James H.
Snow, O. N.
Stephens, John
Stoughton, Henry D.
Talbot, John
Tyler, Richard B.
Tyler, William N.
Voice, I. E.
Wagner, George C.
Walters, John M.

CHICAGO LIGHT INFANTRY.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—Captain, Frederick Harding; First Lieutenant, Charles A. Colby; Second Lieutenant, Edward H. Brown.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS — Sergeants: August Mauff, James B. Faulkner, Mortimer C. Wisener, and James Adrian; Corporals: Samuel W. Lyne, William B. Gallaher, Peter M. Cunningham and David A. Cunningham; Musicians: Alexander Bischof, and Edward Kessler.

PRIVATES.

Acton, James R.
Adams, Henry E.
Aiken, Alexander
Allen, William H.
Anderson, Henry
Barnes, John W.
Baltazier, Lewis
Billings, Edward L.
Bird, George A.
Borden, Lewis
Broomfield, James
Butler, William
Carter, Henry E.
Christian, William H.
Clark, Joseph D.
Clark, Lyman
Clark, Thomas
Clark, Thomas N.
Conlay, Thomas
Davis, Martin K.
Depner, William
Depner, M. Connard
Eames, Emerson O.
Earles, Charles W.
Earnest, Hamilton
Enderson, Abram
Ferris, Charles
Flannigan, John T.
Flory, Andrew J.
Gaddis, Clark
Gallaher, Martin
Gavit, George B.
Gifford, Jesse S.
Gillespie, John M.
Gowen, Henry
Graves, Nausine
Grimm, Robert S.
Grooms, Thomas C.
Gross, Nicholas S.
Hanley, Thomas
Hanman, Mather
Hannis, Thomas W.
Haynie, James Henry
Hoffman, John
Hudson, Joseph
Humphrie, James A.
Hutchinson, Angus
Johnston, Frank E.
Jones, Charles
Jones, Harrison
Jordan, Andrew
Kelsey, Bryant
Locke, Benjamin
Longley, Hiram
Mahin, John
Maloney, John
Massey, Hugh
Mauff, Edward
Mauff, Frederick
McCracken, Robert
McGinnis, John
McLane, James
McLaughlin, Robert M.
Moses, Charles

PRIVATES—Continued.

Pease, Ira A.
Phelps, Albert
Pollard, William S.
Quay, Anderson D.
Riff, Nicholas
Schaeffer, Jacob
Sheppard, John W.
Shire, Jeremiah
Simmons, Hiram D.
Smith, Aaron
Smith, Ami
Smith, John
Smith, John H.
Smith, John N.
Somerville, William
Sperren, Nicholas
Sperry James C.
Sprague, Nathaniel
Stanley, Edward
Streeter, Horatio M.
Taylor, William B.
Wagner, Edward B.
Willard, Thomas
Witter, Lewis
Zenney, Arthur M.

CHICAGO HIGHLAND GUARDS—COMPANY E OF THE NINETEENTH ILL. INF. VOL.

NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.
Raffen, Alexander W., Captain	April 15, 1861
Gabriel, John, 1st Lieutenant	" "
Bremner, David F., 2nd Lieutenant	" "
Young, John, 1st Sergeant	" "
Raffen, James W., 2nd Sergeant	" "
Steel, George, 3rd Sergeant	" "
Baird, Andrew, 4th Sergeant	" "
Campbell, David, 1st Corporal	" "
Blythe, Thomas, 2nd Corporal	" "
Cowan, John J., 3rd Corporal	" "
Chalmers, Andrew, 4th Corporal	" "
Sherman, Nathaniel, Musician	" "

PRIVATES.

NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.	NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.
Amos, William	April 15, 1861	Baxter, William	April 15, 1861
Atwood, Amos C.	" "	Beddeker, Bernard	" "
Barton, Charles S.	" "	Bell, William	" "

CHICAGO HIGHLAND GUARDS—Continued.

NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.	NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.
Barram, John	April 15, 1861	Hamilton, James	April 15, 1861
Bugnel, Henry O	" "	Healy, Thomas	" "
Barns, Charles H	" "	Irons, Andrew	" "
Conlon, Michael	" "	Johnson, James B	" "
Christian, James	" "	King, Thomas	" "
Chield, Charles	" "	Kelley, Martin	" "
Chapman, Jas. G	" "	Kelley, Patrick	" "
Campbell, James	" "	Lombard, Horace	" "
Cunningham, Edwd.	" "	McDonough, M	" "
Coleman, John	" "	McArthur, David	" "
Cappre, Charles	" "	McLean, John	" "
Decker, W. S	" "	McNeil, George	" "
Davidson, William	" "	McCormick, James	" "
Dick, Thomas	" "	McLaughlin, John	" "
Dempsey, Michael	" "	McLaughlin, James	" "
Downs, Charles	" "	McKay, John	" "
Drummond, James	" "	McNider, Robert	" "
Evans, John A	" "	Murphy, William H	" "
Edmondson, Burt	" "	Miller, Andrew	" "
Farrell, Thomas	" "	Noble, John G. P	" "
Fuller, Weston C	" "	Narramere, Chauncy	" "
Fraser, Alex. McLeod	" "	O'Brien, Daniel	" "
Flagg, Charles	" "	O'Mariah, John	" "
George, William	" "	Phillips, John	" "
Gordon, Edward	" "	Porter, Henry	" "
Gray, William	" "	Riddle, Walter	" "
Griffith, Watson	" "	Reed, Smith	" "
Grove, William H	" "	Reiter, Alfred	" "
Grove, Augustus	" "	Robison, Nelson G	" "
Hahn, James	" "	Rutherford, David	" "
Hart, James	" "	Reynolds, John H	" "
Hooper, Joseph	" "	Simpson, William	" "
Huntington, Joseph C.	" "	Sylvester, Cushing	" "
Higgins, Charles	" "	Spear, Isaac S	" "
Hannixman, Henry	" "	Sheilds, John	" "
Harrison, Walter	" "	Sharp, Andrew	" "

CHICAGO HIGHLAND GUARDS—Continued.

NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.	NAME.	WHEN CALLED INTO SERVICE.
Skipsey, Joseph.....	April 15, 1861	White, James M.....	April 15, 1861
Tomlin, John.....	" "	Wood, George A.....	" "
Van Balengoyen, Henry	" "	Westfall, George.....	" "
Walton, Richard.....	" "	Wignall, Thomas.....	" "
Watson, John F.....	" "	Welsh, Thomas C.....	" "

While Ellsworth's famous United States Zouave Cadets Company was still in existence, and soon after the Presidential campaign of 1860, a company of "Wide-Awakes"—semi-military bodies of young and old Republicans—wishing to continue its organization, took for its title Company B, Chicago Zouaves, with "Jim" Hayden for its Captain. He had been First Sergeant of the original Ellsworth Zouaves Company—the one that out-drilled every other military company in theUnited States, and of which our own gallant "Joe" Scott was First Lieutenant—and he was second only to the more famous Captain Ellsworth as drillmaster. The first call for volunteers found Hayden almost prepared for war. The ranks were soon filled, and, as Company A, Chicago Zouaves, he "boys" were ready to march wherever ordered. Meanwhile the Chicago Light Infantry, Captain Harding commanding, had also filled its ranks; the same is true of Company B, Chicago Zouaves; and when marching orders came on that Sunday of the twenty-first of April, these three companies—with the artillery and the two other Infantry companies already mentioned—after listening to a short address from General Swift, proceeded to the main station of the Illinois Central Railroad, at the end of Lake street. That march will never be forgotten by the survivors of those who participated in it. It seemed as though the whole of Chicago had assembled along Lake Street to see us off to the war. In spite, however, of the energetic

efforts of the citizens these companies left Chicago in rather poor shape for active service. We all wore our usual clothing, the only attempt at uniformity being that we had a red blanket rolled up and passed over the left shoulder with the ends tied by a string under the right arm. The artillery was loaded upon platform cars, ready for almost immediate use; the "soldiers" found seats in regular day coaches.

It was about eleven o'clock in the evening when the train pulled out amidst loud cheering by the thousands who had remained to see us off. We arrived at Centralia shortly after one o'clock the next day, where substantial refreshments were served, and where Captain Harding picked up a man who had been a soldier in the Regular Army for several years. His name was Peter Cunningham, and he was gladly accepted into the Chicago Light Infantry Company, wherein he became a Lieutenant in after days. At Centralia General Swift was informed by one of the officials of the railway that threats were being made to destroy the bridge across Big Muddy Creek, and he took his precautions accordingly. When, at about five o'clock that afternoon, we reached "Big Muddy" no armed force was visible, but Hayden's company was detailed to guard the bridge. This detail without tents for two days and nights, were compelled to make their quarters in the forest as best they could. The rest of the expedition moved on to Cairo, arriving there about eleven p. m., the 22d. That town was found to be in a state of considerable excitement, but glad to have the protection of Union troops. The artillery was unloaded and quickly planted on the levee, so as to sweep both rivers; the infantry were quartered in some cattle sheds which happened to be empty, and then those future heroes lay down in lowly repose. Things were somewhat chaotic for awhile. There were no tents or cooking vessels, and for a few days we were subsisted at the best hotel in the place. But that

luxury was soon changed to something like regular soldier's fare; and, to make us feel warlike and bold, our company officers inaugurated at once a military process known as drilling—a habit persisted in, so to speak, until we were mustered out in the Summer of 1864.

About ten o'clock on the forenoon after our arrival in Cairo General Swift was advised that a force of some five hundred men was being raised at Carbondale, which threatened to tear up the railroad track in order to cut his communication with Hayden's company at Big Muddy. On receipt of this information he detached Captain Clybourne's company, and Lieutenant Willard of the Chicago Light Artillery, with one cannon, to go to the bridge and reinforce our comrades there. This move had the desired effect and nothing more was heard of the Carbondale Confederates. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, two days after our reaching Cairo, General Swift was relieved of his command by Colonel Benjamin M. Prentiss, by order of the Governor of Illinois, and ordered to report to headquarters at Springfield at once. He immediately complied with this command, and we passed under the control and guidance of another chieftain.

Those of us in Cairo were having a fairly good time, but the others at Big Muddy seem to have been enjoying very disagreeable experiences. They soon rejoined us, however, although not in time to assist at the capture of a steamboat with contraband goods on board, and for which seizure the Government owes us to this day. The third or fourth day after our arrival the steamer Hillman, a first-class passenger and freight boat on the Mississippi, came up from Memphis on her way to St. Louis, and as she neared Cairo her steam calliope played lively airs. All was excitement in camp and town, for it was rumored that she was loaded down with rebel troops and munitions of war. A blank shot from one

of the battery guns failed to bring her to, whereupon a solid shot was sent across her bow and it had the desired effect A parley was held with the Captain, and soon his steamer was roped to the wharf. An examination was made, but no troops were discovered. However, a number of muskets, revolvers and other contraband stores were found, and these were distributed among our troops. If we mistake not, there was another steamer stopped and captured, while we were at Cairo.

Our stay there continued during ten days only, but during that short while we became acquainted with an officer on General Swift's staff who was afterwards to become our Colonel, Joseph R. Scott, of beloved memory. We also found one "Billy" Nevans with the General's band. He afterwards became the Drum Major of the Nineteenth, and, with Fife Major Moore, often gave new life to our flagging steps on many a weary march. By and by the two companies at Big Muddy came into camp, and then we were put through batalion drill in fine style. On the second of May the three Chicago companies were ordered to Springfield, Illinois, where we arrived on the fourth, and were quartered in the fairgrounds at Camp Yates. Here we found the Highland Guards, from whom we were never afterward separated. The four companies remained at Springfield a month, during which time two of them recieved new Zouave uniforms, furnished by the generous citizens of Chicago; and when the boys had donned them, they made a grand street parade through the capital, to the great enjoyment of the Springfieldians. It was said while we were in Camp Yates that some of the boys went out one night to a pasture, carefully selected beforehand, to kill a calf, wishing to have fresh meat in their rations. Imagine their surprise the next morning when they discovered they had killed a mule!

On the fifth of June we were suddenly ordered to Chicago. Our departure from Springfield was a hurried one, owing to the death of Senator Stephen A. Douglas—he was very ill at the Tremont House when we were given a dinner in that famous hostelry before starting on the Cairo Expedition—which had just occurred, and the general desire that we should return in time to take part in the funeral obsequies. In less than an hour no vestige of our camp remained; the battalion of four companies—the Highland Guards were already with us—marched to the train, boarded the cars, and reached Chicago the next morning. Informed that the funeral procession was awaiting us, we dashed from the station on the double quick for Wabash Avenue, where the line was formed, with our four companies on the right. We then started on what has ever been considered by those who participated in it, as one of the most exhausting marches we ever endured. Leaving Springfield the previous evening without supper, having had no time to get breakfast that morning, we marched under a very warm sun, the whole distance to the burial place, where the Douglas monument now is, nearly four miles, in slow time and at reversed arms, our only relief being to change arms from one side to the other and, on arriving at the grave, had to stand at parade rest during the long and tedious ceremony. Oh! what a relief what it was to hear the order, "Attention! Stack Arms! Break ranks, March!" Then, for the first time, did we have an opportunity of exchanging greetings with such of our friends as had not feared to undertake the journey, and seek the refreshment of which we stood so much in need, and which had thoughtfully been provided in the shape of sandwiches and coffee. After resting for some time, we again "fell in," and marched directly West a few blocks to some vacant ground just South of the University, where we organized "Camp Long," in honor of Lieutenant Long's father,

and afterward known as Camp Douglas. And here the story of those of the Nineteenth who shared in the hurried rush from Chicago the twenty-first of April, 1861, ends.

Twenty-six years after our leaving for the front the survivors of that expedition held a Reunion in Chicago. Speeches were made, and letters were read from several persons unable to be present. One of the most interesting of these was written by the Military Secretary to General Swift, Lieutenant William Hemstreet, formerly of Chicago, but now living in Brooklyn. Among other things he wrote, under date of April 6, 1887: "A quarter of a century ago this very hour, I was in the deadly whirl of Shiloh, and what more fit time to answer your kind invitation to attend the twenty-sixth anniversary of our start for Cairo. . . . The scene as we moved down Michigan Avenue, to the sound of discordant whistles, the cheers, the ringing bells and the salvos of artillery, will never be forgotten. The North was aroused and the Government at Washington encouraged. Chicago of all the Northwest had struck first, and the moral and material influence of that prompt, manly, patriotic act reflected superlative credit on the State of Illinois before the whole country, for Cairo was known to be a salient reaching out into hostile territory, and its preoccupation by the enemy would, perhaps, have turned Kentucky and Missouri, and cost untold blood and treasure to retrieve. . . . As we passed down the State we found the people everywhere expecting and waiting for us with patriotic demonstrations. Solitary woodsmen and ploughmen ran to the side of the passing train and shouted their blessing; the whole State was aroused. . . . At Big Muddy the engineers refused to cross, fearing that the timbers of the bridge had been sawed, and that bush-whackers were in the underbrush. Don't you remember that the General, with bare head, in his shirt sleeves, suspenders over his hips, and double-bar-

Reunion October 13-14, 1911.

Back Row—Thomas King, Co. E, James C. McElhose, Co. C, Miles Martin, Co. C, Howard F. Beardsley, Co. I, Wm. H. Christian, Co. K, Thomas H. Agnew, Co. E, James Fenton, Co. K, C. Van Order, Co. H, J. F. Nelson, Co. A, John Mercer, Co. H, John Ives, Co. C, Frank Applebee, Co. C, John E. Vreeland, Co. A, J. Henry Haynie, Co. I. 2nd Row—David McArthur, Co. E, John S. Fergus, Co. A, Robert R. Sampson, Co. A, Capt. David F. Bremner, Co. E, Joseph M. Spahn, Co. A, Lieut. John Young, Co. E, Lieut. John Dedrick, Co. H, August Brinkman, Co. K, Charles G. Heath, Co. I. Front Row—A. F. Scharf, John Marshall, Co. D, James Gaffney, Co. A, Lieut. D. B. Morehouse, Co. I.

relled shotgun in his hands, crossed the bridge ahead of his staff? Arriving at Cairo, we were not an hour too early. The Mayor of the city boarded the train, and told us there was a scheme by mischief makers to open the levees and flood the town. By daylight we had our patrols, the artillery was posted, and the great Mississippi and the Ohio were blockaded. . . . Many amusing incidents might be recalled of those days of proud and useful glory. On the first day in Cairo General Swift received from some citizens a keg of brandy. To be safe he ordered the Staff Surgeon to analyze it, and we all went into the hotel and 'analyzed' it. The General placed the Quartermaster and myself, armed to the teeth, on guard, to the wonderment of the multitude, over a mysterious brass-bound box which we supposed was the money chest of the expedition; but, after tiresome hours of vigil and watch, it proved to be a gunsmith's kit of tools!"

On Friday, April 21, 1911, just fifty years from the time when we started for "Egypt," to protect Illinois against Confederate invasion, another Reunion of the survivors of that expedition was held in Memorial Hall, at Chicago. At that meeting Comrade Albert Heller, a member of Captain Clybourne's company of Zouaves, met an old friend he had not seen since the war. Speaking of his experiences at the front afterward, he said: "For about one year I was a bugler, and I used to go along the lines ready to sound the calls. At the battle of Davis Crossroads, in Georgia, I was standing by the Captian when a shell screeched past, a few feet at one side. The concussion knocked me down and I heard some one say, 'There goes our bugler.' I called back, 'Well, hardly,' and got up again." Our good friend Comrade Adolph George, of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, Comrade James Gaffney, of Hayden's Zouave Company, Comrade John Q. Fergus, of the same company, and Comrade "Billy" Christian, of Harding's company, were among those

of the "survivors" who spoke. Gaffney, referring to the experiences at Big Muddy, said: "We were on the lookout for rebels all night. Every time a calf or a pig made a noise somewhere, there were shots fired, and the Corporal of of the Guard was kept busy. We were in a fine fix, for it rained a week, and all the protection we had from it was half a blanket and a fence corner apiece." Fergus declares it rained for nine days, and that he was the first man in the company assigned to guard duty. "We couldn't do much cooking. Nobody knew how; so we had food sent down from Chicago." Christian—he is postmaster of Stephenville, Texas,—told the boys of a romance in which he played the leading role. "After the war I came back to Chicago. About six years after the Cairo trip I went to General Swift's house. There I met his daughter, Prudence E. Swift, and within a year from that time she became Mrs. W. H. Christian. She is down in Texas now."

The President of the Cairo Survivors' Association, Lieutenant John Young, of Company E, told of his being almost fatally wounded on the second day of the battle of Chickamauga—this casualty will be fully dealt with in our account of that memorable engagement—and Lieutenant Lester G. Bangs, formerly of Hayden's Zouave Company, and Young exchanged recollections of the battle of Missionary Ridge. At that time Bangs was Adjutant of the Nineteenth, and we were all very fond of him. Comrade Young said: "Bangs and I left camp at about the same time, I going by Fort Wood to see where our firing was doing the best work, and he straight toward the Regiment. As I returned to our lines I saw him stretched out on the ground, his face staring to the sky overhead. 'Are you badly hurt, Bangs?' I asked. He nodded his head, but didn't speak; his teeth were gritted so hard that he probably couldn't have done so if he had tried to. I found that his right knee had been shattered." At

this point Comrade Bangs interrupted. "Was it you, Jack, that sent Doc. Little to care for me? I had just crossed the valley before coming to the ridge when I was struck, and down I went. I hadn't been there very long before I realized that the doctor had come to take care of me. He didn't wait until the battle was all over. He went right into the thick of the fight to attend to the boys who had been wounded. George! How that knee of mine did hurt! But I was placed in a good position well back, under some trees, where I had a fine view of the battle and my comrades driving the Confederates. I lost my leg as the result of that shot, so that was all of the war for me."

A little more than a month afterward the Chicago Historical Society gave a Grand Reunion commemorative of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Civil War, at which the survivors of the various Chicago organizations responding to Mr. Lincoln's first call for troops were the guests of honor. The Nineteenth was ably represented on this memorable occasion. Captain Bremner and Lieutenant Young being among the speakers. The Editor of these pages was invited to be present, but he was compelled to decline, and in his letter of regret he said: "It would indeed be a glorious privilege to attend the meeting of my surviving comrades of the war which the Chicago Historical Society is giving, and wherein so many of her illustrious citizens will no doubt take part. But just now my health is not good and I dare not venture so far away from home. However, next Monday evening I shall be with you in spirit, if not in body, and in the meantime I shall ask the God on whom our martyr President staunchly relied, and whom he ever trusted, to bless, not only those who are with you on this occasion but, the city of Chicago, from whence I went to the war, to which I returned after the war, and where I resided several years, until called to journalistic work in New York City; and I

shall also ask Him to bless the dear State of Illinois, wherein I was born nearly seventy years ago."

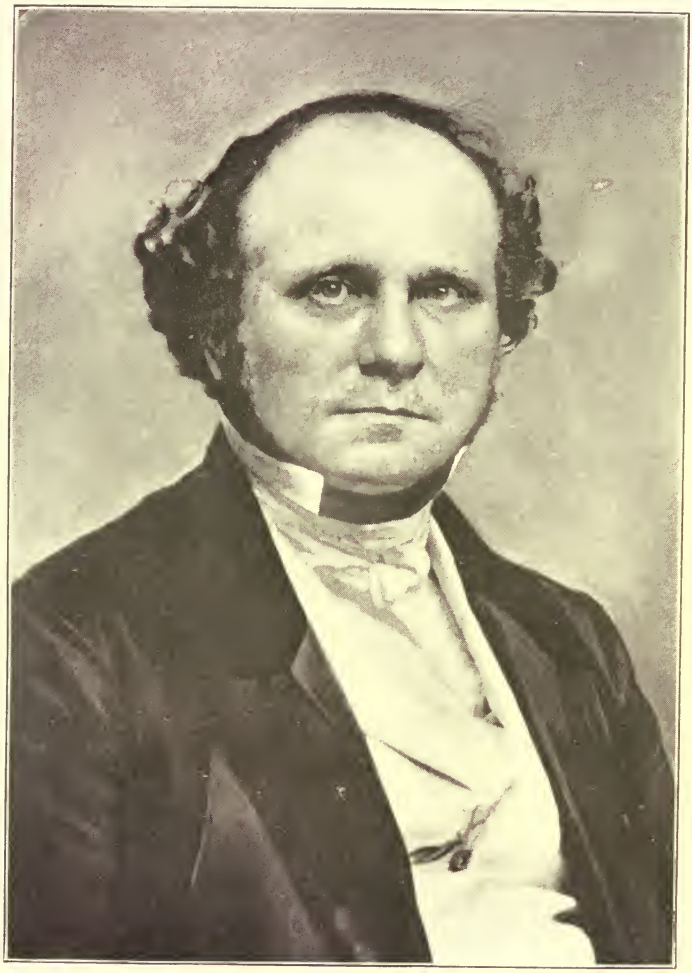
Sometime in June, 1911, the sender of those regrets received a letter from Captain Israel P. Rumsey, of the Chicago Historical Society—his brother was one of the boys who helped to train cannon on the steamer Hillman—and at the head of a very large business concern in that city, in which he said:

"My dear Comrade:—I have the honor of receiving a copy of your very enthusiastic letter, and the Secretary of the Society has requested me to acknowledge your historical remembrances. I wish I could do the subject justice, but it is impossible; for there is no one who can give expression to the sentiments aroused by your report of your early enlistment, our connection with the first troops going to Cairo and with the great historical Nineteenth, long commanded by the noble soldier, General John B. Turchin. This all comes fresh to me as my brother, John W. Rumsey, was in Battery A, which left with General Swift's command on that notable Sunday after Fort Sumter was fired upon and in which were so many of our Chicago boys. A little later, in April, I helped organize Taylor's Battery B; and, on June 3, 1861, it followed you and Battery A to Cairo. Later Batteries A and B were together in Sherman's Fifteenth Corps for the three years of real war. Now regarding the interesting reception. The Chicago Historical Society's rooms are full of historic trophies and histories, although some of its greatest treasures were destroyed in the great conflagration of 1871, including the colors of the Nineteenth given after the battle of Stone River, together with the Flags of Batteries A and B, given them after the battle of Fort Donelson; but the rooms are still filled with relics either presented or loaned by old soldiers. There were fully five hundred present; the auditorium was filled. Judge Thomas

Dent, the President, opened the evening's entertainment, then introduced General Walter C. Newberry, Vice-President of the Society. Enclosed I hand you a copy of the program and can only say that each organization thereon mentioned was well represented. The music was particularly fine. We went home near midnight, feeling that we had had most refreshing remembrances of our days of the Civil War, and especially of our enlistment, offering ourselves to our Country for its preservation, and for which so many gave their lives to protect its Honor and its Flag.

"Yours very truly,

"ISRAEL P. RUMSEY."



Gen. R. K. Swift, Commander Cairo Expedition.

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CHAPTER III.

An act of the Legislature of the State of Illinois passed May 2, 1861, provided that one organization might be raised out of the volunteer companies then at Springfield as the Regiment from the State at Large, while other regiments were to come from each of the nine Congressional Districts of the State. Seven regiments of infantry, Illinois' quota under Mr. Lincoln's first call, had already gone to the front; and as, in honor of the regiments which were in the Mexican War, the numbering of those battalions began with the Seventh and ended with the Twelfth, these new regiments ran from the Thirteenth to the Twenty-second, inclusive. Thus it came about that such distinguished Illinois soldiers as Major General John M. Palmer, Colonel of the Fourteenth (it was in this regiment that the founders of the Grand Army of the Republic, Doctor Benjamin F. Stephenson and Reverend William J. Rutledge, served, the former as Surgeon, the latter as Chaplain), and Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant Colonel of the Twenty-first (it must ever be a pleasing thought with the men who composed that organization to remember that the man who first led them in defense of the Country's Flag became the most illustrious Captain of the age and generation in which he lived), entered the Union service.

That Regiment from the State at Large, consisting then of only four companies, commanded by Colonel Joseph R. Scott, was mustered into service May 4, 1861, at Camp Yates. Ordered to Chicago on the third of June, these four became the nucleus of an organization which, after

having been filled up to its quota, was, on the seventeenth of June, mustered into the United States service for three years as the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. This date of muster shows that Ours was not of the number of the regiments organized under the act of April 25, 1861, yet it embraced four original companies which tendered their services to the State and Country and were accepted far earlier than many other companies that belonged to the six original regiments from Illinois. We have given the Cairo history of three of these companies; the fourth was the Chicago Highland Guards, dating its organization back to 1855; it contained representatives of the Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock, mingled with native Americans, and it at once took an honorable position in the ranks of the citizens soldiery of Chicago. So well was it drilled it was able to make a very creditable showing in a competition at the United States Fair held in Chicago, against the Ellsworth Zouave Cadets, just returned from a triumphant tour of the United States. One of the judges who complimented the Highland Guard on that occasion was General Loyd Tilgham, afterward a Confederate officer who surrendered to the Union forces at Fort Henry, where the Captain of the company he had thus praised (John McArthur) commanded a brigade in the victorious army. No wonder, then, that McArthur's company should have been ready to offer its services as it did, to the Governor of Illinois as early as January, 1861, at the time of the "Star of the West" affair. If not accepted then it was when Sumter fell, and the first call for volunteers startled the Nation. Ordered to remain in its armory, ready to move at a moment's notice, the company, now a part of Washington Independent Regiment No. 1, left for Springfield on April 23d, and the Cairo companies found it in Camp Yates when we reached that city. Previous to leaving Chicago an election of officers of the Highland

Guard was held. Captain McArthur having been chosen Lieutenant Colonel of the Independent Regiment, Alexander W. Raffen was elected Captain, John Gabriel, First Lieutenant, and David F. Bremner, Second Lieutenant. When the Highland Guard was mustered in as Company E of the Nineteenth a new election was held. Captain Raffen was re-elected, but Gabriel not caring to remain in the service, Bremner was promoted to be First Lieutenant, and Sergeant John Young was chosen as Second Lieutenant. Already there had been quite a change in the roster of this company, several of its original members having been transferred into other regiments as officers; yet it is a singular fact that of all those who tendered their services in January, 1861, not one was killed, although nearly every one of them was engaged in most of the great battles of the war, from Bull Run to the end of the Rebellion.

The Roster of the Regiment, when organized at Camp Long and sworn into service for three years, was as follows:

FIELD AND STAFF—Colonel, John B. Turchin; Lieutenant Colonel, Joseph R. Scott; Major, Frederick Harding; Adjutant, Chauncey Miller; Quartermaster, Robert W. Wetherell; Surgeon, Samuel C. Blake (resigned in a few months, and succeeded by Dr. Roswell G. Bogue); First Assistant Surgeon, Preston H. Bailhache; Chaplain, Rev. Augustus H. Conant.

LINE OFFICERS—Company A: Captain, James R. Hayden; First Lieutenant, Clifton T. Wharton; Second Lieutenant, John C. Long. Company B (Elmira Rifles, Stark County): Captain, Charles A. Stuart; First Lieutenant, Stephen M. Hill; Second Lieutenant, Alexander Murchison, Jr. Company C: Captain, James V. Guthrie; First Lieutenant, William Innis; Second Lieutenant, Leavens J. Keeler. Company D: Captain, Charles A. Colby; First Lieutenant, James R. Faulkner; Second Lieutenant, D. E.

Cunningham. Company E (Chicago Highland Guards): Captain, Alexander W. Raffen; First Lieutenant, David F. Bremner; Second Lieutenant, John Young. Company F (Cass County Guards): Captain, Luther L. Allard; First Lieutenant, Knowlton H. Chandler; Second Lieutenant, Thomas Job. Company G: Captain, Charles D. C. Williams; First Lieutenant, Lyman Bridges; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Roland. Company H (Moline Rifles): Captain, Peachy A. Garriott; First Lieutenant, DeWitt C. Marshall; Second Lieutenant, Alvah Mansur. Company I (Anti-Beauregards, Galena): Captain, Bushrod B. Howard; First Lieutenant, Thaddeus G. Drum; Second Lieutenant, John R. Madison. Company K: Captain, John H. Clybourne; First Lieutenant, Presley N. Guthrie; Second Lieutenant, Charles H. Shepley.

To complete the record, we are impelled to add some further information concerning these, our first officers. Lieutenant Colonel Scott was promoted to the Colonelcy August 7, 1862, vice Turchin, made a Brigadier General. Colonel "Joe" remained in command of the Regiment until he was wounded in the battle of Stone River, January 2, 1863; he died from the effects thereof the eighth of July following. We shall have more to say of his death and funeral later on. Three months and two weeks after Scott was put at the head of the Nineteenth, Captain Raffen was promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel (ever after the death of the gallant and beloved Scott the Regiment was without a Colonel), and he held the rank until we were mustered out in July, 1864. Major Harding resigned from the service September 6, 1862, whereupon, on that same date, Captain James V. Guthrie was promoted to that rank and office, and held it till we were mustered out. Adjutant Miller resigned

July 12, 1862, and Sergeant Major Lester G. Bangs was promoted to that rank and office August 23, of that same year, and later discharged on account of wounds received at the Battle of Missionary Ridge.

Regimental Quartermaster Wetherell held that rank until in August, 1864, when he was promoted by the President to be Captain and Assistant Quartermaster United States Volunteers.* First Assistant Surgeon Bailhache, of Springfield, resigned when promoted to be Surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, and Doctor Charles F. Little, of Kewanee, was appointed to the vacancy, holding the office until we were mustered out. The twenty-second of May, 1863, the Regiment was allowed a Second Assistant Surgeon in the person of Doctor Gilbert W. Southwick, who resigned five months afterward. Chaplain Conant remained with us until his death, deeply regretted, in February, 1863.

The Captain (Hayden) and First Lieutenant (Wharton) of Company A held their same rank and office until finally mustered out, although the former was on detailed service which entitled him to much higher rank. Second Lieutenant Long was transferred to the United States Army August 6, 1861, and Sergeant William B. Curtis was promoted to the vacancy. He resigned August 17, 1862, and was commissioned Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Brigadier General Turchin. His tragic death will be described hereafter. At his resignation Sergeant Thomas M. Beatty was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company A, and was finally mustered out with that rank.

*After the regiment's muster out, Captain Wetherell appointed Comrade James Shinkle of Company A his Chief Clerk, and Comrade J. Henry Haynie of Company D his second Clerk, and they were with him when he was helping to supply Sherman's army on the advance to Atlanta, Georgia. The latter left him at that city to become Chief Clerk with Captain Charles Deane, another Assistant Quartermaster United States Volunteers, with whom he remained at the front until in 1866, when Deane was mustered out, and he returned to his home at Peoria, Illinois. He was accompanied to that city by Comrade Haynie and "Nick" Phiefer, formerly of Company A, and who had been the Captain's Wagon Master while at Chattanooga and elsewhere.

In Company B changes were numerous. Captain Stuart, a gallant officer, resigned July 15, 1862, whereupon First Lieutenant Murchison—he had succeeded Hill, resigned November 29, 1861—was commissioned Captain, and held that office until finally discharged. Second Lieutenant Jackson (promoted from Sergeant) succeeded to this vacancy, and thereupon Sergeant John H. Hunter became Second Lieutenant. When Captain "Jim" Guthrie was promoted to the Majority September 6, 1862, Lieutenant Iness was made Captain of Company C, while Sergeant Washington L. Wood, although he had been discharged July 31, 1862, on account of disability, was commissioned to fill the vacancy thus created. The twenty-first of November, 1862, Second Lieutenant Keeler, of Company C, resigned for promotion to Assistant Surgeon Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, and Sergeant Edward A. Filkens succeeded to the vacancy. He resigned February 20, 1863, and Sergeant Cyrus E. Keith was commissioned to the rank and office of Second Lieutenant of Company C. First Sergeant William Quinton of this company was promoted to be Second Lieutenant of another company in the Regiment the nineteenth of December, 1862. Apropos of Company C's Sergeants, Comrade Ira J. Chase rose to the high and honorable position of Governor of Indiana after the war.

Captain "Charley" Colby of Company D resigned February 9, 1863, and First Lieutenant William A. Calhoun was promoted to the vacancy, holding it until the Regiment was mustered out. Besides Faulkner, who resigned early in the war, the First Lieutenants of Company D were—Samuel S. Boone (appointed from civil life October 31, 1861), resigned February 1, 1863; Calhoun, promoted; Peter Cunningham,* resigned June 20, 1863; and Oliver E. Eames.

*He was the ex-regular whom Harding discovered at Centralia, Illinois, April 22, 1861; he was promoted from First Sergeant to First Lieutenant when Calhoun became Captain.

The Second Lieutenants were: Chauncey Miller, promoted to be Adjutant August 10, 1861; David A. Cunningham, resigned November 5, 1861; William A. Calhoun, brought into the Company from Company A. and Henry E. Carter, who was mustered in with that rank March 2, 1863, but resigned about seven months later.

When Captain Raffen, of Company E, was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, First Lieutenant Bremner was advanced in rank, and he commanded the company, as Captain, until the Regiment's final muster out. Second Lieutenant Young was promoted to the vacancy thus created, and First Sergeant James W. Raffen was advanced to Second Lieutenant. Both officers last named were holding these respective ranks at the time of our mustering out. Captain Allard, of Company F, resigned December 1, 1861, and First Lieutenant Chandler was promoted to the vacancy (he was killed in the battle of Stone River). Chandler was succeeded by First Lieutenant James G. Campbell (promoted from Sergeant to be Second Lieutenant), and he was in command of the Company, as Captain, to the end of our service. At the time of the vacancies in this company brought about by the resignation of Allard, a new man, Samuel L. Hamilton, came into the Regiment as Second Lieutenant of Company F, and on Campbell's advancement to the Captaincy he was promoted to be First Lieutenant. The other Second Lieutenants were: Thomas L. Job, accidentally killed at Hannibal, Missouri, July 18, 1861; Campbell, already named; John Hill, promoted from Sergeant and resigned June 3, 1863, and Silas W. Kent (a Private, promoted to be Sergeant, and commissioned to succeed Hill), who resigned January 2, 1864.

While Company G remained in the Regiment the changes in its officers were but few. The first of January, 1862, Captain Williams was transferred to the Artillery, and First

Lieutenant Bridges was promoted to the vacancy thus brought about. This resulted in the advancement of Second Lieutenant "Billy" Bishop (he had succeeded Charles Roland, transferred), who was killed in the battle of Chickamauga. Company H seems to have had no other Captain than Garriott, who was discharged February 3, 1864. Its First Lieutenants were: Marshall, already mentioned, and who resigned December 1, 1861; Mansur, resigned July 22, 1863; Volney C. Johnson, resigned October 25, 1863; and John Dedrick, who took rank from the date of Johnson's departure and was mustered out as such July 9, 1864. The Second Lieutenants were: Mansur, promoted; Wellington Wood (promoted from Sergeant), who died from wounds in January, 1863; and Johnson, promoted.

Born in the beautiful manufacturing town of Moline, Illinois, in September, 1839, a graduate of the High School of that place, Wood had began the study of law when the war broke out. He at once volunteered into the Moline Rifles, was appointed First Sergeant, and, with his company, became a part of the Nineteenth at the time of our muster in, June 17, 1861. The first of December of that year he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of H Company. He was a splendid marksman with both pistol and rifle, and for shooting on the wing seldom met his equal, although once Captain "Charley" Colby beat him at revolver work on one of our marches. At the battle of Stone River, while a few feet ahead of his company, waving his sword and cheering, a bullet struck him just to the right of his belt clasp, passed through it, and lodged in his body, knocking him down and sending his blade flying. After he fell, his first words were: "Hand me my sword." Placing him hurriedly behind two trees, his comrades went rushing on to assist in the capture of a rebel battery, and when they returned to that spot they found he had recrossed the river, although

how he ever managed to get over no one knew. He was conveyed to the field hospital and while lying there beside Colonel Scott the Surgeon came and examined the latter, saying, "You're all right;" then turning to Wood, he added, "I wish I could say as much for you." Poor Wood passed away on the following Sunday, endeared to every member not only of his gallant company, but to all in the Nineteenth, for he was an officer of merit and a gentleman. The body was taken to his late home, was buried in Moline Cemetery with military honors, and on the monument which marks his earthly resting place one may read: "He died for his Country."

There were no fewer than four Captains of Company I, as follows: Bushrod B. Howard, who was killed September 17, 1861, in a railroad accident of which we shall have more to say hereafter; Charles H. Shepley, promoted from First Lieutenant of Company K October 18, 1861, and who also met his death by accident, March 23, 1862, as will be shown further along; John R. Madison, who resigned December 19, 1862, and James Longhorn, who was in command of the company when we were mustered out. The First Lieutenants of Company I were: Drum, who resigned October 20, 1861; Madison, promoted; Longhorn, promoted, and William Quinton. The Second Lieutenants were: Madison, twice promoted; Quinton, promoted; Dickerson B. Morehouse, promoted from Fourth Sergeant, a soldier who was never absent from his company from start to finish although ordered to the hospital twice, and was still with it when we were finally mustered out.

Company K had but one Captain, and he "Pres" Guthrie, First Lieutenant of the Zouave Company B of the Cairo Expedition. Its First Lieutenants were: Shepley, promoted to be Captain of I Company, and Cornelius V. Lamberson, who held that rank and office when the Reg-

iment ended its days of service. He had been promoted from Second Lieutenant October 20, 1861. The Sergeant Major, V. Bradford Bell, was promoted to fill this vacancy.

THE MEN IN THE RANKS.

Having thus accounted for Field, Staff, and Line Officers, we come to those who were in the ranks of the Nineteenth from first to last. At the time of our muster in for three years—June 17, 1861,—we had 911 men, divided up as follows: Company A, 94; Company B, 100; Company C, 96; Company D, 101; Company E, 83; Company F, 73; Company G, 78; Company H, 96; Company I, 91; Company K, 99—total, 911. Of recruits we gathered in 234 in three years, making a grand total of 1,145. Only 333, or a little more than one-third, returned to Chicago to be mustered out July 9, 1864. It must be noted, however that early in January, 1863, Company G, comprising then 69 men, became an artillery company, and that, when we started home 153 of our recruits, with quite a number of those who re-enlisted as Veterans, were transferred to other organizations. Thus it happened that the Nineteenth was represented in the Grand Review at Washington, concerning which unparalleled spectacle we shall have more to say before this work is completed. The rosters of all the Non-Commissioned Officers and Privates of the Regiment during the entire term of service follows.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

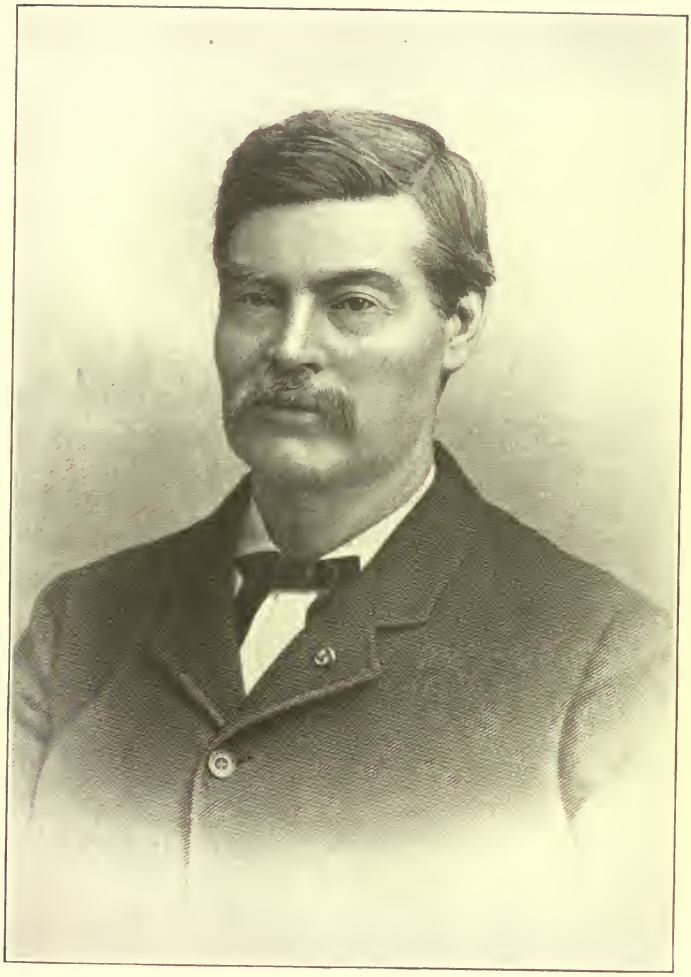
NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
SERGEANTS MAJOR.			
Bangs, Lester G.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Prom. Adjt. Aug. 22, '62
Bell, V. Bradford	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lt. in Co. K
Curtis, William B.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lt. in Co. A
McDowell, Saml. H.	"	Nov. 18, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Sackett, William	"	June 17, 1861	Transferred to Co. A
Q. M. SERGEANTS.			
Downs, Hylor A.	"	June 21, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Haverty, Robt. E.	"	June 17, 1861	Reduced, trans. to Co. A
COMMIS. SERGEANTS.			
Bush, Hiram	"	"	Must. out Aug. 9, 1864
White, Lyman A.	"	"	Transferred to Co. G
HOSPITAL STEWARDS.			
Matteson, H. C.	"	July 11, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Pashley, John H.	"	June 17, 1861	Dis. for prom. to Ass't Surg. 51st Illinois
Spaulding, D. L.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 24, 1862
PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.			
Moore, James H.	"	"	Dis. Jan. 12, 1863
Nevins, William	"	June 13, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Sherman, Nathan	"	June 17, 1861	Dis. May 8, 1863

COMPANY A.

SERGEANTS.			
Beatty, Thomas	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Calhoun, Wm. A.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lt. in Co. D
Curtis, Wm. B.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Ranney, Chas. L.	"	"	Reduced
Sackett, Wm.	"	"	Reduced
CORPORALS.			
Bishop, Geo. W.	"	"	Prom. Sergt. and to 2d Lt. in Co. G

COMPANY A—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
Cleonewerck, D. C.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Cole, Theodore	"	"	Reduced
Danks, Albert W.	"	"	Disch. Jan. 1, 1863
Harker, Thos. R.	"	"	Dis. Dec. 4, 1862, on account of wounds
Phillips, Geo. R.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Vail, Nicholas	"	"	Disch. Apr. 21, 1864, for promotion.
Wildey, Wm. H.	"	"	Prom. Sergt. detached as 1st Lt. U. S. C. T. Aug. 17, 1863
PRIVATES.			
Ambrose, David E.	"	"	Disch. Sept. 20, 1862, disability
Ambrose, Mortimer	"	"	Disch. Feb. 6, 1863, disability
Anderson, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bangs, Lester G.	"	"	Prom. Sergt. Maj.
Berg, George	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bloomfield, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bristol, Wm. H.	"	"	Deserted Sept. 15, 1862
Burton, Wm. C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Cherry, John P.	"	"	Died April 30, 1863, of an accident
Clay, John P.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Denmead, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Dietrich, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Dustin, E. P.	"	"	Trans. to 58th Ill. Inf.
Edgell, John H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Ellis, George C.	"	"	Disch. Sept. 21, 1863, disability
Fergus, John Q.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Finch, William	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864



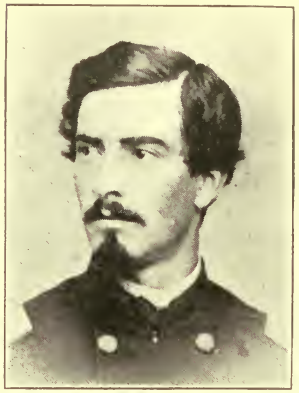
Capt. David F. Bremner, Co. E.

COMPANY A—Continued.

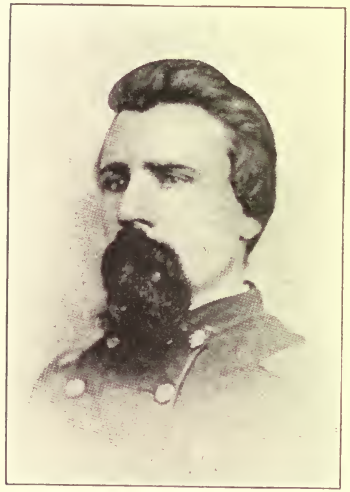
NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Fitch, Geo. W.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Disch. Sept. 13, 1863, for promotion
Flagg, Chas. T.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Gaffney, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Gassette, N. T.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Geggie, John	"	"	Deserted Sept. 15, 1862
Goodrich, H. P.	"	"	Deserted July 20, 1861
Graives, Anth.	"	"	Discharged Feb. 26, 1863
Hagman, Jacob	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Hanley, Thos.	"	"	Died at Huntsville, Ala., July 21, 1862, wounds
Harvie, Clar. A.	"	"	Trans. Sig. Corps Aug. 23, 1862, as Corp.
Hedges, James	"	"	Deserted Feb. 9, 1863
Hills, Robert B.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Hohn, David F.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Holmes, Devillo L.	"	"	Killed at Stone River Jan. 2, 1863
Johnston, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Keebles, Burr B.	"	"	Died at Murfreesboro, Jan. 22, 1863
Kennedy, Michael	"	"	Trans. to Inv. Cor. Sept. 30, 1863
Lane, Charles	"	"	Killed at Richland Creek, Tenn., Aug. 27, 1862
Latting, Wm. W.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lee, Timothy	"	"	Died at Elizabethtown Nov. 5, 1861
McElhose, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864, trans. to Co. C June 17, 1861
McFarland, Geo. M.	"	"	Died at Nashville, June 25, 1863

COMPANY A—Continued.

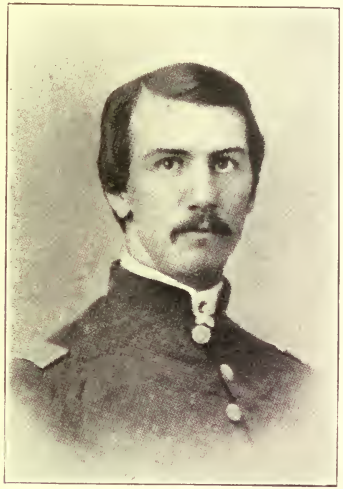
NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
McIntyre, John	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Died at Tullahoma, Tenn., July 21, 1863
McLean, James	"	"	Prom. Corp., must. out July 9, 1864
Mann, Charles C.	"	"	Deserted Nov. 1, 1861
Massey, Hugh	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Metcalf, Fred W.	"	"	Killed near Lafayette, Ga., Sept. 11, 1863
Mulvey, Chris. A.	"	"	Discharged Oct. 8, 1863
Myers, Samuel H.	"	"	Discharged Oct. 30, 1861
Pease, Ira A.	"	"	Killed at Stone River, Jan. 2, 1863
Phiefer, Nicholas	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Powers, Pierce	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Powley, John R.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Reiter, Albert	"	"	Deserted Dec. 3, 1861
Richardson, J. W.	"	"	Dis. Sept. 13, 1863, for promotion.
Shinkle, James	"	"	On detached service at Must. out
Smith, John F. S.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Smith, Lewis E.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 21, 1863, disability
Spahn, Joseph	"	"	In Military Prison at Must. out
Stewart, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stickney, Al. O.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Sylvester, Ros. G.	"	"	Detached as 2d Lt. U. S. C. T.
Sylvester, Cushing	"	"	Dis. Oct. 30, 1861, disability
Townsley, Ed.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Trueman, Geo. S.	"	"	Died at home Jan. 11, '63
Tuthill, Chas. H.	"	"	Dis. Apr. 20, '63, wounds
Ultman, James T.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864



Col. Joseph R. Scott.



Lieut. Col. Alexander W. Raffen.



Major James V. Guthrie.

COMPANY A—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Van Brunt, Wm. H.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Vreeland, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
Wainwright, H. S.	"	"	Dis. Oct. 30, 1861, disability
Warner, Charles J.	"	"	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Waters, Geo. M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Watson, John T.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Werden, Samuel	"	"	Must. out Oct. 5, 1864
Wheeler, Ed. G.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 22, 1864, for promotion
Williams, Daniel	"	"	Left at Chattanooga
Wilson, William	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Worth, William	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
RECRUITS.			
Blanchard, R. P.	"	Nov. 6, 1861	Absent, sick at Must. out
Brackett, Chas. E.	"	June 21, 1864	Must. out July 9, 1864
Clark, Jos. P.	"	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Cline, John	Niles	Dec. 22, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Cone, Albert	Chicago	Dec. 19, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Curran, John	"	Dec. 28, 1861	Deserted Sept. 15, 1862
Deal, George H.	"	Sept. 30, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Fergus, Robert G.	"	Aug. 13, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Garrett, Geo. W.	"	June 27, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Gilbert, Wm. H.	"	Sept. 25, 1861	Must. out April 12, 1865
Glendon, John	"	Mar. 20, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Griffis, Wm. H.	"	June 27, 1861	Dis. Oct. 20, 1863
Hanrety, Robt. E.	"	June 14, 1862	Trans. to Inv. Corps Nov. 6, 1863
Harrison, Wm. H.	"	Feb. 5, 1864	Turned over for transfer
Kercheval, Alex. W.	"	June 17, 1862	Trans. to Dresser's Bat. Lt. Art.

COMPANY A—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Kerr, Charles	Chicago	June 17, 1862	Died at Nashville, Feb. 3, 1863, wounds
Leonard, Thos.	"	Mar. 20, 1862	Deserted Dec. 20, 1862
Moor, Thos. A.	"	Sept. 24, 1861	Killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862
Murray, Jas. P.	"	June 27, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
McGuire, M. S.	"	Nov. 12, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
McKay, William	"	Oct. 1, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Nevins, William	"	June 13, 1862	Promoted Drum Major
Price, Wm. H.	"	July 12, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Sampson, Robt. R.	"	July 12, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Shine, George	Bremen	Dec. 14, 1863	Trans. to Co. D, 60th Ill. Inf.
Slagle, Jos. L.	Chicago	July 12, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stewart, A. C.	"	Nov. 3, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Ultz, George	"	June 18, 1861	Killed at Stone River, Jan. 2, 1863
Vahl, August	Palestine	Dec. 23, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Vaulkman, G.	Niles	Dec. 22, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Ward, Robert	Chicago		Deserted Apr. 20, 1862
Wheeler, Chas. S.	"	Sept. 24, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Winslow, Z.	"		Trans. to 58th Ill. Inf.

COMPANY B.

SERGEANTS.			
Boardman, J. G.	Elmira	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Hunter, John H.	"	"	Prom. 1st Sergt. then 2d Lt.
Jackson, William	"	"	Prom. 2d Lt.
Mantooth, Jas.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Mar. 13, 1862, disability
Pashley, John S.	Elmira	"	Prom. Hospital Steward

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
Blanchard, Jos.	Elmira	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Brace, Chas. H.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. June 20, 1862, disability
Hutchinson, Geo.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Nov. 3, 1862 as Private, disability
Jackson, James	Elmira	"	Prom. 1st Sergt., killed near Dalton, Ga., Feb. 23, 1864
Lamper, John G.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Oct. 4, 1861 as Private, disability
Robinson, Thos.	Elmira	"	Prom. Sergt. Dis. Feb. 6. 1863, wounds
Thornton, J. T.	"	"	Prom. Sergt. then 2d Lt.
Turnbull, Robt. A.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
MUSICIANS.			
Bates, Isaiah N.	Toulon	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Spencer, Isaac M.	Stark Co.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
WAGONER.			
Douglas, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
PRIVATES.			
Adams, John Q.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Aldrich, David N.	"	"	Dis. Sept. 4, 1861, disability
Allen, David	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Atherton, Jas.	"	June 18, 1861	Trans. to Co. C
Banister, Isaac	Stark Co.	June 17, 1861	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Blackburn, John	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, 1861, disability

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Blackwell, Chas.	Elmira	June 17, 1861	Died in Chattanooga Oct. 14, 1863, wounds
Bloom, Fred P.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bourke, John	"	"	Dishonorable discharge
Bullis, Saml. D.	"	June 18, 1861	Dis. Mar. 15, 1863, disability
Burrows, Henry	"	June 17, 1861	Died Louisville, Apr. 9, 1862
Cade, William A.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864,
Chamberlain, D. F.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864, as Sergt.
Cinnamon, Jas.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864, as Corp.
Clark, Walter	"	"	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 30, 1863
Courier, A. T.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Oct. 4, 1861, disability
Cowdon, Francis	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Cowdon, George	"	"	Dis. Nov. 30, 1862, disability
Curlin, Owen	"	"	Died, Nashville, Oct. 31, 1862
Cuse, Julius A.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Davidson, H. F.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Oct. 4, 1861, disability
Douglas, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Drawyer, L. C.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Drury, Henry	"	June 18, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Dugan, George	Toulon	June 17, 1861	Dis. Feb. 28, '63, wounds
Duncan, Jason G.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Erwin, Edward	"	"	Wounded at Dalton, Ga., Feb. 27, 1864, missing
Fell, Adam G.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 25, 1862 to re-enlist

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Flemming, W. H.	Stark Co.	June 17 ,1861	Dis. Jan. 20, 1863, disability
Galley, Phillip S.	Toulon	June 18, 1861	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Jan. 25, 1864
Galley, Springer	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corp.
Gardiner, Reub.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Nov. 30, 1861, disability
Greenfield, Chas.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, '61, wounds
Hall, Wesley	Palestine	"	Transfrered to Co. C.
Harsh, Chester P.	Elmira	June 17, 1861	Corp. Died at Murfreesboro, April 11, 1863
Hurment, A. S.	Stark Co.	"	Dis. Feb. 6, 1862, disability
Hutchins, Jas.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Imes, James O.	"	"	Killed at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862
Ingles, William	Elmira	"	Died at Nashville, Sept. 18, 1862
Johnson, Wm.	Toulon	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Jordan, Ed. M.	Elmira	"	Sergt. died at Chattanooga Oct. 5, 1863
Kempin, Arnold	Stark Co.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Kennedy, John L.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Kenyon, Isaac	Stark Co.	"	Killed at Stone River Dec. 30, 1862
Lamper, John M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Leason, Chas. N.	"	"	Killed at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862
Luce, Alonzo	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Mantooth, Sam	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Meigs, Jos. C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Merrill, Jas.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Miller, George	"	June 18, 1861	Must. out Sept. 27, 1864

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Moon, Daniel J.	Stark Co.	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Morgan, Comfort	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Morgan, Cornel.	"	June 18, 1861	Died at Pilot Knob, Mo., Sept. 15, 1861
Morgan, Columbus	"	"	Died at Murfreesboro Jan. 7, 1863, wounds
McSherry, John	"	"	Transferred to Co. C
Nelson, Wm. N.	"	"	Absent, detached at Muster out
Newcombe, W. H.	Toulon	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Pask, Joseph F.	Stark Co.	"	Absent, detached at Must. out
Richer, Geo. P.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Ryerson, Geo. N.	"	"	Corp., killed at Stone River, Jan. 2, 1863
Scott, Robt. T.	Elmira	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Sharrer, Geo. T.	Stark Co.	"	Wounded at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862, missing
Shull, Henry C.	"	"	Dis. July 8, 1862, disability
Spaulding, J. O.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stone, Geo. H.	Toulon	June 18, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Terwilliger, Al.	Stark Co.	June 17, 1861	Transferred to Co. D
Terwilliger, E. N.	"	June 18, 1861	Transferred to Co. D
Turnbull, Thos.	"	June 17, 1861	Dis. Feb. 8, '63, wounds
Vinson, Amos	"	"	Trans. to Vet. Res. C Nov. 1, 1863
Way, Edwin D.	"	June 18, 1861	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Webber, John	"	June 17, 1861	Dis. Jan. 28, 1863, disability
Williams, L.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Worth, Henry B.	Elmira	June 18, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864, as Sergt.

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Adams, S. W.	Moline	Oct. 15, 1861	Deserted Sept. 5, 1862
Bell, Charles S.	Chicago	June 22, 1861	Dis. Oct. 4, 1861, disability
Clark, Asai	Star Co.	Sept. 25, 1861	Dis. Nov. 25, 1862, to re-enlist
Comstock, Geo.	"	July 8, 1861	Died at Louisville Oct. 29, 1861
Coon, Adrian	Elmira	Aug. 25, 1861	Deserted July 9, 1862
Coon, Urban	Stark Co.	"	Must. out Sept. 20, 1864
Corsan, Lewis	"	June 27, 1861	Dis. Sept. 4, 1861, disability
Fell, Robert	Toulon	Sept. 10, 1862	Dis. Nov. 25, 1862, to re-enlist
George, A. N.	Lee Co.	June 18, 1862	Must. out July 9, 1864
Hall, Charles	Chicago	Nov. 12, 1862	Trans. to H'dq'rs 14th, Ar. Cor.
Henderson, L. D.	Stark Co.		Must. out July 9, 1864
Horrigan, F.	Elmira	June 18, 1862	Killed at Pulaski, Tenn. May 2, 1862
Hunt, Joseph R.	Lee Co.		Must. out July 9, 1864
Imes, John	Elmira		Must. out July 9, 1864
Imes, Martin	"		Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corp.
Imes, William	"	Oct. 15, 1862	Killed at Reynolds Station, Aug. 27, 1862
Jackson, David	Osceola	Sept. 10, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs, 14th Army Corps
Johnson, A. T.	Kewanee	Oct. 18, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Jordan, Willard	Stark Co.	Nov. 3, 1861	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Kennedy, Pat	Chicago	"	Must. out Nov. 2, 1864
Leacox, Jos. M.		Sept. 10, 1862	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 30, 1863
Linsley, M.	Stark Co.		Missing since June 16, '62
McConchie, John			Must. out June, 1865

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Oziah, Thos. W.	Toulon	July 8, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Peebles, Robt.	Chicago	Mar. 2, 1862	Trans. to H'd'qu'trs 14th Army Corps
Quinn, William	"	Mar. 9, 1864	Must. out June 12, 1865
Thornton, N. M.	Kewanee		Must. out July 9, 1864
Turnbull, Jas. G.	Stark Co.	Sept. 10, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Whitaker, F. H.	Toulon		Must. out July 9, 1864
Yeomans, D. L.	Lee Co.		Must. out July 9, 1864
COOK.			
Pierce, Frank		Mar. 10, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Ar. Co. Corps

COMPANY C.

SERGEANTS.			
Chase, Ira J.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Dis. Nov. 7, 1862, disability
Dye, Horace D.	"	"	Reduced and trans. to 53d Ill. Inf.
Morse, R. B.	"	"	Dis. Oct. 22, 1861, for promotion 1st Lt. 53d Ill.
Quinton, Wm.	"	"	Prom. 2d Lt. Co. I
Wood, Wash. L.	"	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
CORPORALS.			
Bickford, Thos. J.	Chicago	"	Dis. Jan. 15, 1862 as Private, disability
Dauphin, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Filkins, Ed. A.	"	"	Prom. Sergt. then 2d Lt.
Gray, Arthur F.	Palatine	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Keith, Cyrus E.	"	"	Prom. Serg. then 2d Lt.
Morse, Albert	Chicago	"	Dis. Dec. 5, 1861 as Sergt., disability

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
Sawyer, Ed. M.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
Sawyer, Wm. E.	"	"	Dis. Apr. 6, 1863 as Sergt., disability
PRIVATES.			
Applebee, Frank	Barrington	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Baldwin, J. W.	Palatine	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Baltazer, L.	Cook Co.	"	Must. out June 8, 1865
Battis, Wilkins M.	Barrington	"	Dis. Sept. 15, 1863, disability
Beegan, John			Deserted July 12, 1863
Bernier, Alfred	Kankakee	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Billings, John	Richmond	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Borkvort, P.	Chicago	"	Died at Stone River, Feb. 26, 1863, wounds
Boyd, Robert			Deserted July 12, 1863
Carpenter, W. R.	Palatine	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Coleman, Miles	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Craft, Delavan	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Creen, William	"	"	Deserted Dec. 14, 1862
Daniels, Webster	Elk Grove	"	Dis. Apr. 9, 1863, disability
Davis, James A.	Barrington	"	Killed at Tuscumbia, Ala., Apr. 19, 1862
Deniol, Marcellus	Palatine	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal.
DeWait, William		"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Duffy, John		"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Edwards, Chas.	St. Louis, Mo.	"	Dis. Mar. 23, 1863, disability

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
England, John	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Farrington, S. L.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Frome, Robert	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Gates, Phineas P.	Richmond	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Glennan, Jas.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Goldsmith, Jas. M.	Cook Co.	"	Dis. July 6, 1862
Gravson, John	Danton	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Handy, Jas. L.	Kankakee	"	Dis. Aug. 25, 1861
Harrison, Bela	Marshall	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Homer, Henry	Cook Co.	"	Dis. May 7, 1863, disability
Hutchings, C. A.	Palatine	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Idear, Charles	Cook Co.	"	Corp., killed at Chicago, June 17, 1864
Kay, John	"	"	Deserted Mar. 18, 1862
Kelley, James	"	"	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Kellogg, Hiram	Richmond	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Letton, August	Cook Co.	"	Deserted June 16, 1862
Lincoln, Fayall	Palatine	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861 as Corporal, disability
Magill, James	Cook Co.	"	Dis. Dec. 22, 1862, disability
Martin, Miles	Wheaton	"	Must. out June 9, 1865
McElhose, J. C.	Danton	"	Trans. to Co. A., Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
McDonald, Jas.	Richmond	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
McGregor, John	Chicago	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
McKeeby, Edward	Cook Co.	"	Absent, sick, at Must. out
McKeeby, Jas.	Chicago	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps July 1, 1863
Ramage, Wm. J.	Philadelphia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Rogers, James	Cook Co.	"	Deserted Aug. 10, 1862
Sayles, Geo. C.	Palatine	"	Trans. to Sig. Corps Oct, 26, 1863
Schriner, Felix	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Scott, Daniel		"	Deserted July 25, 1861
Sequin, Frank	Kankakee	"	Must. out Apr. 25, 1865
Somers, Jas.	Chicago	"	Dis. Oct. 30, 1861, disability
Sparr, Martin		"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Sweezy, Henry	Palatine	"	Corp., died at Stone River, Jan. 3, '63, w'ds
Tabor, John	Richmond	"	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Tanley, Mark	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Taylor, Rich.	Palatine	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Tobell, Joseph	"	"	Dis. Apr. 16, 1864 as Corporal, disability
Towey, John		"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Walker, Albert D.	Richmond	"	Deserted Aug. 14, 1861
Weinand, Peter		"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Wilkinson, Job	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wilson, Chas. S.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Winslow, Zeb. R.		"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Wisman, Fred.	Palatine	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Wood, Thos. B.	Palatine	June 17, 1861	Dis. Mar. 1, 1863, disability
Woods, Jas.	Wheeling	"	Dis. Mar. 26, 1863, disability
Young, Jacob	Chicago	"	Missing in action at Tuscumbia, Apr. 24, 1862
Young, Lewis	Cook Co.	"	Deserted July 22, 1862
VETERANS.			
Hall, Wesley	Palatine	Dec. 21, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Harrison, Bela	Chicago	Mar. 8, 1864	Transferred to 60th Ill.
Hennesy, Mich.	Cook Co.	Dec. 21, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Maude, John	Woodstock	Jan. 12, 1864	Turned over for transfer
Muldoon, Anth.	Chicago	Mar. 21, 1864	Transferred to 60th Ill.
RECRUITS.			
Atherton, Jas.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Dis. Oct. 30, 1861, disability
Baldwin, Ith. P.	Palatine	June 25, 1861	Dis. Jan. 27, 1864, disability
Bassett, Geo.	Woodstock	Sept. 25, 1861	Must. out Sept. 24, 1864
Bowe, John	Chicago	June 18, 1861	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Burns, Andrew	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Buxton, Spencer S.	Palatine	Sept. 25, 1861	Dis. July 21, 1862, disability
Crusen, G. K.	Cook Co.	June 25, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Davis, Henry C.	Cincinnati	July 6, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Flinn, Michael	Cook Co.	June 18, 1861	Deserted June 9, 1862
Fowler, L. A.	Chicago	June 25, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Gould, George	Palatine	Sept. 25, 1861	Corp., died Nov. 28, 1863 of wounds received at Missionary Ridge
Hall, Wesley	Palatine	June 18, 1861	Veteran
Hennesy, M.	Cook Co.	July 6, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Holt, Calvin C.	Kewanee	July 6, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Ivis, John	Chicago	Sept. 25, 1861	Dis. Feb. 24, 1863, disability
James, Wm. T.	Muscatine	July 6, 1861	Dis. Mar. 1, 1863, disability
Kelly, John	Chicago	Mar. 20, 1861	Dis. Mar. 19, 1863, disability
Kennedy, Anth.	"	June 25, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lee, E. R.	Cook Co.	June 18, 1861	Deserted March, 1862
Muldoon, Anth.	Chicago	Mar. 20, 1862	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Maude, John	Woodstock	Sept. 25, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran
McSherry, Jas.	Kewanee	June 25, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Moore, Peter	Chicago	June 18, 1861	Deserted July 6, 1862
Morse, James	Cook Co.	"	Deserted Sept. 21, 1861
Ott, Francis	Chicago	July 6, 1861	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Parker, Chas.	"	June 18, 1861	Dis. Nov. 23, 1861, disability
Pratt, Frank	Boston, Mass.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Purdy, Wm. F.	Palatine	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Robinson, C.		June 25, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Rodgers, And.	Chicago	Nov. 1, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Smirnoff, Alex.	Ottawa	Sept. 25, 1861	Prom. Corp. and Sergt., killed Sept. 20, 1863, battle Chickamauga
Strothers, Geo. C.	Chicago	"	Trans. Co. B, 15th V.R.C.
Topp, August	Barrington	Sept. 2, 1862	Died at Andersonville Prison July 9, 1864, Grave 3,064
Wafter, Joseph	Cook Co.	June 18, 1861	Deserted Aug. 9, 1861
Williams, John	Chicago	June 24, 1861	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Wilson, Thos. J.	Chicago	June 18, 1861	Dis. Mar. 1, 1863, disability
Wiseman, H.	Palatine	Dec. 13, 1861	Dis. July 28, 1862, disability
Wood, Marshall	"	Sept. 25, 1861	Dis. Sept. 10, 1863, disability
COOK.			
Harris, Robert		Mar. 3, 1863	Turned over for transfer

COMPANY D.

SERGEANTS.			
Cunningham, Peter	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Prom. to 1st Lieut.
Eames, O. E.	"	"	Prom. to 1st. Lieut.
Goldsmith, J.	Milwaukee	"	Died at Murfreesboro Dec. 31, 1862, wounds
Longley, H. W.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
McLaughlin, R. W.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 9, 1862, disability
Walker, Geo.	"	"	Trans., Must. out June 17, 1864
CORPORALS.			
Barden, L.	Philadelphia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fellman, M. J.	New York	"	Dis. Jan. 29, 1863, disability
Fischer, Chas.	Chicago	"	Dis. April 29, 1862, disability
Harris, L. W.	"	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps
Haynie, J. Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
McCracken, R.	"	"	Killed at Stone River Jan. 2, 1863
Smith, J. H.	"	"	Dis. Oct. 31, 1862, disablity
Taylor, W. B.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 20, 1863, disability

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
MUSICIANS.			
Casler, Abe			
McGregor, J. C.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
PRIVATES.			
Akin, Alexander	"	"	Died at Ironton, Mo., Aug. 28, 1861
Allen, George	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1964
Anderson, A. E.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Armstine, Jac.	"	"	Deserted July 28, 1862
Bennett, F. M.	"	"	Corp., Died Mar. 10, '63
Blake, Joseph		"	Deserted June 21, 1861
Burch, P. J.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Carter, Henry E.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Clifford, Wm.	"	"	Captured at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1864
Comly, Adam	Dowagiac	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Coyle, James	Chicago	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Coyle, Thomas	"	"	Deserted Dec. 31, 1862
Cunningham, D.	"	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862
Daggy, Hen. Clay	"	"	Corp., died Jan. 5, 1863 of wounds received at Stone River
Daly, Patrick		"	Deserted June 21, 1861
Dennis, C. W.	"	"	Corp. died Mar. 13, 1862
Derr, Jackson	"	"	Corp., died Mar. 29, 1862
Eddings, Wm.	"	"	Must. out Sept. 17, 1864
Feagan, Nich.	"	"	Deserted Dec. 31, 1862
Ferris, Chas.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Forbes, C. K.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Gates, Henry	Elgin	"	Died at Bacon Creek, Ky., Jan. 23, 1862
Golden, Thos.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Goldsmith, A.		"	Transferred to Co. F
Hannon, Mat.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Hendricks, J.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Higgins, Wm.	"	"	Deserted Dec. 1, 1862
Hooch, B. F.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Hutchins, E.	"	"	Dis. Sept. 10, 1861, disability
Ingols, Wm.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 22, 1861, disability
Kelly, Wm. R.	"	"	Dropped June 30, 1862
Lewis, R.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Long, Wm.		"	Deserted Aug. 27, 1861
Mahar, Wm.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Mahoney, Thos.	"	"	Died at Chattanooga, Dec. 9, 1863 of wounds received in Battle of Chickamauga
Maloney, John	"	"	Dis. May 8, 1863, disability
Marshall, John	"	"	Trans. 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 27, 1862
Mathews, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
McQuaid, Ed.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Monrax, Luke	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Morgan, Jas.			
O'Donnell, Wm.		"	Deserted June 23, 1861
Phillips, Geo.	"	"	Trans. 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 27, 1862
Pierce, Warren	"	"	Must. out June 24, 1865
Reanish, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Richards, John	"	"	Dis. Nov. 18, 1863 as Corporal, disability

Gen. John B. Turchin.

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Russell, M.			
Sandler, Lewis	Chicago	June 17' 1861	Corp., died in Andersonville Prison Oct. 8, 1864, Grave 10,512
Sherrow, Nick.	"	"	Corp., Trans. to 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 27, 1862
Simmons, H. A.		"	Deserted Aug. 31, 1861
Smith, Arny		"	
Smith, Joseph	"	"	Dis. July 29, 1863, disability
Stevens, And.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Stranger, Jacob	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Thompson, Geo.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Townsend, Robt.	"	"	Deserted June 19, 1861
Tracey, J. M.	"	"	On detached duty at Must. out
Veattie, Aug.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Vickery, A. A.	"	"	Deserted Aug. 26, 1862
Watson, Wm. S.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Wells, Phil. H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Wilson, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Windling, Fred.	"	"	Dis. May 8, 1863 as Sergt., disability
Younger, Chas.		"	Discharged for disability
VETERANS.			
Coyle, James	"	Dec. 22, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Ferris, Jos. C.	"	"	Turned over for transfer
Graves, Edm'd G.	"		Turned over for transfer
Mahar, Wm.	"		Turned over for transfer
McLellan, D. A.	"	Mar. 8, 1864	Turned over for transfer

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
McQuaid, Ed.	Chicago		Dis. Mar. 13, 1864
Smith, M. W.	Waukegan		Turned over for transfer
Smith, John A.	Chicago		Deserted May 7, 1864
Stevens, And.	"	Dec. 21, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Vassier, Chas.	St. Louis	"	Deserted Mar. 7, 1864
RECRUITS.			
Adair, David	Chicago	Dec. 30, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Bolles, Jacob	"	June 18, 1861	Dis. Mar. 15, 1863, disability
Burkhardt, Ad.	"	Dec. 3, 1861	Dropped as deserter Dec. 31, 1862
Clifford, John	"	June 18, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Doyle, David	"	Jan. 4, 1864	Turned over for transfer
Gillespie, John M.	Carbondale	June 18, 1861	Deserted July 7, 1862
Glover, Francis	Chicago	Jan. 5, 1864	Must. out July 31, 1865
Graves, Ed. G.	"	"	Trans. to Co. D, 60th Ill.
Griggs, Geo. A.	"	Nov. 15, 1861	Deserted Mar. 18, 1862
Homes, Ed. O.	"		Killed at Winchester, Tenn., June 16, 1862
Lee, Edward	"	Jan. 2, 1864	Turned over for transfer
Madden, Sam.	"	June 18, 1861	Died at Murfreesboro Jan. 25, 1863, w'ds
McGrath, Jas.	"	"	Dis. Sept. 27, 1862, disability
McLellan, D. A.	"		Re-enlisted as Veteran
Phillips, Jos.	"	"	Died at Bacon Creek, Ky., Jan. 29, 1862
Powell, Edward	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Roach, Nich.	"	Mar. 20, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Rourke, Darby	"	June 18, 1861	Trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 30, 1863
Simpson, Ed. L.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 11, 1863, disability
Smith, John A.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Smith, M. W.	Waukegan	Nov. 20, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Tansey, John	Chicago	June 18, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Terwilliger, A. A.			Deserted Aug. 29, 1861
Terwilliger, E. N.	"		Must. out Apr. 5, 1865
VanVert, John	"	"	Dropped as deserter June 1, 1862
Vassier, Chas.	St. Louis	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Walker, George	Chicago	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps as Sergt.
Wells, Henry H.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Willard, Thos.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wood, Charles	Winona, Mich.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
UNDER COOK.			
Edwards, John		Nov. 1, 1863	Turned over for transfer

COMPANY E.

SERGEANTS.			
Baird, Andrew	Chicago	June 4, 1861	Dis. Aug. 9, '62, wounds
Blythe, Thos.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Chalmers, And.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
Raffen, James W.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Steel, George	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
CORPORALS.			
Davidson, Wm.	Springfield	"	Dis. July 31, 1863 as Private, disability
Evans, John A.	Chicago	"	Must. out July, 1864 as Private
Gordon, Ed.	"	"	Must. out July, 1864 as Private
Huntington, J. C.	"	"	Prom. Sergt., died of wounds Feb. 28, 1863 at Nashville
Reed, Smith	"	"	Dis. July 28, 1862, disability

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
Walton, Rich.	Chicago	June 4, 1681	Discharged, disability
McArthur, David	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
McGraw, Jas.	Springfield	"	Killed at Nashville Sept. 12, 1862
MUSICIANS.			
McDonald, John	Chicago	June 19, 1861	Dis. June 25, 1861, disability
Sherman, Nat.		June 4, 1861	Prom. to Prin. Musician
WAGONER.			
King, Thomas	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 20, 1863
PRIVATES.			
Agnew, Thos. A.	"	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Atwood, Amos	Springfield	June 4, 1861	Deserted July 10, 1861
Barr, Thomas	"	"	Deserted Sept. 12, 1861
Bartlett, L.	Chicago	"	Discharged for disability
Barram, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Becker, Chas.	"	"	Deserted Sept. 12, 1861
Blakney, Sam.	Springfield	"	Deserted July 31, 1861
Bourk, John	Chicago		Died at Louisville, Apr. 11, 1862
Cadwell, David	"	June 17, 1861	Dis. Nov. 30, 1861, disability
Chield, Chas.	"	June 4, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Christian, Jas.	"	"	Must. out May 19, 1865 as Corporal
Conlin, Mich.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Coughlin, Pat.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 26, 1863, disability
Crichton, Jas.	Bloomington	"	Dis. Oct. 2, 1863, disability
Cunningham, E. S.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Davis, Sylv. L.	Chicago	June 4, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Downs, Chas.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Eastman, Chas.	"	June 17, 1861	Deserted Feb. 18, 1862
Elmore, Travis	Springfield	June 4, 1861	Dis. July 22, 1862, disability
Farrell, Thos.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fitzpatrick, J.	"	"	Died at Nashville Sept. 11, 1862
Forbes, Alex.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 8, 1861, disability
Fuller, Weston C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Gertlin, Mich.	"	"	Dis. June 25, 1861, disability
Gibbs, L. B.	"	"	Deserted Sept., 1862
Grove, Aug.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Grove, Wm. H.	Chicago	"	Wagoner, Must. out July 9, 1864
Joel, George	"	"	Died of wounds at Murfreesboro Jan. 5, 1863
Kelly, Martin	Springfield	"	Killed Sept. 17, 1861
Lamb, Wm.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Mann, Andrew	"	"	Killed at Nashville Sept. 15, 1862
McEvoy, Daniel	Springfield	"	Missing in action, Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862
McGuire, John	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 20, 1863
McLauchlin, J.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Murphy, Wm.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Nixon, Henry	Chicago	"	Dis. Mar. 18, 1862, disability
Noble, J. P. G.	"	"	Died Jan. 6, 1863 of wounds received at Stone River

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
O'Brian, Dan'l	Springfield	June 4, 1861	Corp., died at Chattanooga Dec. 1, 1863
Patteson, Wm.	"	"	Captured at Stone River
Pettit, Wm. C.	"	"	Left in hospital, deserted
Reynolds, J. R.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Robinson, Nels. G.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Schmidt, Phil.	Springfield	"	Deserted Sept. 5, 1861
Schultz, Otto	Chicago	"	Dis. Mar. 18, 1862, disability
Strang, Steph.	Springfield	"	Died at Chattanooga Oct. 1, 1862
Thrasher, Jas. H.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Tomlin, John	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Walsh, Thos. C.	"	"	Died Apr. 10, '63, wounds
Westfall, Geo.	"	"	Dis. Jan. 31, 1862, disability
White, Jas. M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wignall, Thos.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Witherow, I. N.	"	"	Deserted June 18, 1861
Wood, Francis	Chicago	"	Trans. to V. R. C.
Wood, Geo. A.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
VETERANS.			
Davis, Sylv. L.		Dec. 21, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Thrasher, J. H.		"	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
RECRUITS.			
Anderson, Mat.	Chicago	Oct. 21, 1861	Died Sept. 29, 1862 wounds received at Chickamauga
Austin, Isaac	"	June 20, 1861	Died Mar. 5, 1862
Bennett, J.	"	June 21, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bethune, G. O.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Bremner, Robt.	Chicago	Feb. 1, 1862	Trans. H'dqu'trs 14th Ar. Corps
Bremner, Wm. C.	"	Nov. 7, 1861	Trans. H'dqu'trs 14th Ar. Corps.
Brosnahan, J.		Dec. 12, 1862	Trans. H'dqu'trs 14th Ar. Corps
Carmichael, D.	"	Apr. 2, 1862	Died at Nashville Jan. 2, 1863
Dawson, Thos.	Cook Co.		Deserted Dec. 18, 1861
Fanning, Pat.	Chicago	Jan. 26, 1864	Trans. H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Fletcher, Robt.	"	June 22, 1861	Discharged, disability
Frazer, A. McL.	"	June 4, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Griswold, J. C.	"	June 19, 1861	Died in Andersonville Prison July 27, 1864, Grave 4,083
Guthrie, Peter F.	St. Charles	June 26, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Hackett, Geo.	Chicago	Mar. 20, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Hays, John	"	Oct. 22, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Holz, Henry	"	Feb. 9, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Irons, And.	"	July 12, 1864	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Jones, Michael	"	Sept. 16, 1861	Dis. Apr. 20, 1863, disability
Lawler, Thos.	"	Sept. 17, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C. as Corporal
Law, Thomas	"	June 19, 1861	Dis. July 21, 1862, disability
Lawrence, J.	"	Mar. 20, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Macmillan, D.	Chicago	June 21, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Malcom, W. J.	"	"	Killed Oct. 31, 1861
Marr, John		Nov. 29, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs. 14th A. C.
Matteson, H. C.	St. Charles	July 11, 1861	Prom. Hospital Steward
McDonald, Jas.	Chicago	Sept. 16, 1861	Dis. Jan. 16, 1862, disability
McLean, John	"	Oct. 22, 1861	Trans. to 23d Ill. Inf.
O'Sullivan, Tim		Dec. 1, 1862	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps
Patterson, T. C.		Nov. 1, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Patterson, W.	St. Louis	July 27, 1861	Killed at Missionary Ridge Nov. 25, 1863
Pottinger, W.	Chicago	Oct. 22, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Rimer, John	"	June 20, 1861	Died July 4, 1863
Simmons, A. S.	Quincy	July 14, 1861	Dis. Sept. 13, 1861, disability
Skinner, Ur. S.	Chicago	Dec. 14, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Skipsey, Jos.	"	July 1, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stephens, J. E. A.	"	July 3, 1861	Dis. Jan. 31, '62, wounds
Tarteur, Paul	"	Feb. 2, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Tucker, Alf. R.	Quincy	July 17, 1861	Dis. Oct. 4, 1862, disability
Walker, And.	Chicago	June 19, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Welch, Thos.	"	July 3, 1861	Killed by a citizen of Nashville Sept. 15, '62
Whipple, Orlow	"	June 29, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Wilson, Jas. W.	"	Dec. 30, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Young, H. C.	St. Charles	July 11, 1861	Dis. Oct. 27, 1863, disability

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
UNDER COOK.			
Jones, William		Nov. 6, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.

COMPANY F.

SERGEANTS.			
Chaffer, Thos.	Virginia	June 17, 1861	Reduced, Must. out July 9, 1864
Campbell, J. G.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Hill, John	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Marcey, Dan.	Chandlerville	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
CORPORALS.			
Bobbitt, John W.	Manito	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Bobbitt J. W. S.	"	"	Killed in R. R. accident Sept. 17, 1861
Goldsmith, A.	Chicago	"	Dis. Mar. 23, 1863, 'disability
Job, Arch. W.	Virginia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Plummer, Add. G.	"	"	Reduced, re-enlisted as Veteran
Porter, S. W.	"	"	Sergt., Trans. to Inv. Corps Nov. 1, 1863
Ward, Hor. E.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
MUSICIANS.			
Drew, John	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Valentine, C. H.	"	"	Killed in R. R. accident Sept. 17, 1861
WAGONER.			
Wanchel, Moses	Virginia	"	Dis. Jan. 16, 1862, disability

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Afland, Wm.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Died Jan. 15, 1863 of wounds received at Stone River
Anderson, H. K.	Virginia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Anno, Harrison	Manito	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Ashton, Har.	"	"	Deserted Aug. 8, 1862
Barrows, John	Virginia	"	Dis. June 16, 1863, disability
Baker, Jacob	"	"	Deserted Dec. 31, 1862
Beck, William	Chandlerville	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergeant
Beebe, Al. G.	Virginia	"	Corp., Dis. Nov. 30, 1861, disability
Bobbitt, E. D.	Manito	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Border, Jas. H.	Virginia	"	Dis. Mar. 15, 1863, Corp. disability
Bouyer, A. J.	Havana	"	Corp., Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863
Brown, Chas.	Chicago	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Brown, Sid. B.	Virginia	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Brown, Wm. E.	"	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Burns, James	Chicago	"	Dis. Nov. 30, 1861, disability
Cadwell, Wm.	Pekin	"	Dis. Feb. 1, 1862, disability
Clark, Edward	Virginia	"	Deserted July 28, 1861
Colman, John	Springfield	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps Nov. 15, 1863
Conley, Dennis	Virginia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Cording, Fred.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 11, 1862, disability
Eddy, Ed. A.	Manito	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Griffin, Sam'l	Springfield	June 17, 1861	Killed at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862
Hamilton, T. A.	Virginia	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Hill, Enoch	Manito	"	Dis. Nov. 7, 1861, disability
Hodkinson, J.	Virginia	"	Died in Ohio Oct. 5, 1861
Joslin, Geo. H.	Chicago	"	Deserted Oct. 1, 1861
Kellogg, O. P.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Kent, Silas W.	Virginia	"	Prom. Serg. and 2d Lieut.
Keys, John	Chandlerville	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lacy, Thos. J.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Learned, H.	Virginia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Leistercew, Al.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lindsy, John	"	"	Corp., wounded and missing at Chickamauga
McCormick, A.	Springfield	"	Dis. Feb. 7, 1862, disability
McLaughlin, J.		"	Discharged July 2, 1861
Mills, R. W.	Arcadia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Mitchell, Henry	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Monteice, C. W.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 21, 1861, disability
Moor, Chris.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Myers, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Owen, William	Virginia	"	Dis. Nov. 21, 1861, disability
Reed, Ormd. D.	"	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Regan, Jas. T.	Manito	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Rhineberger, I. D.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Remis, Wm.	Virginia	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Reynolds, Mich.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 21, 1861, disability
Russel, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Slater, Jas. L.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Died at Nashville Mar. 10, 1862
Smith, Daniel	Virginia	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Smith, Jas. R.	Chicago	"	Dis. Nov. 27, 1862, to enlist in 4th Cavalry
Ternan, Martin	"	"	Dis. Feb. 26, 1863, disability
Van Brunt, J.	Springfield	"	Died Nov. 27, 1863 of wounds
Voney, Prosper	Chicago	"	Deserted June 16, 1862, charges removed by Special Orders
Ward, Walker	Virginia	"	Dis. Nov. 27, 1862, to enlist in 4th Cavalry
Welch, Wm.	Springfield	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wentworth, J.	"	"	Deserted May 14, 1862
Wickersham, J.	Chicago	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Zane, William	Springfield	"	Dis. Nov. 27, 1862 to enlist in 4th Cavalry
VETERANS.			
Hess, Abraham	Chicago	Dec. 22, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Hamilton, T. A.	Rushville	Mar. 28, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Plummer, Ad. G.	Virginia	Mar. 29, 1863	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
RECRUITS.			
Atwood, Henry S.	Virginia	July 22, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Bobbitt, S. S.	Chicago	Dec. 2, 1861	Killed at Missionary Ridge Nov. 25, 1863
Biddlecomb, D. H.	"	Apr. 2, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Bloom, Henry	Manito	Dec. 2, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Booth, William	Chicago	July 22, 1861	Must. out Aug. 16, 1864
Cogdal, Wm.	Manito	Dec. 2, 1861	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Cox, Felix G.	Virginia	July 22, 1861	Dis. July 24, 1862, disability
Ficker, Oscar	College Grove	Dec. 14, 1863	Must. out Aug. 7, 1865
Hess, Aber.	Chandlerville	June 28, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Kelly, Ed. T.	Chicago	Feb. 1, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Life, Joseph	Quincy	July 25, 1861	Deserted Sept. 18, 1861
McMahon, John	Chicago	Feb. 10, 1864	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McMullen John	Virginia	July 22, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Pardy, Humph.	Chicago	Feb. 10, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Porter, R. L.	Virginia	July 22, 1861	Dis. Nov. 21, 1861, disability
Rodgers, Ben. F.	Chicago	"	Dis. July 31, 1861, disability
Russell, John G.	"	June 26, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergeant
Ryan, James	"	Mar. 20, 1862	Must. out May 30, 1865
Ryan, James	"	Jan. 21, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Southwell, Jas.	"	July 3, 1861	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Stitchell, J. C.	"	June 20, 1861	Absent, sick at Must. out
Sullivan, And.	Virginia	Mar. 20, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Vaughan, Colum.	Jacksonville	Mar. 12, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Williams, Hiram	Chicago	Jan. 22, 1864	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
UNDER COOK.			
Bebly, Green		Mar. 3, 1863	Died at Chattanooga Mar. 1, 1864

COMPANY G.

SERGEANTS.			
Downs, Hylan A.	Chicago	June 21, 1861	
Frazier, Alex. M.	"	July 6, 1861	Trans. to Co. E
Saunders, N. H.	"	June 21, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Seaborn, Frank	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
White, Lyman A.		June 21, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
CORPORALS.			
Bennett, Benj.	"	July 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Dodge, Clark E.	"	July 2, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Farr, Henry		July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
North, Clement M.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Percing, Abrah.		July 6, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Porter, Alph. M.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Reed, Hiram A.	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Thornton, Henry J.	"	July 5, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
PRIVATES.			
Adams, Henry	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Adams, Wm. G.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Ashburn, Robt.		"	
Ashby, Chauncey	Chicago	July 5, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Bise, Wm. R.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Bratstrain, C. M.	Chicago	July 3, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Brown, Western	Palmyra, Mo.	July 20, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Christian, Jas.	Chicago	July 5, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Coffin, Reub. F.	"	July 10, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Crossly, Jas.	"	July 11, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Crounch, Geo. W.	"	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Dawson, Thos. H.		July 4, 1861	Trans. to Co. E
Denham, Wm. S.		July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry

COMPANY G—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Dick, Thomas	St. Louis	July 29, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Ellis, Geo. E.		July 30, 1861	
Fairburn, Wm.	Chicago	July 20, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Field, Thos. H.	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Fletcher, Robt. F.	"	July 22, 1861	Trans. to Co. E
Galligan, Dennis	"	July 6, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Gentil, John P.		July 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Gibbs, Joel		July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Haas, John	Chicago	July 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Holting, Isaac H.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hopewell, Henry	Chicago	July 6, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hubbard, Davis K.	"	July 22, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Lindsay, Jas.	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Lyons, John		July 2, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Malcolm, Wm. J.		July 5, 1861	Trans. to Co. E
Maxwell, Jas.	St. Louis	July 29, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Mayhew, Prosper	Chicago	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McCormack, Jas.		"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McDermot, Pat.		July 30, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McMullen, J. B.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Meyers, David	Chicago	July 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Miller, Henry F.	"	July 11, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Morris, George	St. Louis	July 30, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Moore, Jas. F.	"	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Mumford, Jerem.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Mumford, Ross	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Noble, David	Chicago	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
O'Buck, Wm.	St. Louis	July 30, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Osburn Robt.	"	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Patterson, Wm.	Chicago	July 29, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Piers, Charles	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Rice, Wm. H.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Sealock, Steph. O.	"	July 30, 1861	
Seymour, T. H.		July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Showers, Caleb	Chicago	July 10, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry

COMPANY G—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Smith, Barney, M.	Chicago	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Spaulding, D. L.		July 21, 1861	
Springer, Lewis C.	"	July 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Stahl, Henry	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Stanley, Rich. H.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Stewart, Jas. H.			Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Taylor, Alf. M.	Chicago	July 10, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Tennison, J. M.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Tonies, John C.	"	July 15, 1861	
Tracey, Wm.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Wallace, H. S.		July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Waltman, Martin	Chicago	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Whitley, John D.	St. Louis	July 31, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Whitley, Wm. K.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Ziegenfuss, M.	Chicago	July 12, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
RECRUITS.			
Barnes, Ham'tn	Chicago	June 21, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Billings, John	Bird's Point	Aug. 5, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Bracket, Chas. C.	Chicago	June 21, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Buchannan, R.	"	Oct. 19, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Cooper, Chas.	"	Oct. 12, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Crawley, Mich.	"	Oct. 12, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Crosby, Wm.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Davis, Wm. H.			Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Deal, Geo. H.	"	Sept. 30, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Drewery, Wm.	"	Oct. 29, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Ford, Lawrence	"	July 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Gallagher, Jas.	"	Oct. 19, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Gillispie, Mart.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hammond, N. K.	"	Sept. 28, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hastings, Ed.	"	Oct. 3, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hays, Michael	"	Oct. 4, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Hogle, James			Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Holmes, Edwin	"	Oct. 19, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry

COMPANY G—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
RECRUITS.			
Holmes, Myron	Chicago	Oct. 1, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Lawrence, L. C.	"	Oct. 15, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Luce, Wm. C.	Moline		
Maguire, Martin	Chicago	Nov. 12, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Martin, Sam. W.			Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McGuire, John			Trans. to Co. H
McLaughlin, J. T.	Chicago	Oct. 14, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
McVay, Michael	"	Oct. 19, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Miller, Wm. S.	"	Oct. 11, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Moshier, Steph. H.	"	Nov. 8, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Otto, Robt. M.	"	Apr. 2, 1862	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Robinson, Frank.	"	July 23, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
Tucker, Francis	"	Oct. 19, 1861	
Weaver, Jas. B.	"	"	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry
White, Wm. P.	"	Oct. 1, 1861	Trans. to Bridges' Bat'ry

COMPANY H.

SERGEANTS.			
Babcock, Wm. H.	Moline	June 17, 1861	Dis. Mar. 5, 1862 for promotion
Johnson, V. C.	Geneseo	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Mapes, L. B.	Moline	"	Dis. June 22, 1861 as Private, disability
Sickles, Horace H.	"	"	Dis. Apr. 13, 1862 disability
Wood, Wellington	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
CORPORALS.			
Beers, Benj. F.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Deidrick, John	Geneseo	"	Prom. 1st Sergt. and then to 1st Lieut.
Devinney, J. W.	Moline	"	Dis. Feb. 2, 1864, as Sergt., disability
Gould, Melvin A.	"	"	Dis. Oct. 8, 1862 as Private, disability

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
CORPORALS.			
Maxham, Hosea C.	Geneseo	June 17, 1861	Died in Andersonville Prison, May 13, 1864, Grave 1,061
Thomas, Lloyd B.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wheelock, Evr't	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergeant
Wycoff, Chas. H.	Geneseo	"	Missing at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
PRIVATES.			
Archibald, Ed.	La Salle	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Anderson, Lewis	Veni	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bell, Robert M.	Port Byron	"	Dis. to enlist in 4th U. S. Cavalry
Benham, John	Geneseo	"	Died at Murfreesboro Mar. 4, 1862 of wounds received in battle of Stone River
Benson, Nels. P.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Blanden, Lem.	Geneseo	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bleakney, Lewis	Orion	"	Detached 1st Lieut. U. S. C. T.
Blundy, Thos.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bergstrom, S.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Brown, Jos. G.	Andalusia	"	Dis. Mar. 4, 1862, disability
Brown, Theo. M.	Geneseo	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Carson, Amaziah	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergeant
Christy, Wm.	"	"	Dis. June 19, 1862, disability
Clay, John P.	Viola	"	Dis. Apr. 3, 1864 as Sergeant, disability
Coleman, Jas. F.	Cleveland	"	Dis. Nov. 3, '63, wounds
Collins, Geo.	Davenport	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Curtis, Thos.	Geneseo	June 17, 1861	Dis. Apr. 28, 1862, disability
Decker, Wm. D.	Rock Island	"	Dis. Feb. 1, 1862, disability
English, Jas. W.	Atkinson	"	Trans. to Co. I
Flemming, G. F.	Geneseo	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps June 27, 1863
Fuller, Charles	Moline	"	Dis. Mar. 7, 1863, disability
Giles, C. D.	"	"	Dis. Dec. 4, 1861, disability
Gregory, John	Rock Island	"	Dis. Dec. 4, 1861, disability
Hagan, Fred. K.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Hagerty, Wm.	Geneseo	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Harrington, S.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864. as Sergt.
Hayes, Jos. P.	Hampton	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Hebbard, A. A.	Moline	"	Captured at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Huey, John L.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 19, 1864, disability
Johnson, J. F. P.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Kernes, George	"	"	Missing at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862
Kernes, Jas.	Cambridge	"	Dis. Oct. 31, 1861, disability
Lander, Robt.	Geneseo	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Larson, Lars.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lawrence, Chas.	Geneseo	"	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Lindsay, John	Camden Mills	"	Hon. Dis. July 29, 1862
Llewellyn, B.	Rock Island	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Luce, Wm. P.	Hampton	June 17, 1861	Dis. Oct. 31, 1861, disability
Mapes, Henry E.	Moline	"	Dis. Feb. 1, 1862, disability
Maxwell, Cal. L.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 26, 1862, disability
Maxwell, Jesse	Cordova	"	Killed at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862
McClure, Henry T.	"	"	Dis. to enlist in 4th U. S. Cavalry
McKee, John	Moline	"	Detached as 2d Lieut. U. S. C. T.
McKinzie, John	Allamakee	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
McMahan, John	Moline	"	Trans. Inv. Corps Sept 30, 1863
Meade, George	"	"	Died in Andersonville Prison July 13, 1864, Grave 3,279
Mercer, John	Hampton	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Mitchell, R. B.	Rock Island	"	Deserted June 26, 1861
Morris, Chas. B.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Nelson, Peter	"	"	Dis. Aug. 6, 1862, disability
Nixon, James	Geneseo	"	Deserted July 29, 1862
Payne, Jerem.	Hampton	"	Dis. July 21, 1862, disability
Peterson, Fr.	Geneseo	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Pettifer, Wm.	Moline	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps
Post, Jas. L.	Cambridge	"	Deserted June 29, 1862
Pyper, Lysan. B.	Moline	"	Dis. July 29, 1862, disability
Ransom, Wm. S.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 21, 1862, disability
Rathburn, Hen. W.	Cordova	"	Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Sadler, R. H.	Orion	June 17, 1861	Dis. Mar. 26, 1862, disability
Samuels, Chas. F.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Satsrom, Adol.	Geneseo	"	Trans. to Inv. Corps
Shepard, Alf.	Rock Island Co.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Smith, Chas. E.	Geneseo	"	Dis. Aug. 5, 1861, sent C. M.
Snyder, J. H.	"	"	Trans. Inv. Corps Feb. 27, 1864
Stone, Albert	Allamakee	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stoughton, M.	Moline	"	Trans. Inv. Corps Feb. 8, 1863
Stumer, Wm.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 25, 1864
Suter, Josiah	Rock Island	"	Dis. June 18, 1863, wounds
Thompson, D. W.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Thompson, G. G.	Cleveland	"	Dis. July 18, 1863, disability
Townley, Robt.	Geneseo	"	Dis. Oct. 20, 1863, disability
Tuttie, Frank	Geneseo	"	Dis. Feb. 1, 1862, disability
Van Order, Cypr.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Walsh, Wm. L.	"	"	Dis. Oct. 16, 1863 as Sergt., disability
Waner, Peter	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Ward, Robt.	Rock Island	"	Trans. to Co. A
Wells, Henri E.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 9, 1863 of wounds received Stone River
Wheelock, T. D.	Moline	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Witherill, M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Wittenberger, H.	Genesco	June 17, 1861	Dis. Feb. 18, 1863, disability
Wood, Wm. H.	Aledo	"	Died at Nashville Nov. 23, 1862
Young, Dan. E.	Hampton	"	Died in Ohio Oct. 4, 1861
Young, Saml.	Moline	"	Died at Nashville Mar. 4, 1863
RECRUITS.			
Bates, Chas. G.		Aug. 27, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Bleakney, J. G.	Orion	Aug. 3, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Brewster, C. G.	Peru	July 5, 1861	Trans. to Gen. Steedman
Brown, Henry L.	Moline	Nov. 23, 1861	Deserted Mar. 31, 1862
Carson, Jas. W.	"	Dec. 3, 1861	Absent, sick at Must. out
Cobb, William	"	June 29, 1861	Dis. Dec. 4, 1861, disability
Dickenson, R. E.	Prophetstown	July 10, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Gibbs, Webs. C.		June 4, 1863	Trans. to Gen. Steedman
Gustafson, C.	Moline	June 29, 1861	Dis. Apr. 13, 1862, disability
Hawthorne, W. P.	Colona	June 30, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1861
Maguire, John	Chicago	Nov. 12, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Rhodes, Hiram		Oct. 14, 1862	Must. out July 27, 1865
Ryan, Thos. F.	Chicago	Mar. 20, 1862	Deserted Mar. 19, 1863
Sickles, Geo. B.	Moline	Sept. 25, 1861	On detached duty at Must. out
Van Orden, A.		Oct. 14, 1862	Turned over for transfer
Williams, J. A.	Mitchell, Ind.	Sept. 28, 1861	Died at Nashville Jan. 15, 1863
Youngs, John Y.		June 4, 1863	Died at Nashville Sept. 1, 1863
UNDER COOK.			
Brown, John		Mar. 3, 1863	Turned over for transfer

COMPANY I.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
SERGEANTS.			
Camphouse, W.	Galena	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
French, Thos. J.	"	"	Dis. July 29, 1861, disability
Morehouse, D. B.	"	"	Prom. to 2d Lieut.
Pittman, Wm.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 25, 1862, disability
Schlosser, Con.	"	"	Died at Chicago July 4, 1864
CORPORALS.			
Cowden, Har.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Ingraham, J.	Galena	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Lyons, R. M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
Simons, H.	"	"	Sergt., died at Murfreesboro Apr. 29, 1863
PRIVATES.			
Allison, Isaac S.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Deserted
Anton, Nich.	Galena	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Archer, E. A.	Dunleith	"	Dis. July 2, 1861, disability
Barras, Henry	Galena	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Barton, John R.	"	"	Corp., died Oct. 10, 1863 of wounds received at Chickamauga
Bartholow, R. L.	"	"	Deserted Aug. 1, 1861
Beardsley, H.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Bird, Jesse W.	Galena	"	Dis. July 14, 1861, disability
Brown, John	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Boston, Jno. W.	Galena	June 17, 1861	Dis. Feb. 27, 1863, disability
Carroll, Lawr.	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Carroll, L. M.	"	"	Trans. to Sig. Corps Oct. 22, 1863 as Sergt.
Clark, Samuel	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Coleman, Jacob	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Connor, Henry	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Craig, Thos.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Cramer, John	"	"	Dis. Feb. 6, 1862, disability
Davis, Geo. W.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Deniken, Vic.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, 1861, disability
Dennis, Henry	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, 1861, disability
Doering, Rich.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Donnelly, J.	"	"	Deserted June 10, 1862
Douglas, John	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Dowling, Steph.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Franks, And.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Frost, Wm.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Foley, Mich. V.	"	"	Missing Nov. 26, 1862
Fowler, Dan'l	Hanover	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fowler, P. M.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Fox, Rich. M.	Dunleith	"	Dis. to enlist in 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 25, 1862

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Galloway, Wm.	Bellevue, Ia.	June 17, 1861	Trans. to Sig. Corps Oct. 22, 1863
Gand, John	Galena	"	Wagoner, Must. out July 9, 1864
Harmes, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Harwick, Jas.	"	"	Dis. to enlist in 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 25, 1862
Hogan, W. F.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Irvine, Saml. C.	"	"	Dis. June 14, 1862, disability
Jones, Lyman M.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Lamb, Thos.	Galena	"	Died at Nashville Oct. 4, 1862
Lesh, James	"	"	Dis. Aug. 9, 1861, disability
Leinberger, Eug.	"	"	Dis. Aug. 26, 1861
Longhorn, Jas.	"	"	Prom. to 1st Lieut.
Matt, Joseph	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Maloney, Mich.	"	"	Missing Oct. 31, 1862
Mensel, Fred.	"	"	Died at Nashville, July 23, 1862
Metzger, John	"	"	Dis. Nov. 11, 1863, disability
Michael, J. M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Morrisey, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Morrison, Thos.	"	"	Died at Nashville Feb. 22, 1864
Noble, Wm. T.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Nolan, Robert	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Painter, Alb. H.	Dunleith	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Palmer, H. H.	Galena	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Petree, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Rhea, C. H.	Bellevue, Ia.	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Ripin, Alford	Galena	June 17, 1861	Dis. to enlist in 4th U. S. Cav. Nov. 25, 1862
Roffner, Anth.	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Schemerhorn, C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Scholtz, Chas.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 17, 1863, disability
Smith, Joseph	"	"	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Smith, Wm. C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Snyder, Dan.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Streif, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Thorp, Wm. D.	"	"	Dis. Aug. 7, 1862, disability
Tyler, U. P.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, 1861, disability
Vickers, Wm. H.	"	"	Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Waldner, Chris.		"	Died at Louisville Feb. 3, 1862
Walker, Abram.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Walker, Rich.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Waulthour, D. B.	"	"	Deserted Jan. 6, 1862
Weppo, Wm.	"	"	Dis. Dec. 4, 1861, disability
Weinshornor, H.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Wilson, John	"	"	Dis. Aug. 1, 1861, disability
Winterstein, Mil.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 5, 1861, disability
Wirth, Augustus	"	"	Dis. Nov. 19, 1861, disability

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
VETERAN.			
Breacher, Jacob	Chicago	Dec. 24, 1863	
RECRUITS.			
Baldwin, J. H.	Galena	Oct. 2, 1861	Dis. Sept. 13, 1862, disability
Barnhart, John	"	Oct. 22, 1861	Died at Louisville Jan 10, 1862
Breacher, Jac.	Chicago	Dec. 10, 1861	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Breizen, Julius	"	July 5, 1861	Dis. May 24, 1862
Bruce, And. J.	Galena	Oct. 22, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Bruce, Robt.	"	July 3, 1861	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Cook, Chas.	"	Oct. 1, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Cookson, J. S.	"	Oct. 2, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Connelly, Mich.	"	July 5, 1861	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Dawson, Jas. W.	"	July 2, 1861	Dis. Nov. 29, 1861, disability
Ellis, Emanuel	"	Oct. 1, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
English, Jas.	Atkinson		Dis. July 31, 1862, disability
Gilmore, Wm.	Galena	July 1, 1861	Deserted Aug. 2, 1862
Glock, John	Chicago	Dec. 10, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Hardy, Frank	Galena	July 5, 1861	Dis. Aug. 7, 1862, disability
Heath, Chas. G.	Chicago	Oct. 6, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Hewitt, Isaac		Nov. 29, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th Army Corps
Honyer, Leop.	Galena	July 4, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Keenan, Frank	"		Deserted Aug. 6, 1861

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Koley, Earnest	Galena	Oct. 3, 1861	Dis. Apr. 12, 1863, disability
McDowell, S. H.	Chicago	Nov. 18, 1861	Prom. to Sergt. Major.
McManners, Thos.	Galena	July 4, 1861	Deserted Aug. 1, 1861
Plean, Chris.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 9, 1861, disability
Quinn, Chas.	Murfreesboro	Apr. 4, 1862	Dis. Nov. 9, 1862, disability
Rhine, John	Galena	July 5, 1861	Died Oct. 17, 1861, of injuries in R. R. accident
Ringer, Wm.	"	July 1, 1861	Killed on R. R. Sept. 17, 1861
Scott, Henry P.	Chicago	Nov. 7, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Speck, Augus.	Galena	July 5, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Stacy, Wm.	"	July 7, 1862	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Thistlewaite, C.	"	Oct. 1, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.
Trittean, John	"		Killed at Stone River Dec. 31, 1862
Vincent, Wm.	Chicago	Nov. 8, 1861	Died at Elizabethtown Feb. 25, 1862
Walker, Henry H.	Galena		Must. out July 9, 1864
Winser, Henry	"	Oct. 3, 1861	Trans. to H'dqu'trs 14th A. C.

COMPANY K.

SERGEANTS.			
Dorsey, Ed. W.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Dis. Dec. 15, 1862, disability
Eckert, Geo.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 16, 1862 as 1st Sergt., disability
Lamberson, C. V.	Cook Co.	July 30, 1861	Prom. to 2d Lieut.

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
SERGEANTS.			
Fletcher, H. B.	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1861 as Private
Hare, Wm. E.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1861 as Private
CORPORALS.			
Ambrose, R. L.	"	"	Dis. June 4, 1863, disability
Bell, Geo. R.		"	Dis. July 22, 1861, disability
Cunningham, W.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Hoffman, F. J.	"	"	Deserted June 17, 1861
James, John T.	"	"	Died at Quincy Sept. 3, 1861
Johnson, Jos. S.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as 1st Sergt.
McConnell, J. D.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Scadin, S. H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
MUSICIANS.			
Campbell, G. C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Private
Reilly, John	"	"	Deserted July 15, 1862
PRIVATES.			
Austin, John H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bell, V. B.	"	"	Prom. Corp., Sergt., Maj. and 2d Lieut.
Benshel, And.	"	"	Deserted July 16, 1862
Berlence, Chas.	"	"	Deserted July 12, 1861
Black, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Boig, Jos. J.	"	"	Deserted June 1, 1862
Borgus, Arthur	"	"	Dis. Apr. 25, 1863, disability

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Bowie, Banks	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Deserted Aug. 5, 1862
Bowie, Steph.	"	"	Dis. Mar. 16, 1862, disability
Breslauer, M.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Bush, Hiram	"	"	Prom. to Com'sy Sergt.
Butler, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Brinkman, Gustus	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Carney, Mich.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Christian, Wm. H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Clark, Lyman	"	"	Died at Murfreesboro Apr. 14, 1863
Cobb, Joseph	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Cunningham, Jas.	"	"	Dis. Aug. 8, 1861
Dwyer, Jas. A.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fenton, James	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal.
Ferrers, Chas.	"	"	Trans. to V. R. C. Sept. 15, 1863
Ferrers, Geo.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fitzgibbon, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Fullerton, Jas. C.	"	"	Died Jan. 2, 1863 of wounds received at Stone River
Grady, Robt.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Griffin, Dan. W.	"	"	Killed at Stone River Dec. 30, 1862
Gyer, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Hanna, J. S.	"	"	Dis. Aug. 12, 1862, disability
Heller, Albert	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Herricks, Chas.	"	"	Dis. Dec. 16, 1861, disability
Hettich, Chas.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Higgins, Chas.	"	"	Killed at Chicago Oct. 16, 1861

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Higginson, Henry	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Must. out July 9, 1864
Holman, Wm. E.	"	"	Deserted Mar. 17, 1862
Johnson, Thos.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Jones, Isaac		"	Dis. Aug. 8, 1861
Kenney, Jas.		"	Dis. Aug. 8, 1861
Kent, Charles	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Kipp, Wm. H.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Ladwick, Chas.	"	"	Dis. Feb. 9, 1863, disability
Lang, Emanuel	"	"	Dis. Mar. 1, 1864, disability
McCarthy, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
McDonald, Patrick	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Meeker, Jas. D.	"	"	Deserted Feb. 20, 1863
Merrifield, J. M.	"	"	Dis. Nov. 26, 1861, disability
Metz, Louis	"	"	Died June 24, 1864
Metz, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Miller, Mich. L.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Newton, John B.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Paris, August	"	"	Dis. Apr. 20, 1862
Pemberton, Thos.	"	"	Killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863
Pemberton, Geo.	"	"	Dis. Apr. 20, 1862
Periolet, Robt.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Potter, Wm.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Reilly, John	"	"	On detached service at Must. out
Russell, Jos. F.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Scott, John	Chicago	June 17, 1861	Dis. May 28, 1862, disability
Simpson, And.	"	"	Killed near Pulaski, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1862
Shepherd, F. H.	"	"	Must. out May 30, 1864
Smith, George	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Smith, James,	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Smith, Peter	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Stark, Chas.	"	"	Re-enlisted as Veteran
Stephen, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Sergt.
Stone, Neri	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Swartz, Henry	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Ucthman, Gerh.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Voice, John	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Wagner, Geo. C.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Walden, Jas. D.	"	"	Must. out July 9, 1864
Walters, John M.	"	"	Deserted Dec. 20, 1862
Weir, Robert	"	"	Dis. July 28, 1862
Wells, Ealon A.	"		Dis. Mar. 16, 1863, disability
Wright, Chas.	"	"	Must. out Oct. 19, 1864
VETERAN.			
Stark, Charles	"	Dec. 21, 1863	Must. out July 6, 1865
RECRUITS.			
Anderson, Thos.	"	Oct. 8, 1861	Died at Andersonville Prison Aug. 24, 1864, Grave 6,710
Ayers, Chas. S.	"		Dis. Nov. 25, 1861, disability
Beechert, Geo.		May 22, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Beiderman, J. B.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
PRIVATES.			
Bullen, Edgar M.	Chicago	Nov. 1, 1861	Died Feb. 3, 1863 of wounds
Bunce, Wm. H.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864
Carney, Lumas	"	Dec. 8, 1861	
Colgrove, Geo.	Waukegan	Oct. 8, 1861	Trans. to Gen. Steadman
Crocker, Crafton	Chicago		Deserted Sept. 11, 1861
Drake, Jos. A.	"		Dis. Feb. 25, 1863, disability
Driscoll, Corn.	"		Dis. Mar. 31, 1863, disability
Gilbert, Wm. H.	"	Oct. 8, 1861	Trans. to Co. A
Gunn, Henry	Waukegan	Nov. 1, 1861	Dis. Feb. 15, 1863, disability
Gunn, Chancey	"	Oct. 8, 1861	Missing since action at Manchester, Tenn.
Hoff, John A.	Chicago	June 18, 1861	Dis. Nov. 26, 1861, disability
Hoyt, John M.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864
Johnson, Fred'k	"	"	Dis. Nov. 26, 1861, disability
Lewis, Henry	"	Nov. 1, 1861	Turned over for transfer
Morgan, Chas.	"	Apr. 5, 1862	Turned over for transfer
O'Leary, Arthur			Turned over for transfer
Randolph, Ab. N.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864
Reed, Jerry		May 22, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Sparr, Martin	"	Oct. 8, 1861	Deserted July 15, 1862
Stoughton, H. D.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864 as Corporal
Tincholen, Sam. H.	"		Died in Andersonville Prison June 26, 1864, Grave 2,502
Wells, Joseph		Apr. 13, 1863	Turned over for transfer
Wythe, Walter W.	"		Must. out July 9, 1864
UNDER COOKS.			
James, John		Oct. 11, 1863	Turned over for transfer

COMPANY K—Continued.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	ENLISTED.	REMARKS.
UNDER COOKS.			
McCullough, Wm.		Mar. 3, 1863	Turned over for transfer
UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.			
Alexander, Jas.	Chicago	Dec. 24, 1863	Deserted Dec. 29, 1863
Ferrington, Chas.	"	Dec. 13, 1862	
Hays, Edward	"	Jan. 12, 1864	
Hunter, Benj. D.	Peoria	Nov. 5, 1863	
Jones, Jas. H.	Chicago	Jan. 12, 1864	
King, George	"	Jan. 9, 1864	
Levy, Michael	"	Feb. 15, 1864	
Monaghan, John	"	Jan. 14, 1864	
Morissette, A.	"	Feb. 2, 1864	
Myers, John	"	Jan. 18, 1864	
O'Leary, Jas.	"	Jan. 26, 1864	
Roberts, Hubbard	"	Dec. 23, 1863	
Singleton, Robt.	"	Dec. 14, 1863	
White, John	"	Sept. 27, 1862	

OUR REGIMENTAL LEADERS.

Thus far for the rank and file, by companies; those who commanded the Regiment are still to be accounted for in these pages. We owe it to our two Colonels and our Lieutenant Colonel to give them all possible honor, other than they will receive from time to time, in this work. First of all comes John Basil Turchin (his native name was Turchinoff), who was born in the Valley of the Don, Empire of Russia, January 18, 1822. At the age of fourteen he attended the Imperial Military School at St. Petersburg, where he obtained the rudiments of an education for officers. After graduating he received a Lieutenant's commission in the Czar's Army, where his talents soon gained him promotion, and he was raised to the rank of Captain on the General Staff. Then he returned to the Imperial Military School and remained there three years, finishing the theoretical part of his education. At the beginning of the Crimean War he received an appointment on the staff of the Crown Prince (afterward Alexander II, Emperor of Russia), a rank corresponding in our service to that of Assistant Adjutant General of a Corps Commander. The plan adopted for the defenses of the coast of Finland was prepared by Captain Turchinoff, and to him was intrusted the superintendence of their construction. They were considered among the most elaborate and scientific specimens of military engineering in Europe at that time.

Having imbibed democratic ideas at an early age, Turchin now found himself impelled to go to America and, managing to quit Russia, he came to the United States in 1856, to soon find employment in the engineering department of the Illinois Central Railroad, a corporation which furnished several Generals to the Union service, notably McClellan, Burnside, Banks, and Turchin. For, when

that war broke out for the defense of those same ideas which led him to abandon his Fatherland, Turchin made known his desire to enlist in the Union cause, and was thereupon commissioned Colonel of the Nineteenth Illinois, destined to become "one of the best drilled, most marched, heaviest battle-scarred regiments that ever sustained the honor of Illinois in the field. While still in camp at Chicago, it had become celebrated for its excellence of drill and *esprit de corps*. Colonel Turchin gave to it his constant personal attention and inspection, and was ever vigilant and unwearied in making it a model regiment. He led it through many hard, wearisome marches and in numerous skirmishes and combats, all of which early made its name of Nineteenth the synonym of success."* Turchin was our commander in Missouri; through Kentucky; on the march to Nashville, Tennessee; on the swift rush to Huntsville, Alabama, under O. M. Mitchel; on the dash into Athens, Alabama, where his men were charged with misconduct and for this was court-martialed and the verdict was dismissal from the service. He at once returned to his home in Chicago, accompanied by his wife (dear Madame Turchin! how we all respected, believed in, and came to love her for her bravery, gentleness and constant care of the sick and wounded in the Regiment), who had long shared his dangers and privations on the march and in the field, to be welcomed like a conquering hero. Before the sentence of the Court Martial could be promulgated, the President of the United States had appointed and commissioned Turchin as Brigadier General, whereupon he at once returned to the front, and was assigned to the command of a gallant brigade in the Army of the Cumberland.

General Turchin was a man of medium stature and strong

*"Patriotism of Illinois."

frame, slightly inclined to corpulence, with a massive well-formed head, and a face full of intelligence. His countenance was expressive and genial; he possessed a delicate humor, but was inflexible in will and most decided in purpose. He was impulsive, full of energy, thought and acted quickly, and was rarely placed in any position where he could not muster resources to meet its emergencies. His constant conduct, after leaving the Nineteenth, was, as Brigade Commander of the noblest and bravest order, and he played an important and valorous part in the great Battle of Chickamauga. Toward the end of our term of service, in May, 1864, to be exact, wishing to show his abiding love for us he asked for, and secured, the transfer of the Regiment to the brigade he was then commanding. The exact time and the circumstances when and under which this transfer was carried out is given by Brigadier General Richard W. Johnson, commanding First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. His report includes the division's operations from the opening of the Atlanta Campaign down to the thirteenth of June, 1864, at which period he was compelled by a disability resulting from injuries received in action to turn over the command to Brigadier General King. Johnson says: "On the third of May, pursuant to instructions received from the Major General commanding the corps, I moved from Graysville, Georgia, to Ringgold, Georgia, leaving an outpost of two regiments, the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry and Twenty-fourth Illinois Infantry, at Parker's Gap, to hold that pass until the advance of the troops from the direction of Cleveland would cover it. On the day but one following, these regiments, having been relieved, were transferred to the Brigade of General Turchin, in the Third Division."

At that time there were only fifteen officers and two hundred and thirty-nine men with the Regiment. Turchin

was our Brigade commander at the battle of Resaca, and we remained with him until we reached Ackworth, where we left the front for "God's Country." General Turchin's life after the war was largely one of trials and tribulations, but he was ever honorable and hopeful, always a devoted friend to his old companions in arms, no matter what their rank and position in the service, a good Comrade, and a gentleman of the best make.

Colonel Joseph R. Scott was one of Nature's noblemen, in every sense of the expression. He was generous, he was gallant, he was courageous, he was always ready and willing; he was among the best beloved of all army officers. In character he was beautifully devoted to his adopted Country, to its Flag, and to those for whom he was so largely responsible. In personal appearance he was handsome, distinguished, soldiery; his flashing dark eyes, his genial speech, his joyous laugh, his mobility of expression, his loyalty to the Regiment and devotion to its men, both rank and file, are but a few of the best things we shall ever cherish in his memory. We remember especially his valorous behavior on the skirmish day, that is to say, the thirteenth of December, of the battle of Stone River. Colonel "Joe" and the present writer were very close together on that occasion. The companies on the skirmish line were compelled to give up chasing rebels when we ran up against that brick-kiln gathering, and then we became the pursued in place of the pursuers. In the sudden fall back Colonel Scott and the writer ran a "dead-heat," neither of us able to show his heels to the other, for something like thirty yards, and we dropped simultaneously behind two very large gateposts, glad to have a chance to catch our second wind and be protected at the same time. It is true the "Johnnies" stayed their progress in our direction before we reached the gate-posts; and in a very few moments the Nineteenth's

skirmishers were in line again; but as we look back on the incident now it seems more amusing than tragic, although it was that then in every particular. We remember that while thus hurriedly falling back the bullets from the enemy's muskets were so plentiful that their zizzing seemed like unto the buzzing of angry bees, and there was at least one soldier in that group of two who turned up his overcoat collar as a protection to the "creatures" threatening to sting him badly.

Colonel Scott was born in Canada in 1838, although he came to this country when he was only twelve years of age. In 1856 he began the formation of the National Guard Cadets, in Chicago, afterwards famous throughout America as the United States Zouaves. In the early progress of the organization, young Ellsworth came to Chicago, and Scott, finding in him a kindred spirit, pressed him to accept the Captaincy, while he served as Lieutenant. To this arrangement Ellsworth finally agreed, and little did either of these young gentlemen then suspect that both would lose their lives in war in the near future, both as real heroes, however, noble and gallant to an eminent degree. When Scott became our ranking officer at Springfield he was one of the youngest Colonels in the Union Army, not yet having reached his twenty-third year. It was when we were about to become a three-years' Regiment that Colonel "Joe's" characteristic generosity again shone out; for though he was the choice of the Nineteenth, he voluntarily gave way to Turchin, and became second in command to that distinguished Russian. In August, 1862, on the latter's promotion, Scott again became our Colonel, in which rank and office he continued to the time of his death. It was the Battle of Stone River, fought December 31, 1862, January 2 and 3, 1863, which wove a garland of immortality for him, as we

shall see when dealing with that engagement. In a memorable charge Colonel "Joe" fell seriously wounded at the head of his column. As soon as possible he was taken to his home in Chicago, where he had all the help that surgical science and skillful treatment could afford, besides the careful nursing of his beloved and devoted wife, but all in vain. He died from the effects of his wound on the eighth of July, 1863, and so the Union lost one of its most loyal and valorous soldiers.

Lieutenant Colonel Alexander W. Raffen was born in Cupar, Fifeshire, not far from St. Andrew's Bay, Scotland. He was only a boy when he came to the United States in 1849, and in 1853 he began business in Chicago as a plumber. In 1856 he, with several others, organized the Highland Guard, an independent military company, continued an active member of it, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion was its First Lieutenant. On Mr. Lincoln's first call for troops he forsook a growing business to take up arms in defense of his adopted country and, as Captain of the Highland Guard, which organization soon became Company E, of Ours, began his military career. On the request of the officers of the Nineteenth he was promoted, on Scott's advancement to the Colonelcy, to be Lieutenant Colonel, and when the latter fell he assumed command of the Regiment. This position of honor and responsibility he continued to hold until we were mustered out in July, 1864. Raffen had the unbounded confidence of his superior officers, and on several occasions was given duties which called for skill, courage and coolness; on all these occasions he performed the duties expected of him to the entire satisfaction of his superiors and to the lasting credit of the Regiment he commanded.

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CHAPTER IV.

It seems now that our stay at Camp Long was a very protracted one, yet were we there only a little more than a month—but in the meantime: From the start Turchin and Scott made it clear to every member of the Regiment that Ours was to be the best in the service, if hard work could bring it about; and, helped by several officers and Sergeants who had belonged to the original Company of Ellsworth Zouaves and Highland Guards—the officers of other companies were also helpful—Colonel Turchin utilized those few weeks at Camp Long most efficiently. Indeed, he pursued his endeavors in that respect in future whenever the Nineteenth was not on the march or fighting, and finally succeeded in making it the best drilled battalion in all the Western forces. No wonder that the Inspector General of the Army of the Cumberland, in one of his official reports, should point to the Nineteenth Illinois as "an example to be followed by all the other regiments in the Union service."

Brigadier General John Pope having been appointed to command troops in North Missouri, and Brigadier General Stephen A. Hurlbut to command troops in Northwestern Missouri under Pope, with headquarters at Quincy, Illinois, the Nineteenth received orders to at once move by rail and report to Hurlbut. The twelfth of July, 1861, the Regiment struck tents and, moving out of camp, marched to the railroad station in Chicago, whence, amidst touching scenes of parting cheers, waving of hats and flags, the men crowded on to the cars, the locomotives whistled, the people shouted their fond adieux, and so the Nineteenth started on its martial

career of three years of service, voluntarily, patriotically, and gladly given to the Nation and to the Government. The next evening it arrived at Quincy, and on the fourteenth of July received orders from General Hurlbut to relieve the Twenty-first Illinois, under *Colonel U. S. Grant*, posted along the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad from opposite Quincy to Palmyra, Missouri, and thence to Hannibal in the same State. During several weeks of stay in that region the Regiment, besides guarding important railroad bridges, made several expeditions to different points in the neighborhood, chased away newly organized Confederate companies, destroyed their barracks and provisions, obliged the citizens to give pledges not to support any more such organizations, encouraged formations of Home Guards at Palmyra and Newark, suppressed Secessionists, encouraged Unionists, and otherwise conducted itself in the best possible manner.

Many incidents well worth recording in these pages might be given. One morning the present writer was ordered by the Orderly Sergeant of Company D to report to the Sergeant Major, a man who was always famous among the true sportsmen of America, "Uncle Bill" Curtis, of honorable memory. He passed through many battles unscathed during the war, lived a good and sober life in New York City until 1904, and then perished miserably in a blizzard on a mountainside in New Hampshire. Curtis was found at headquarters and he said: "We will go out into the woods and see if we can gather in any game." The couple started off afoot, Curtis walking, the other man at a trot—it would have been impossible to keep up with him otherwise. He had been a noted athlete before the war, at one time holding the record as a weight-lifter; wearing a kind of harness, which helped him some, he lifted nearly 3,000 pounds. He played

with 100-pound dumb bells with ease, was almost a champion runner and walker, likewise a magnificent oarsman—in short a modern Sampson in every way. We kept to the road for two or three miles, then struck into the timber, to come presently to a farmhouse of goodly size. This he entered, posting the other man on watch; and presently reappeared to call the latter inside. A well-built farmer, two women and one child, all dressed in homespun garments, were in the wide hall expostulating with Curtis. He handed his ally a rifle, a horn of powder and a bag of newly cast bullets. Then he loaded himself with another gun, more ammunition, a stout sword and a small box. Bidding the fame ily good day, and warning the farmer to keep out of trouble-we departed for camp seven miles away. Before half the, distance had been tramped that heavy rifle was weighing hundreds of pounds, and by and by the Corporal could no longer keep up with the swift-walking Sergeant Major. Indeed only by running a scrambling gait was the former able to remain anywhere near the famous athlete. However, the couple reached camp together in course of time. More than a year after, when Curtis was Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on Turchin's staff, he laughingly admitted to the writer that he was "trying out" his companion on that occasion in Missouri.

"Was the old rifle worth the danger we incurred and the imposition on me?" Curtis was asked.

"No," was the reply. "It was worth nothing at all. But it meant a great deal to me to find out what you were capable of when put to the test."

Another incident of a personal nature may be mentioned. Before the Regiment left that locality the p resent writer was sent on horseback, as dispatch-bearer to a command stationed eight or ten miles distance, with orders to hurry along. Galloping down as fair a road, bordered by trees and bushes,

as one could wish for, suddenly the rider felt a sharp hot burn across his forehead, which was instantly followed by the sound of a gunshot. Then a bit of blood trickled into his right eye, and he knew that he had been fired on by a Missouri guerrilla. Had his horse been moving the merest trifle faster, the bullet would undoubtedly have ended that young soldier's army service then and there forever.

At the end of July, 1861, the Nineteenth received orders to take boats at Hannibal and proceed by river to St. Louis, where we remained only a short time. There we were under command of Major General John C. Fremont, a man without genius, of talents and energy greatly overrated, and who had been put at the head of the Department of Missouri with highest anticipations. "Never was hope more cruelly deceived; a few weeks were enough to prove him vain, shallow, and weak." We were in St. Louis long enough to see something of Fremont and his famous headquarters—a scene of pomp and circumstances, undoubtedly, but from whence no real deeds of war were ever ordered. About him rode the most showy body-guard of mounted "warriors" this country has ever seen. His staff was numerous, and in public, whatever it may have done indoors, it shone brightly in uniform richly gilded, even though its keen swords may never have been unsheathed in the face of danger.

About the time Fremont reached St. Louis, from New York, the Confederate General Pillow moved a strong force to New Madrid, Missouri, a few miles below the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, and thus threatened Cairo, the strategic key to those streams. Our Regiment was sent with the force which Fremont hastened to Bird's Point, opposite Cairo, on the Missouri side. Six or eight regiments went to Pope, and as many more to Prentiss, swift enough, but Fremont utterly neglected the third and greatest point of danger—the safety of Lyon and his dwindling force

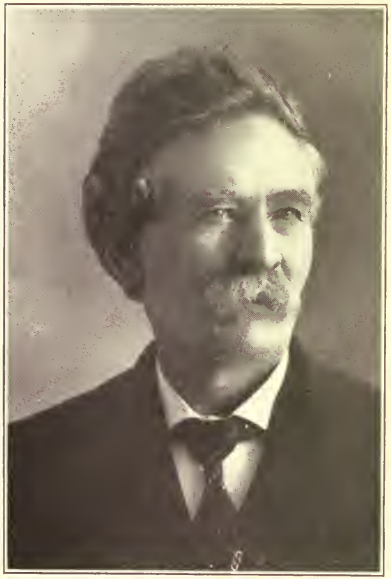
in Southwestern Missouri. On the Nineteenth's arrival at Bird's Point, it was immediately detailed to Norfolk, six miles further down the river, as an advanced guard, where our duties were both arduous and difficult. Then the information that a portion of Pillow's army was advancing with a view to capturing Ironton and the railroad originated another hurried expedition in which we participated.

The fourteenth of August our small force left Norfolk, took boats at Bird's Point, went up the Mississippi, landed opposite Sulphur Springs Station, on the St. Louis and Ironton Railroad, and thence went by rail to Ironton, from which place, on the twenty-ninth of August, it moved as a part of an expedition under Brigadier General Prentiss, consisting of six regiments of infantry, one battery of artillery, and a squadron of calvary, towards Dallas and Jackson. Approaching Dallas, where it was expected to meet the enemy, Prentiss instructed Colonel Turchin to move with his Regiment as an advance guard of the column, but no opposition was encountered. The column stopped at Jackson, and on the eighth of September moved to Cape Girardeau, took boats there and went to Cairo. The Nineteenth was then ordered to cross to the Kentucky shore and go into camp. After staying there a few days we were sent, together with the Seventeenth Illinois, under Colonel L. F. Ross, down the stream to occupy Ellicot's Mills, twelve miles north of Columbus, on the Mississippi River.

While there the Regiment received orders to proceed to Washington, D. C. Going to Cairo by boat, we took the train September 16th, and if all had gone well the gallant Nineteenth would in all probability have soon been numbered among McClellan's regiments down in old Virginia. At Sandoval on the seventeenth, we changed cars to a train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad and proceeded on our way to Cincinnati. The instructions to the engineer were:

"You are to make as good time as possible, with due regard to safety." The train had been divided into two sections: the first carried Companies A, B, C, D, and F, with baggage and camp equipment; the second consisted of Companies E, G, H, I, and K, with the regimental staff; and it was in the early night of September 17, at about ten o'clock when a most awful accident occurred, one which caused the Nineteenth a loss in life nearly as great as any of the battles in which we fought during the whole of our term of service.

About forty-six miles east of Vincennes, Indiana, the second train broke through the bridge and trestle No. 48, crossing Beaver Creek, between Shoals and Mitchel, and in that catastrophe twenty-four men, including a Captain, were killed on the spot, while no fewer than one hundred and five were more or less injured. Of these some died in the hospitals at Cincinnati soon afterward; others were crippled for life; but there were those who recovered and joined the Regiment, to become among our best soldiers. The first section had passed over the trestle without trouble, but when the second section got to the bridge there was suddenly heard the awful crash of piled-up cars, and the loud shrieks of human beings in mortal agony. We lost, in killed and injured, within those few moments of awful railroad accident something like *one hundred and thirty* men, including Captain Bushrod B. Howard of Company I, the one company which suffered most, as it was in the car that first went down into the shallow stream, deep below. The first section quickly returned to the spot and its soldier-passengers were soon doing everything possible for their suffering comrades. Fires were built on the banks of the creek, and both dead and injured were handled carefully, as the bodies were laid near these places of warmth. Ever devoted, Madame Turchin, our Colonel's beloved wife and companion, had soon torn her skirts into bandages and



Corp. David McArthur, Co. E.

Corp. Thomas G. Lawler, Co. E.

Sergt. W. H. Wildey, Co. A.

these were applied to the men's injuries; she herself was of the greatest assistance in the work of relief and of caring for those who were suffering. The locomotive and one car passed safely over the trestle, and the second car was partly across, when the structure gave way, letting the rear end of it down to the bed of the stream; the next car plunged into that one, while the third car tore through the top of this second one, thus making the wreck a horrible pit of death and disabilities. The fourth car was hanging on the brink but jammed into the third, and between these two coaches Lieutenant Clifton Wharton was caught and held so tightly that he could not be released without the aid of an axe, every blow of which must have been torture to that gallant and gentlemanly officer. Company I was in the first two cars that went down, and it was easy to see from the position of those coaches that the boys of I Company were all thrown into one end of it, thus causing that company to lose the greater number of killed in the awful accident.

After remaining at the scene of the wreck for what then seemed an unnecessarily long time before relief arrived, the Regiment proceeded on its way to Cincinnati. Improvised beds were prepared with car cushions, our suffering comrades made comfortable, all the officers and enlisted men, from the Colonel down to the under cooks, and of course including Madame Turchin, helping to their utmost in this work of relief. On our arrival at Cincinnati the train was met by prominent citizens, the injured were placed in carriages and conveyed to hospitals, the dead were carried to the undertakers, and those of us who were uninjured marched to one of the large market-houses where a substantial dinner was served. We bivouacked that night and the next day started with our late comrades on the way to their last resting place in a distant Cemetery Along the line of mournful march Cincinnati had taken on the gloom of many deaths,

and slow and solemn were the airs which several bands dirged for us and for those for whom we sorrowed. After we had thus marched, with reversed arms, for a few miles it was decided to return to the Railroad Station and resume our journey to Washington, leaving to the City authorities and the Ministers of Cincinnati the duty of concluding the funeral service, and which they did tenderly, lovingly and patriotically. But hardly had we reached the station when we were ordered to go into camp at Camp Dennison, and there we remained for a few days.

Then came orders to proceed by boats to Louisville, Kentucky, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth of September, and on that same day, after being reviewed by General Robert Anderson, in command, we went by rail to Lebanon Junction, thirty-five miles South of Louisville, where the regiment relieved some Kentucky troops and went into camp. Here we remained for about a month, meanwhile securing increased information as to the manual of arms, guard mounting, picket duty, and battalion movements. Verily, Colonel Turchin and his subordinate officers were an energetic group of leaders. General Anderson having been relieved by Brigadier General W. T. Sherman, the concentration of Union forces at Mumfordsville necessitated the moving up of the troops in the rear, and on the twenty-second of October the Nineteenth received orders to proceed to Elizabethtown, a few miles further along on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad; there we went into camp again and, it may be added incidentally, to drilling once more.

Elizabethtown is the county seat of Hardin county, Kentucky, and we found it a very pretty place of about 1,000 inhabitants. Whatever it may now be, it was then a well built town, many of the houses and stores being constructed of brick, giving it an appearance of thrift and ease. The Eagle Hotel was quite a tavern, while a boarding house

kept by Mrs. Hill was like home. There were some excellent Union families in Elizabethtown, but most of them were "secesh," and had to be handled carefully; with the pleasant result that many of the ladies used to turn out regularly at the Regiment's dress-parades, and they seemed to greatly enjoy our cleverness in battalion movements. Camp was situated upon a hill about a quarter of a mile in a northeasterly direction from the railway station, and the view thence was beautiful. On the whole the boys were contented and happy with their lot, but there was a constant longing to get a chance to test our skill in real battles. However, we received a goodly share of that sort of thing later on in life.

On our approach to that town the owners of a local weekly newspaper fled the place and certain printers in the Regiment took possession of the premises of the "Elizabethtown Democrat." The plant was not at all a bad one, it was easy to bring out a regimental organ, and so "The Zouave Gazette" came into existence. It may never have been a powerful political sheet, like many a northern newspaper, but it was in close touch with the soldiers at the front, for, in those days, Elizabethtown was "right smart near" the enemy, especially the enterprising and clever John Morgan. When the first number of The Zouave Gazette was on sale, great was the success thereof. Its carriers not only supplied the officers and men of the Nineteenth, but went as far afield as Lebanon Junction, where hundreds of copies were disposed of to the two Pennsylvania regiments encamped at that place. Between issues the assistant business manager "worked" Louisville merchants for advertisements, and among those that responded by inserting paid-for announcements in succeeding issues was a firm whose large trade was that of making a popular "fluid" known as Bitters. If this simple fact is mentioned here it

is because that firm was, in a way, the cause of the Nineteenth losing a most gallant bachelor Captain. "Charley" Colby, of D Company, was "captured" by the lovely daughter of the chief owner of those Bitters stores; they were married, he subsequently resigned from the service, and they lived happily together till death took him from earth to heaven. To the present writer Captain Charles Colby was one of the dearest and best of officers, ever kind and thoughtful of his men, and never afraid to go himself where he asked them to go.

The first number of this regimental "organ" was dated Elizabethtown, Kentucky, Wednesday, October 30, 1861; it was a two-page sheet, and contained six columns to the page. The title read: "Zouave Gazette, of the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers," and between the first two words, which ran across the top, was a cut showing a globe floating on water, with the Stars and Stripes spread to the breeze above it. An original copy of this first number is lying at our elbow as we write. In the upper left hand corner of its first page is this announcement: "The Zouave Gazette, published by the officers and members of the Nineteenth, will be issued as often as circumstances will permit. *Editors:* William B. Redfield, of the Chicago Evening Journal and Lieutenant Lyman Bridges, Nineteenth Regiment. *Publisher*: Lieutenant William Quinton. *Printers:* William J. Ramage, Co. C; J. H. Haynie, Co. D; N. G. Robison, Co. E; Ed Archibald, Co. H; Charles H. Wright, Co. K." Soon afterward William H. Christian of Company K. became a member of the staff.

Of these nine men it is known that four, at least, are stil living. Lieutenant "Billy" Quinton, who served throughout the war, was for some time in the Signal Service Corps, with Sergeant Foraker (years afterward a United States Senator) as his wig-wagging comrade. After the war Quinton was

commissioned into the Regular Army, where he remained until retired, with rank of Brigadier General, on reaching the age limit—sixty-two years. He was in several Indian engagements, for awhile served in the Philippines, and served in the relief of Pekin, China; he was ever a gallant officer and a genial gentleman.

The real name of Ed Archibald was Slack. Like many another young fellow he gave a fictitious one in order to escape the vigilance of his parents and under a *nom de guerre* enlisted in Company K. At last accounts he was residing in Cheyenne, Wyoming, the successful editor and proprietor of a newspaper. Apropos, a rather curious incident may be mentioned in connection with this reference to Comrade Slack. In the winter of 1874 he was married, in the Executive Mansion at Springfield, Illinois, to the niece of the then Govornor of our State; and among the guests on that occasion was Comrade Haynie. In 1896, while the latter was traveling in the Far West as correspondent of the Boston Herald, he not only renewed comradeship with "Archibald," but was taken to his home to dinner, and there had the honor of again meeting Mrs. Slack. Before leaving their hospitable house the visitor was requested to do his hosts a special favor. The family Bible was brought forth, and in it he had the great pleasure of signing his name as a witness of a wedding ceremony which had occurred twenty-two years previously, and his signature was the only one in that book to their marriage!

William H. Christian was connected with the business department of the Chicago Tribune for several years after the war. In due course of time he met and lost his heart to the daughter of the General under whom he served on the Cairo Expedition; they were happily married and their's has always been a sweet and noble companionship. When the Zouave Gazette was revived in Chicago in the eighties

Christian became its editor. He then removed to Missouri where his wife's parents were residing; and thence went to Stephenville, Texas, where he is now serving the Government as Postmaster.

Comrade J. Henry Haynie resides at Newton Center, Massachusetts. In "Who's Who in America" (vol. 4), one may read this record: "Henry Haynie, author, journalist; born in Winchester, Illinois, July 19, 1841; son of Ornsbe and Zerilda (Rucker) H.; married at Waltham, Massachusetts, December 19, 1893, to Mary Huguenin Bright." (Here followed army service). "After the war he entered into journalism as reporter on a Chicago newspaper; was foreign editor of the New York Times from the spring of 1875 to the autumn of 1876; went then to Paris, France, as special correspondent of several American newspapers (principally Boston Herald, New Orleans Picayune, San Francisco Chronicle, and Chicago Herald); resided there until in March, 1895, when he returned to the United States; traveling correspondent of the Boston Herald in America for some time; gave up journalism in 1898, and has since devoted his time to literary work; was decorated with the cross of the Legion d'Honneur, France, in 1892, and the cross of Chevalier in the Royal Order of the Saviour, Greece, in 1895; was President of the Association of Foreign Correspondents in Paris for several years; President of the Playgoer's Club, Boston, two terms; member of the National Geographic Society; of the Grand Army of the Republic; Past Commander of Charles Ward Post; delegate-at-large from the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., to the National Encampment in 1904; was offered a commission as Lieutenant Colonel in the Egyptian Army in 1877 by the Khedive, but declined," etc. "Who's Who in America" might also have stated that Comrade Haynie saw Militia service since the Civil War. In 1873 the First Battalion of

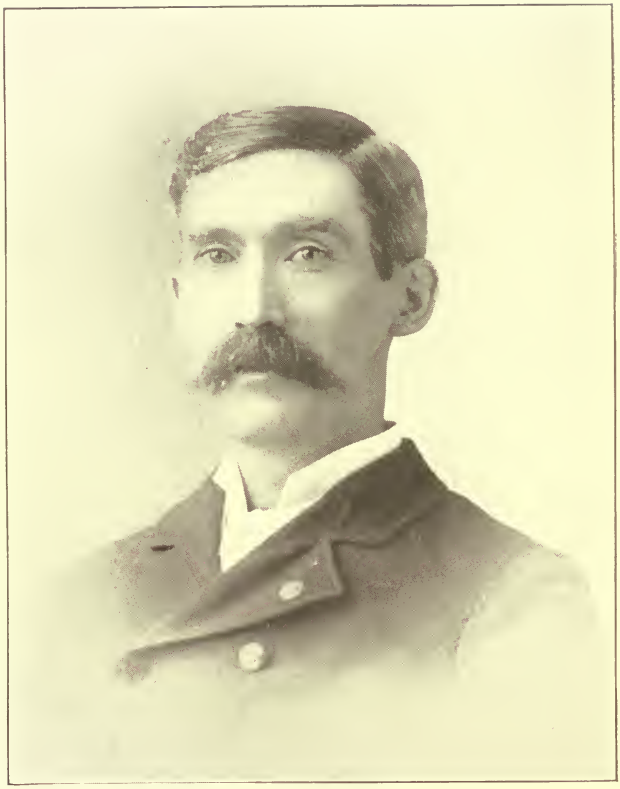
the First Illinois Infantry State Militia was organized in Chicago. Gen. Frank T. Sherman, formerly Colonel of the Eighty-eighth Volunteers, was chosen as its Colonel, and he appointed Haynie as Adjutant, in which position the latter served until the winter of 1874, when the resignation of Sherman, on account of failing health, brought about a new election of field officers. General A. C. McClurg, a distinguished officer in the Union Army, and a prominent publisher at the time, was elected Colonel, and Adjutant Haynie was elected Major; he was, therefore, the first Major of the crack First Regiment of Infantry Illinois State Militia, which rank and office he held until his resignation in April, 1875, when he removed from Chicago to New York City.

A partial Roster of the Nineteenth appears at the head of the second column of that first number of the Zouave Gazette; and in it one may read that Mr. D. Haverty was the Regimental Sutler, that John Lane was the leader of the Band, and that "Nat" Sherman was Drum Major. It would seem, however, that the commander of Company G was absent on furlough at the time, as there is a small paragraph which gravely announces that "Last week Captain C. D. C. Williams shot on the prairies near Chicago, forty-seven snipe and plover." But it also states that "the mules attached to a dray on which was the Quartermaster's safe, ran away and came rushing down the hill from camp at a furious rate, spilling out the safe in an adjacent graveyard." The editor very properly adds: "A queer place for the deposit of Uncle Sam's funds." In those days Comrade Henry Clay Daggy of D Company, who fell at Stone River, was Regimental Postmaster. Mails arrived at 11 A. M. and closed at 2 P. M. The Surgeon's report showed that the Regiment was more exempt from sickness than at any time since it had been in service. There are

numerous General and Special Orders printed in this number; business must have been good, for several columns are filled with advertisements; the paper publishes an original poem, entitled "Camp Life, with Variations." and, as per orders, we had in those piping times of war, to answer roll call at 5.45 A. M., indulge in company drill two hours and a half every afternoon, have battalion drill at 2 o'clock, go on dress-parade at 5; and taps were sounded at 9.30 P. M.—what! Subsequent numbers contained carefully written and signed articles by Colonel Turchin on regimental bands, out-post duties, bugle signals, etc., besides which he prepared a "Brigade Drill," in pamphlet form, and which was the first book of that sort since the old "Scott's Tactics."

Twenty-one years after the muster out of the Nineteenth the Zouave Gazette was resurrected, so to speak, and since then,at long intervals, several numbers of the new paper have been published at Chicago. It is from these issues that many details and incidents included in this volume have been taken. Its first editor after the war was "Billy" Christian; its second was the late "Tom" Beatty, a Lieutenant in Company A, and at the time of his death one of the chief clerks in the Chicago Postoffice, where he served during several administrations. Apropos of postoffices, Comrade "Johnnie" Vreeland, formerly of Company A, is the Postmaster at Englewood, Illinois; Christian holds a similar position in Texas; and Captain William A. Calhoun, of Company D, was the oldest—both in years and length of service—letter carrier of the Chicago Postoffice at the time of his death. For more than thirty-five years he was known as Mail Carrier No. 1, but he gave up his sack three years prior to his passing away.

In the January 31, 1894, number, Comrade H. A. Downs gives the Editor of the Zouave Gazette an entertaining



Lieut. Thomas M. Beatty, Co. A.

account of how he made quite a mess of it cooking some rice for his squad, "once upon a time."

Toward the end of May, 1861, Downs and several of his fellow employees of the Illinois Central Railway imbued with the spirit of patriotism then prevailing, marched down to the old courthouse in Chicago and enlisted (or believed they had) in Captain C. D. C. William's Company of Sappers and Miners. He writes: "After a few days of waiting, just how many I do not remember, we were told that Uncle Sam could not accept a company of Sappers and Miners as such, or separate from a regiment, but that if we would join some regiment then organizing we might be detailed on extra duty, which, perhaps, might satisfy our ambition. This information dampened the ardor of the whole crowd and resulted in the withdrawal of at least one-half, while those of us who had enlisted for the war began to look around for some organization to join. The Nineteenth Illinois had just gone into camp at Cottage Grove, and as a member of our company by the name of Sanders and myself had repeatedly witnessed the drilling of the Ellsworth Zouaves in the old Garrett Block, corner of Randolph and State, we decided that we must all join the Nineteenth because they knew all about soldiering and, of course, would stand a better show in the future. Aside from Sanders and myself, I venture the assertion that very few knew how near we were to getting into the Mulligan Brigade, but into the Nineteenth we went and were assigned to Company G. We were given tents and camp equipage, our quarters were pointed out to us, and we proceeded to put up our tents.

"As the regiment was not full there were a number of recruiting stations down town, ours being opposite to the old postoffice on Dearborn street, and was in charge of Lyman Bridges. We had not perfected our organization, but it was understood that Williams was to be Captain and

Bridges First Lieutenant. The strife was over the Second Lieutenant, and it was decided to leave that open as an added inducement for bringing in recruits. I may be mistaken, but I think "Billy" Bishop was finally elected our first Second Lieutenant. We had divided the members of our company into squads of ten men each, each member taking his turn at cooking, and while I have no distinct recollection of just what our rations consisted, I do know that one of them was rice. I know we had plenty of that and that I knew all about cooking it. I proposed to put my knowledge into practice the first time it came my turn to cook, which was on a Sunday. Shortly before that eventful day I was out home and mentioned the fact that I was to be cook the next Sunday, that we were going to have rice, and as the cows pastured west of camp on the prairie did not give milk enough to go around I asked mother if she could not spare a pan or so; this was readily promised and brought to me Sunday morning. I was kindly told to wash the rice and pick out all the specks, old nails, etc., but not one word about the quantity I was to cook, and the last word of caution was 'be sure and keep your kettle covered.' I was to cook enough for ten men. I had the rations of some forty-odd, and undertook to cook it, in fact did so. Rice swells; if you don't know it ask your wife. I know now that it does, but I didn't that Sunday, and I was to keep the kettle covered. I put my camp kettle of water on the fire; got it hot and put in the rice; water and rice began to boil, cover on kettle began to raise, tried to stop it, couldn't, put stone on top—no good, so I let her go; ground all covered and looked as if it had been snowing; boys standing around making sarcastic remarks, rendering me very uncomfortable, I assure you, but we had rice and molasses for a week."

Curious to note, the very next issue of the Zouave Gazette (January 1, 1896), gives the story of how Company

G came to be transformed into a battery. In that number Comrade L. A. White, a member of G from the first, wrote as follows:

"During the Autumn of 1862 a detail was made of Company G, while the Regiment was stationed at Nashville, directing them to take in charge four pieces of artillery and proceed to Gallatin, Tennessee, located a few miles north of the capital, for the purpose of guarding from the John Morgan raiders, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and a large lot of army supplies stored there. They found a rudely constructed fortification which they proceeded at once to improve and put in shape for protection in case of an attack. With true Yankee pluck, officers and men set about becoming familiar with handling, loading, and firing artillery, and acquiring a general knowledge of artillery tactics. What was taken hold of from necessity, that they might keep at bay an attacking force, soon came to be entered upon with zest, and with the result that the brief period spent at that post awakened in all great interest in artillery, and a general desire that the remaining term of service might be spent in pulling the lanyard rather than the trigger. Fully appreciating his company's desire in this regard, Captain Bridges, with his characteristic boldness and push, set plans in operation which resulted in an order being issued by the Secretary of War, on January 14, 1863, detaching Company G from the Nineteenth and authorizing the Governor of Illinois to reorganize it as a battery of light artillery—six guns—and that the additional commissioned and non-commissioned officers could be added when the company should be fully recruited. For this purpose a recruiting party was despatched to Chicago. The forebodings of evil to the Union cause, and the treacherous copperhead sentiment which prevailed to so threatening an extent in Chicago in the early part of 1863, rendered recruiting more difficult than at any

other time during the war. Still it was persisted in, until on the first of July the maximum number for an artillery company had been secured. The required commissioned and non-commissioned officers were then added, and the company was fully equipped under the name of Bridges' Battery, Illinois Light Artillery."

Captain Bridges later was promoted Major and Captain Lyman White, a gallant officer, succeeded him in command of the Battery.

Comrade D. B. Morehouse—a Lieutenant in Company I toward the end of our term of service; he is now in the United States Collector's office at Davenport, Iowa, and may he long live to draw his pay from Uncle Sam!—contributed some of his early experiences of the war to the Zouave Gazette. After telling of how he, a lonely lad in Galena, Illinois (that would be the city where Grant was clerk in a tanner's store; also the residence of Major General A. L. Chetlain, another fine soldier from our State), convinced the Mustering officer that, though small enough to be at the extreme left of the "pony squad," yet was big enough to carry a musket, and writing of when he was a Corporal, soon after the Regiment had crossed over to Missouri, he says:

"Toward evening I was given a detail of a dozen or fifteen men and told to go out a certain road until I came to bridge, and there post my pickets. My experience on that occasion, I think will show how green we all were—those who had not been to 'Big Muddy' I mean. On reaching the bridge I halted, and told my squad off into three reliefs, as I had seen done at Camp Douglas, had them fix bayonets. How I have laughed since, when I think with what awkwardness it was done. We had only owned those old repaired Harper's Ferry muskets but a little while, and were not as expert as we afterward became.

"I then took the first relief out into the swamp and posted them like a camp guard, only with shorter beats. The reserve in the meantime stacked their arms, or rather piled them up, under the orders and counter order of Nos. 1 and 2 front rank, with a few quiet remarks thrown in by the rear rank men. Well, then I was corporal of the guard, sergeant of the guard, officer of the guard, and for all that I knew—grand rounds, and not a round of ammunition in the whole outfit. Rather a queer position for a school boy but little over sixteen years to be placed in. Things moved along rather smoothly until dark and it was growing very dark in those woods, as a storm seemed to be coming up. Soon my imagination began to get in its work. I thought I saw those fellows pacing their lonely beats, and in the darkness getting on each others territory, when in the excitement of their situation, they would forget the challenge, and begin to punch each other with their bayonets. Happily they couldn't shoot. In that way some one might get hurt, be killed, and I would be looked upon as a murderer by the mothers, wives and sweethearts of those fellows. My flesh began to crawl, and away I started for the line, disobeying my own orders as to silence, I began to whistle that they might know I was coming, and not first run me through and cry 'Halt!' afterward. On reaching them I told each man to remain at one end of his beat, and keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, whom we might expect to spring from behind a tree or trees at any moment (I had read Indian stories before the war). Everything fixed to my satisfaction, I returned to the reserve and to thinking—thinking as many of you—yes, as all of you have when on the picket post, of my mother who is in heaven, of home and friends, and the girls I had left behind me, and wondered what they would say if they saw me at that moment.

"I nearly jumped out of my shoes as some one exclaimed, 'What's that!' and away down the road in the direction of the camp, we saw a glimmer of a light that seemed to grow to the size of a locomotive's headlight. Presently we noticed a swinging motion and saw that it was a lantern carried by one of the men, followed, I think by two others. They were bringing up the ammunition, three rounds to the man. I venture to say it was the first and only lantern ever seen on picket, but in our greenness we thought it all right, and wondered why Uncle Sam could not furnish them to be used in posting pickets. This happened about one or two o'clock in the morning.

"When at last daylight came we were glad to see it, and from eight to nine o'clock kept our eyes to the rear, watching for the new guard, which didn't come, and so far as I knew never got there, for at nine o'clock I fell in my detail and struck out for camp, which I found all excitement, and on inquiry was told that twenty-five volunteers were wanted to go upon some secret expedition, and I, after considerable talking got Captain Howard's consent, and became one of them. The expedition ended at a railroad bridge, where we went into camp, I think, under Captain Raffen. One little incident happened then I shall never forget, and as I think of it have to smile. It was the custom to send three or four men to the opposite end of the bridge, they to relieve each other. The bridge being without a floor was unsafe to cross after dark. Just before daylight, when all was hazy and pretty dark in those low lands, one of the boys shook me and says:—'Those fellows in camp are sleeping too sweetly. I am going to get them up for breakfast.' I inquired as to how he was going to do it. He said, 'By firing this old blunderbuss.' After some little discussion I agreed it would be fun and go ahead, as he said no one but us two would know anything about it, and that we would

not be fools to tell. With that he blazed away, and in an instant every one was out with their arms, and but little clothing, and came working their way as best they could over the bridge to see what the matter was. I had hard work to keep my partner from firing again, to—as he remarked—'Speed them up a little.' I think the captain was in the lead. Before reaching us he inquired as to what was up. My partner described how he had seen some one sneaking through the woods alongside the track. Without stopping to deploy skirmishers they struck for the woods, and in searching they run across each others tracks, so gave us credit for great vigilance."

While we were at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, the new Department Commander, Major General Don Carlos Buell, went about visiting as many of his somewhat scattered forces as possible, and thus he happened to make acquaintance with the Nineteenth Illinois. He was much impressed and, contrary to long established forms, preferred to see us in battalion drill rather than to have the companies march past on review, after the old way of doing things. That day Ours went through the various evolution of battalion drill with a skill and regularity not to be surpassed and seldom equalled. Buell said to Turchin that afternoon, "I have never seen a better drilled regiment than your's." He soon assigned our Colonel to command the Eighth Brigade of the Third Division, Army of the Ohio; it consisted of the Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Illinois, Eighteenth Ohio, and Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry regiments, and the Division Commander was General O. M. Mitchel. The Eighth Brigade, with the Seventh and Ninth, went into camp at Bacon Creek soon afterward, and we remained there until the tenth of February, 1862.

It was just after we left Elizabethtown that we first heard of a soldier who, in the near future, was to become

our own beloved and never to be forgotten Commander. George Henry Thomas is one of the most attractive military characters in American history since Geroge Washington. Born and reared in Virginia, educated at West Point, serving with distinction in the Mexican War, Senior Major in the Regular Cavalry regiment of which Robert E. Lee was Colonel at the breaking out of the Rebellion, General Thomas let his love for the Union prevail over his attachment for his native State, and remained loyal to that Government which he had sworn to protect with each promotion he ever gained. We first heard of his heroic size and knightly splendor and integrity, when he destroyed the Confederate force in the Battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, the nineteenth of January, 1862, and when Zollicoffer, the rebel commander, was killed. And Thomas, of whom we shall have much more to say before this work is completed, grew in fame and in achievement until at Nashville, in the concluding period of the war, he annihilated a much greater army than that of Zollicoffer on the field of battle in midwinter!

It was in December, 1861, that the Nineteenth went from Elizabethtown to Camp John Quincy Adams, at Bacon Creek, Kentucky. The weather was rainy and severe, it was our first winter under canvas, and many were taken ill. February 10, 1862, Buell's army commenced to move Southward, Mitchel's Division in advance, and the Nineteenth Illinois leading. The high railroad bridge across Green River at Munfordville had no railing or protection on the sides, but it was safely passed over with the teams by moonlight, and the scene was extremely picturesque to all of us in the marching column. "The country through which we marched was cavernous, and the surface had many bowl-like depressions in which was, generally, considerable water. On their retreat the Confederates drove their disabled and broken-down horses and mules into these ponds

Gen. George H. Thomas.

and shot them. But, as springs and streams were scarce in that region, we had no choice except to use the water from the befouled ponds."* Mitchel's Division consisted of the Eighth, Ninth, and Seventeenth Brigades; the first was commanded by Colonel Turchin, and it included the Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Illinois, Thirty-seventh Indiana, and Eighteenth Ohio regiments. Experience gave something of a veteran character to this Brigade and warranted its assignment to the van in the movement on Bowling Green. The Nineteenth led the brigade, and we shall never forget that hurried march and what we accomplished. At last, so it seemed to us then, we were about to receive our baptism in battle, and the hope of expectation, the pride of believing in ourselves as a fighting regiment, and the determination to give support not only to our brigade but to our Division Commander, placed us all on the keen edge of anticipation, so that the miles were reeled off as though they were merely furlongs.

On February 13, a division was sent to reinforce Grant at Fort Donelson, while Mitchel's Division continued with great celerity toward Bowling Green to deter the enemy from sending troops to that beleaguered point. Our arrival on the North bank of Barron River, opposite Bowling Green, the day following was announced by the roar of Edgarton's battery, whose shells bursting in the city spread terror among the inhabitants and hurried the retreat of the rear-guard of Albert Sidney Johnston's army from that place. During the night previous the enemy burned both bridges—pike and railroad—and before leaving the town set fire to public buildings, railway cars, and other property. The swollen stream, now without bridges, prevented our immediate advance to arrest the conflagration. We could see troops loading stores on trains, but a well-aimed shell

*Chaplain Van Horn's "History of the Army of the Cumberland."

carried dismay to the busy group in Gray by knocking a locomotive to pieces. Another shot or two drove all the "Johnnies" from that part of our immediate front; still we could not get at them.

Then Colonel Turchin asked permission to march his brigade down the river and cross it on a big flat-bottom boat, or ferry, which had been discovered by scouts near an old flour mill. General Mitchel gave his consent to this movement, and during the night the Big Barron was overcome, the Nineteenth being the first regiment to enter the Confederate stronghold, as we did about five o'clock in the morning. That day we found an enormous amount of stores there, and among these were some fifty or sixty barrels of fine whiskey in one single shed, that a few eager comrades discovered. The more timid of these suggested that the liquor might be poisoned, but several darkies who had hastily gathered round scouted this idea. Asked if they were willing to prove their belief by drinking some of the whiskey, they grinningly consented, and as no "casualties" were noticed, the find was duly confiscated and another credit went to the account of the Nineteenth Illinois.*

After a delay at Bowling Green of a week or so, during which time we heard of Grant's great victory at Fort Donelson, Mitchel's Division resumed its march toward Nashville, distant about seventy miles. Marching by Franklin, Mitchellsville, and Tyree Springs, the division reached Edgeville, opposite Nashville, in the evening of the twenty-fourth of February, and the following morning the Mayor, accompanied by a committee of citizens, formally surrendered the Capital of Tennessee while Forrest's Cavalry were still in the outskirts of that place. General Johnston had abandoned the city as early as the sixteenth, and

*Yes, very likely, some of those boys may have retained enough of "them spirits" to fill their canteens.

concentrated his forces at Murfreesboro, thirty miles or so distant, leaving Forrest to remove or destroy the guns and stores, of which there was an immense quantity, when the time came.

General Buell moved at once with most of his army to the relief of General Grant at Pittsburg Landing, and left Mitchel with his Division to hold Nashville. We remained there till March 18, 1862, when the division resumed its march Southward, encamping the first night at Lavergne, fifteen miles from Nashville. We were now in "a land of cotton," although the "cinnamon seeds" were not noticeable, yet "colored folks" were plentiful. General Keifer, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, says in his book, "Slavery and Four Years of War": "As our column advanced, regardless of sex and in families, the darkies abandoned the fields and their homes, turning their backs on master and mistress, many bearing their bedding, clothing, and other effects on their heads and backs, and came to the roadsides, shouting and singing a medley of songs of freedom and religion, confidently expecting to follow the army to immediate liberty. Their numbers were so great, we marched for a good part of a day between almost continuous lines of them. They shouted 'Glory, glory!' on seeing the Stars and Stripes, as though it had been a banner of protection instead of the emblem of a power which hitherto had kept them and their ancestors in bondage." But as a rule, we were not thus troubled on our marchings down South. Generally speaking, the darkies were faithful to those with whom they had "grow'd up," and remained at home.

We reached Murfreesboro the twentieth of March without any fighting, the small Confederate force retiring and destroying bridges as we advanced. Here we were occupied, when not drilling, at bridge building—1,200 feet were

replaced in ten days—with occasional skirmishing round, the enemy still being thereabouts; and then Mitchel moved forward, this time to Shelbyville, where he established a depot of supplies. While at Shelbyville an expedition was organized and a bold and rapid advance was made on Huntsville, Alabama, to take possession of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad between Decatur and Bridgeport, with a view to thoroughly breaking the direct communications of the Confederates at Corinth with the East and Southeast, whilst helping the operations of the Union forces against Corinth. Turchin's Brigade, with Captain Simonson's Indiana Battery, preceded by a troop or two of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, moved the seventh of April to Fayetteville, General Mitchel accompanying us. Just before reaching that town two citizens riding in a buggy were come upon, and they informed the General that on the previous day the Union army had been defeated at Shiloh, and driven into the Tennessee River. Mitchel at once sent a mounted Orderly with a dispatch to General Buell, and next morning, while at Fayetteville, he received an answer that Grant's forces had been defeated on the sixth of April, but on the seventh the combined armies of Buell and Grant, renewing the attack on the Confederates, had driven them back to Corinth. The Turchin movement thereupon continued, and we camped that night within six or seven miles of Huntsville.

Although so late in the year, that night before the sudden rush on Huntsville was rather cold as we bivouacked on the sloping side of a low hill, the long line of muskets stacked at our feet when we "went to bed" after a hastily prepared supper. But all of Turchin's boys did not pass that night in "Nature's sweet restorer." Certain fellows in one of the companies of the Nineteenth had disobeyed orders by "jerking" a wandering "Secesh" goose, and while the Regiment *en masse* was soundly slumbering these young

rascals cooked their prey, the company Cook having kindly consented to the use of his largest kettle, stipulating, however, that it should be well scrubbed before the hour for breakfast arrived, as it would be needed in the preparation of coffee. This "night squad" numbered six privates whose names are not to be made known to history. Three of them were to secure the fuel, the others were to alternate in keeping watch and heat over the "bird," and thereby hangs the almost tragic interest of this army incident. The longer that goose was boiled the more it seemed "undone;" and when Cook came for his kettle it was still *non eatabus*, so far as could be made out by the tasters. Then came the order to march at once, and in the hurry of forward movement the goose was forgotten!

That morning Turchin's Brigade, the Nineteenth in the lead, made a quick jump for Huntsville, and most of the way we were on the double-quick. The result was the boys of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry had to ride some to prevent our over-running them; and great was the prize we gained at that place. Completely surprising the citizens of the town, we captured one hundred and seventy prisoners of war, fifteen locomotives, one hundred and fifty passenger and freight cars, and other property of great value. There was a train standing ready to move out when we came to the railroad track; it had been abandoned hastily by its regular crew, however. Volunteers were called for, and from the ranks sprang engineer, fireman and brakesmen. Companies from the Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Illinois were ordered to board the cars, and in a very few minutes that train was rushing toward Decatur, with a cannon mounted on a flat-car in front of the locomotive. Thus several bridges were saved from destruction.

The brigades under Colonel Sill and Lytle, with Loomis's and Edgarton's batteries, were swift in following us into

Huntsville, and next day General Mitchel sent Colonel Sill eastward to capture Stevenson, the junction of the Memphis and Charleston and the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroads, while Turchin's Brigade was hurrying to seize Decatur and Tuscumbia, near which last we had a sharp action with the enemy, coming off victorious. Both expeditions were successful, and thus, within a few days, one hundred and twenty miles of important railroads fell into our keeping. To hold what was thus gained, detachments of troops were posted at the more important points, and the whole command was kept in readiness to move at any moment to any place on the line which the Confederates might threaten.

Early in May arose what General Keifer, in his book,* calls "one of the most exceptional incidents of the war," so far as our Regiment was concerned. Colonel Turchin had left the Eighteenth Ohio to occupy Athens, Alabama, and hardly was that regiment alone than it was pounced upon by a Confederate force commanded by Colonel J. S. Scott and treated most unfairly. It has always been claimed that the rebels fired on Stanley's men from houses in which they were harbored, and that the citizens aided in shooting down Union soldiers. The War Records (volume X, Part 1, page 878) states that Scott, in his report to Beauregard, dated the day of the fight, says "the boys took few prisoners, their shots proving singularly fatal." Hearing of this outrage, Colonel Turchin hastened to the assistance of the Eighteenth with the Nineteenth and Twenty-fourth Illinois, Edgarton's battery, and a part of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. We met the Eighteenth on the road in swift retreat; but on our arrival it turned and aided in driving Scott's unworthy victors swiftly from the scene. In the midst of the confusion that accompanied and followed this affair some unsoldierly things were done by men of the brigade, and for

*"Slavery and Four Years of War." (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

this General Mitchel, having heard that Athens had been "sacked" by his troops, repaired in person to the town, addressed the citizens, and had them organize a special committee to hear and report on all complaints against his soldiers. Mitchel also ordered our Brigade Commander to interrogate every officer and man under him on that move. The Athens committee subsequently reported, but no charge was made against any one of the Nineteenth by name; nor was a single man, whether of rank or file, implicated in wrongdoing by this inquisitive process.

General Mitchel was satisfied, but not so with General Buell, the Commander of our army. Urged on by field officers who were probably jealous of the "Russian," Buell caused Turchin to be placed in arrest, and a Court-Martial was appointed to try him. This Court consisted of General James A. Garfield, president, and Colonels John Beatty of the Third Ohio Infantry, Jacob Ammen of the Twenty-fourth Ohio Infantry, Curran Pope of the Fifteenth Kentucky Infantry, T. D. Sedgewick of the Second Kentucky Infantry, and Marc Mundy, as the other members thereof. The Court-Martial met first at Athens and then at Huntsville, July 20. Colonel Turchin was convicted and sentenced to be dismissed the service of the United States, the Court having found him guilty of "neglect of duty, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," of "disobedience of orders," and of certain specifications to these charges, to only one of which did Turchin plead guilty, that of permitting his wife to accompany him while serving with troops in the field. The proceedings and findings of the Court were forwarded through the proper channels; but mark the sequel! Before that Court-Martial had concluded its work and made its decision, a far more important document than it could ever have drawn up, one worthy of the officer and gentleman to whom it was addressed, was on

its way to our army from Washington. It contained the commission of Brigadier General for John B. Turchin, signed by Abraham Lincoln; and thus were the enemies of our gallant Colonel completely headed off, while to the Union was given another "Star" the bearer of which was ever of incalculable value to his adopted country.

Gen. James S. Negley.

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Until May 26, our brigade remained at Huntsville; then we moved to Fayetteville, where the once "celebrated" body of thirty mounted men selected from among the soldiers of Turchin's command, by order of General Mitchel, was put into commission. Of this force at least ten or a dozen were detailed from the Nineteenth Illinois, with Lieutenant "Billy" Bishop, of Company G, assigned to the care thereof, and Wildey of Company A as its First Sergeant. These thirty "select men" were promptly dubbed the "forty thieves" by their comrades of regiment and brigade, and perhaps there was some slight reason for this peculiar designation. To begin with, each man had to furnish his own horse, and this could be done only with the assistance—gratuitous or otherwise—of the farmers round. We recall the names only of Comrades Wildey, Massey and Gaffney, of Company A and Gillespie and Haynie, of Company D; there certainly were two men from Company K, but of the others—Time has obliterated all recollection of them. It was the duty of this chosen band of horsemen to act as danger scouts, to fetch and carry sudden and imperative messages, in short, to lead most impulsive and perilous lives. The squad was disbanded on our return to Nashville in the Autumn of 1862.

Only a short time before the formation of this incomparable adjunct to Mitchel's Division, the Nineteenth was on an expedition, under Brigadier General James S. Negley, which proved to be a most important event in the Regiment's career. Kirby Smith, in command of the Confederate army

at Chattanooga, ashamed, perhaps, of his futile efforts to drive O. M. Mitchel out of the country, was believed to be preparing to sweep down on our Division with a considerable force, thus threatening our communications with Nashville. Mitchel decided to make the first move, however, more for the purpose of keeping Kirby Smith at home than with any hope of capturing Chattanooga. He constructed a rude gunboat to move up the Tennessee and supply his soldiers when they should reach that river, and Negley was detailed to lead the expedition. He started from Columbia, Tennessee, May 29, picking up Turchin's and Sill's Brigades at Fayetteville the second of June, on the way. The march from the latter place was through Salem, Winchester, and Cowan; we had reached the foot of the Cumberland Mountains by the evening of the third. That first range was crossed next day, and, after passing through Sequatchie Valley and the town of Jasper, Negley bivouacked his force at the foot of the second range.

The distance thus far covered was about forty miles, counting the valley between the two ranges, and the artillery carriages had frequently to be lifted up their steep and rocky sides. Horses dropped dead in the harness by dozens, and mounted officers of the expedition were compelled to give up their steeds to fill the vacant teams. Negley's movements were so swift, however, that the Confederate General Adams, commanding a brigade near Jasper, had no knowledge of our approach till the fifth of June. Early that morning Negley and his escort were picking their way along the rocky mountain side, when the advance came trotting back with Adam's pickets, who had been surprised and captured without alarming the main force of the enemy. Taking with him two guns, Negley dashed forward with his cavalry, surprised Adams completely, and the latter at once began a precipitate retreat through a narrow lane toward Jasper.

The Union cavalry was soon upon him, however, sabering right and left; and the narrow land and broken ground alone prevented the enemy from being totally destroyed. The "Johnnies" fled in wildest disorder, strewing the land for miles with guns, swords, and pistols. They did not stop running until they reached Chattanooga, leaving some twenty of their dead, as many who were wounded, twelve others as prisoners, and their ammunition and supply train in our hands.*

The sixth of June, Negley sent Colonel Sill to Shell Mound to divert the enemy at that point, and prevent them crossing, whilst the Nineteenth Illinois under Lieutenant Colonel Scott, was detached from the column for the purpose of overcoming the Cumberland Mountains by a much shorter but very rough route, thus cutting off the retreat of the foe. That march, or rather climb, was mainly by narrow paths, to which, however, the boys did not confine themselves where trees and rocks permitted of expansion; yet we made such good time that the Regiment was opposite Chattanooga driving in rebel scouts and pickets before the main force was within half a dozen miles of the place. Adams who had been so badly punished back in Sequatchie Valley, had undoubtedly carried the news of our approach; but as we gazed on the city across the river no signs of their knowledge of our near presence was visible. When Negley's entire force arrived the sharp engagement, if such it may be called, began, though not immediately. Close to the river's bank the Confederates had thrown up earthworks, and just the other side of these was a large brick warehouse, while beyond the town the enemy was encamped. The first cannon shot was directed at the brick warehouse, but it fell short; the second shot went too far; and the third plunged into the roof, thereby stirring up great commotion. From doors,

*Chaplain Van Horne.

windows, every possible egress indeed, the foe came tumbling out, and each succeeding shell quickened their movements. Then they commenced to reply to our cannonade and the fight was on.

The bombardment and defense was kept up for three hours or so, the infantry taking part in the combat, and then we found rest in sleep. On the morning of the eighth the firing began again and continued for about six hours; and meanwhile Companies A and C, supported by Companies D, E, and F of the Nineteenth, deployed as skirmishers along the river bank and prevented the enemy from interfering too eagerly in this artillery duel. Our regimental loss in this affair was only one mortally and two severely wounded; and thus ended an expedition to a city with which we had much better acquaintance later on in the war. Mitchel's object had been fully accomplished, for Kirby Smith was, at least for a time, diverted from contemplated raids, and the brigade returned in due course to Shelbyville. "The main advantage resulting was the intensification of the enemy's confusion, and the consequent derangement of his plans," remarks Chaplain Van Horn in his "History of the Army of the Cumberland."

Soon after our return to Fayetteville two regiments, the Nineteenth being one of them, were sent on an expedition to Larkinsville and Stevenson, Alabama, which kept us occupied until June 15. That day we started for Winchester, Tennessee, where we remined some little time; and while there two members of the mounted scouts already referred to were suddenly called upon for perilous work, that of carrying a message of distress from Turchin to Mitchel, forty-five miles away. Others of the "thirty" had reported the enemy as closing in on Winchester in heavy force, and as Turchin's orders were to hold the town until further instructions reached him, it was impossible to

evacuate the place without permission from superior authority. So he determined to inform General Mitchel of the threatening danger and to abide by the result, whatever it might be. Thereupon he called on Lieutenant Bishop for a detail of two men to carry his message to Huntsville.

These details for secret service always came alaphabetically and it was the turn of G and H to "ride forth" on whatever dangerous mount the assignment meant. But "Johnnie" Gillespie and Hugh Massey had made some sort of a trade by which it was the big, jovial Irishman who rode with another that day of fifty years ago. Both men were ordered to report to the Brigade Commander, and there the message to Mitchel was read and re-read by them until they had fully memorized it. Then it was given to one, with instructions not to let it fall into the hands of the enemy under any circumstances, and if destroyed its contents must be conveyed verbally to General Mitchel. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon when, dressed in civilian clothes, those two members of the Nineteenth left Winchester. After galloping along for about ten miles they came to a blacksmith shop on the pike, where a native smithy was shoeing a remarkably fine mare belonging to a neighboring farmer. Massey's mount had been giving signs of distress, therefore a war exchange was deemed expedient; and when the mare had been properly shod, his saddle was quickly changed, and they proceeded on their way toward Huntsville.

Along about four o'clock they stopped at a plantation house where only black people were found. To a darkey was entrusted the watering and feeding of the horses, and an old "mammy" prepared some coffee, the boys supplying her with that material. They had been there hardly half an hour when the negro placed as lookout dashed up, shouting, "Dey's a-comin', Massa! Dey's a-comin'!" Rushing

to the door the scouts saw, far up from the hill road, a body of mounted men riding leisurely in their direction, and the darkies all were "sartain suah" these were Confederates. Quickly the horses were re-saddled, and our two comrades were off again, riding slowly at first so as not to attract too much attention from the enemy. But they were soon recognized and then began a sharp race. Near by was a shallow stream of water, and to the great annoyance of both scouts their animals insisted on stopping therein until they filled themselves. The trusted darkey had been too lazy to properly care for them. Meanwhile the pursuing foe was drawing so closely near that their shouts could be heard, and presently they began to fire. It seemed as if those horses would never get their fill of water; but at last they showed signs of willingness to proceed, and then the scouts dashed on. Their's being the fresher mounts, they soon found it would be possible to escape pursuit whenever necessary, but, in order to save the horses, the speed was checked somewhat, and meanwhile the foe came on at hard gallop, yelling "to beat the band." Suddenly, at their front, the two scouts heard the summons, "Halt!" it came from the bushes at the roadside, and in another moment both were in the hands of a mounted force wearing "butternut" uniforms! Naturally they believed themselves in the grip of another enemy; but just then an officer in blue made his appearance. A hasty explanation was made, and he was informed that if he withdrew his men, there was good chance of capturing a few rebels. Quickly acting on this suggestion, he placed his force in the woods; then, on their being ordered to surrender, the pursuing body made a bold fight, but were soon overcome, and so it happened that some twenty-five prisoners were taken into camp.

Meanwhile the two scouts from the Nineteenth were riding toward Huntsville, but it was close on to midnight

Adjutant Lester G. Bangs.

Lieut. William Jackson, Co. B.

Lieut. D. B. Morehouse, Co. I.

when they safely handed the important dispatch to the Assistant Adjutant General, occupied at that late hour in writing letters home. He ordered the men to go to bed and report at headquarters next morning at eight o'clock. With some difficulty they found lodgings; and hardly were they asleep than loud knockings came upon the bed room door. General Mitchel wanted them at his tent at once. Hastily dressing, they followed the Orderly back to headquarters. It was now half-past two o'clock! Mitchel had been awakened; he read the message from Turchin informing him of the near approach on Winchester of a large force of the enemy with the Colonel's compliments, and wishing to know what he must do under the circumstances.

"Get your horses at once, and prepare to ride to Winchester," said the General commanding. But Massey ventured to insist that the horses were too tired to make the return journey so soon, and asked for new mounts. Thereupon the Assistant Adjutant General said that two others of the *thirty* had not been on duty for several hours, that their horses were fresh, and he ventured to suggest they be sent with the message to Colonel Turchin. General Mitchel accepted this advice, instructed the new arrivals to report at seven o'clock, then dismissed them. They reported at the hour mentioned, then started back to Winchester. When they came within about six miles of that place they met the column marching away from danger. The other two scouts had brought orders to Turchin to withdraw his force immediately, and the Colonel lost no time in obeying. During this sudden march the Brigade, the Nineteenth in advance, was fired on by guerillas in Paint Rock Valley, and as it had been previously commanded by General Buell that whenever this occurred houses in the immediate neighborhood must be destroyed, Turchin reluctantly gave orders to apply the torch. Three or four homes were thus burned

in return for the wounding of our men by skulking scalawags. It was pitiful, but it was war.

The Nineteenth Illinois was next put to guarding bridges in little squads scattered in stockades along the railroad from Huntsville to Decatur, and thence to Columbia. When the Confederate army under General Bragg moved from Chattanooga, by Sparta and Carthage, to invade Kentucky, and had struck at Buell's communications between Bowling Green and Franklin, the Brigade was conconcentrated at Nashville. The Nineteenth was one of the last regiments withdrawn from the front, during which movement it had several times to fight the enemy, each time successfully. It was a way we had in those days of long ago. We reached the capital of Tennessee the fifth of September, 1862, and remained there under Negley during the partial blockade of the city against Breckenridge's force, meanwhile having our full share of guard and picket duty, short rations, and sharp skirmishes. At Edgefield Junction, on the fifth of November, we had quite a time of it with Forrest's Cavalry, and repulsed him handsomely in that spirited affair. It looked occasionally during the seige as though we might have to surrender, unless speedily reinforced; and while it was no easy matter to hold Nashville and gather supplies from the country round, as we had to do, this was successfully accomplished.

After the Battle of Perryville (or Chaplin Hills), Kentucky, fought October 1–8, by a part of Buell's army and Bragg's full force, and which was a serious defeat to the Union troops, Major General W. S. Rosecrans superseded Don Carlos in command. This was brought about by General Orders No. 168, War Department, which also changed the name of the "Army of the Ohio" to that of "Department of the Cumberland" while designating the troops in this new Department as the Fourteenth Army

Corps. This designation of department soon gave place to the more appropriate and popular one of Army of the Cumberland, and it so remained ever after. And it was as a small but effective part of that Army that the Nineteenth Illinois gained nearly all the renown and distinction it ever bore.

With Nashville secure in his possession, Rosecrans turned his attention to the re-establishment of his army, and on the seventh of November he announced in General Orders its reorganization. Under the new arrangement the Nineteenth was brigaded with the Eighteenth and Sixty-ninth Ohio and the Eleventh Michigan Infantry regiments, and thus we came to be in the Second Brigade, Colonel T. R. Stanley commanding,* and in the Second Division, under General James S. Negley. We were already beginning to like Rosecrans, and we are proud to have served with him, as we did for nearly a whole year. Few commanders of his time possessed such military knowledge and fertility in the hour of trial, seems to be the summing up of military critics of Major General Rosecrans. To us he was always a soldier, brave, accomplished, and devoutly religious. "Old Rosey," as we soon came to call him, was, however, a man of fiery nature, the hot spirit sending a flush into his face. His temper subsided as quickly as it rose, and his troops adored him.

By the middle of November, 1862, the whole Army of the Cumberland had reached Nashville, and it was now officially divided into the Center, the Right, and the Left wings. George H. Thomas commanded the Center, Alexander McDowell McCook that of the Right, and Thomas L. Crittenden the Left wing. In the Right wing were three Divisions—one commanded by Jefferson C. Davis, a second

*Turchin, now a Brigadier General, was in command of a brigade in another Division.

by Richard W. Johnson, the third by Philip H. Sheridan. In the Center wing were the Divisions of Lovell H. Rousseau —a loyal and gallant Kentuckian—James S. Negley, and John M. Palmer, of Illinois; and in that of the Left were the Divisions of Thomas J. Wood, and Horatio P. Van Cleve. Curious to note, the Nineteenth was the only Illinois regiment remaining in Negley's Division. Rosecrans would not budge from Nashville, however, until he had accumulated two million rations at that place, and meanwhile this gave our Regiment an opportunity of displaying itself on frequent occasions. Over us loomed Fort Negley, one of the largest and strongest of the many fortifications thrown around the Capital City, while in front of that stronghold, interiorly speaking, was an open ground whereon thousands of people—soldiers and citizens—were wont to assemble of Sunday afternoon to witness the Dress Parade of the Nineteenth, now acknowledged by all to be the best drilled regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. But we had something more serious to do than thus exhibit ourselves, as is shown by the Official Report of Colonel Scott printed in Series 1, Volume XX, Part One, "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War, and published, pursuant to acts of Congress, at Washington in 1887.

The year 1862 was about ended, but, undaunted by the snow-storms, and hearing that General Bragg had come forward towards him from Chattanooga as far as Murfreesboro, Tennessee, thirty miles away, Rosecrans at last marched out of Nashville, boldly looking for a December struggle before Winter quarters were taken up. The tenth of December Negley's Division advanced about eight miles and camped on the Franklin Pike, where we remained until the day after Christmas when a general movement of the army was made towards where Bragg was awaiting it; and

as we marched southward we sang all "the good old songs" which Root and others had composed up to that time. We did not know as yet, however, that very soon one of the most severe battle of the Civil War, in which at least a fourth of the entire force on both sides would be placed *hors combat* within three days, was to be our portion.

Two miles or so westward of the town of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the railroad and the turnpike cross Stone River, a sluggish tributary of the Cumberland; and this triple line of road, rail and sinuous stream was made the scene of some of the most obstinate fighting in the history of wars. Rosecran's force numbered about 44,800 men; that of Bragg was perhaps a little less, but he was on ground of his own choosing. The two opposed battle lines ran from North to South, the turnpike, railroad and river already mentioned crossing them at right angles and not far apart. On the Union right stood McCook; then Thomas in the center; then Crittenden on the left. Facing them, from right to left, were Breckenridge, Polk and Hardee. Both armies were, for most part, in a country roughly level, with forest (cedar thickets especially) and clearing intermingled. On the night of December 29, the Union army approached the enemy's position, Negley's Division being in the center, and on the morning of the thirtieth the Nineteenth, deployed as skirmishers, entered the cedars and attacked the Confederates, driving them across Wilkinson Pike into the woods, where our further progress was suddenly checked by the uprising of a very strong force from behind brick-kilns; and there Colonel Scott's boys were compelled to fall back. Hardly more than skirmishing here and there along the front was indulged in during the thirtieth, but at last night came down and the contending forces slept on a field which soon became memorable in American history. Some interesting and amusing

incidents might be given here of our horse-meat supper and other sensations that night, but we pass that temptation by and proceed with the battle itself, giving however, the premier *pas* to the late George Cary Eggleston, a distinguished author and journalist, himself a soldier in the Confederate Army, who wrote:

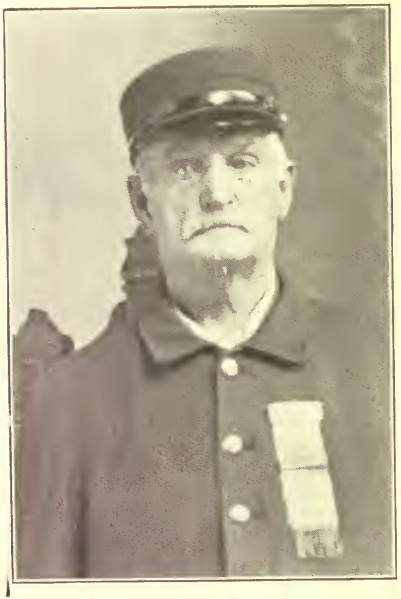
"Bragg was an officer of great energy and activity, and he had under his command a force nearly if not quite equal to that of his foe; and now that Rosecrans was in his front, he determined to assume the aggressive and himself bring on the action. His plan was absolutely identical with that of Rosecrans, namely to push forward his Left wing, envelop and crush the enemy's Right, and by successive right wheels to destroy the foe or drive him into retreat. Thus Rosecrans intended to begin the battle at one end of the line while Bragg meant to begin it at the other. Each, of course, massed his forces at the point where he purposed to make his first assault, and each thus weakened his line at the point which his enemy was planning to assail. As a consequence the initiatory advantage must of necessity lie with the force which should succeed in making itself the first aggressor, bringing on the engagement before the other was ready and striking the other's weakest wing with his own strongest divisions. That advantage fell to Bragg as a reward for his alertness in striking as soon as possible after dawn on the last day of the year 1862. He had so extended his left, as completely to overlap Rosecrans' Right and he fell upon it in flank with resistless impetuosity. The force defending it was quickly crushed and the Confederates, advancing with enthusiasm, bent back the next Division encountered, and after some strenuous fighting, forced it to retire upon a new line which Rosecrans hastily established at right angles to that of the morning. The fighting continued with desperate

determination and great slaughter on both sides until nightfall. The advantage was conspicuously with the Confederates, though there was no decisive victory won. . . . Rosecrans had been badly worsted, but he was not yet beaten. His army was not demoralized, and his own determination was not impaired. He took account of his ammunition, sent detachments to protect his communications, and resolved to hold his position and renew the battle on the following day, either as the assailant of his enemy or as the assaulted, as circumstances might determine. But the next day was passed in inaction on both sides, and it was not until the second of January, 1863, that the battle was renewed.

"Two days later and after desultory fighting, General Bragg abandoned his position at Murfreesboro and retired to Duck River, where he fortified. He reported his losses in this battle—which is variously known as Murfreesboro, and Stone River—at 10,000 men, and declared that he had taken 6,000 prisoners. He also claimed to have captured thirty guns and lost three. On the other hand, General Rosecrans reported a loss of 8,778 in killed and wounded, and about 2,800 in prisoners lost to the enemy—a total of somewhat less than 11,000. The two reports are hopelessly at variance and irreconcilable, as to the number of prisoners taken, as was usually the case with the reports of battle losses at that period of the war. They were usually inaccurate and never trustworthy. But whatever the exact losses were on either side, they were far greater than were those of many more famous battles, and about as great as those of the battles commonly accounted as of superior proportions. Thus the loss admitted by the Confederates at Murfreesboro out of a force of about 40,000 men, was nearly twice that which Lee, with a force of 68,000, suffered at Fredericksburg; while the admitted Federal loss at Mursfreesboro, where the army numbered 43,700 men, was

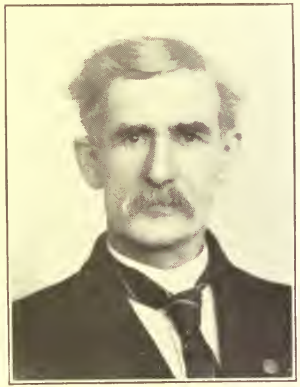
very nearly as great as that sustained by Burnside's army of 120,000 at Fredericksburg, including the fearful slaughter in the six terrible assaults upon Marye's Heights. Obviously the Battle of Stone River must be accounted one of the bloodiest struggles of the war, as well as one of the most heroically contested on both sides."

Before giving our account of this battle, we wish to quote another distinguished authority as to that first day's fighting. In the "Appeal to Arms," volume twenty of the "American Nation" series (Harper & Brothers), Dr. James Kendall Hosmer says: "Next day (December 31), the Union left was promptly on foot, Van Cleve's Division crossing with alacrity the ford which separated it from Breckenridge; but just here came upon their ears the sound of battle from the southwest. Bragg, more prompt, had attacked at dawn—Hardee, with two splendid divisions, charging across the few hundred intervening paces. A woeful unpreparedness prevailed on the Federal right; the Division commander and Brigade commander, at the end of the wing, were not immediately at hand, and the horses of some of the batteries had been taken off to water. This negligence was unpardonable before a soldier like Hardee, whose principal lieutenant was Patrick Cleburne, an Irishman full of the best martial quality of his race. The Confederate charge could not be more impetuous; McCook's first Division, that of Johnson, was crumbled up and consumed. Jefferson C. Davis, who stood next, having a little time to spring to arms, stuck longer, but soon his division was in flight. Next came Phil Sheridan's turn, and by mid-forenoon the Federal right was turned back like a knife-blade half shut. But here, just at the hinge, stood Thomas, stayer of onslaughts on bloody fields before the present one. On this day he was wanting in no point of conduct, and the men that surrounded him were worthy



August Brinkman, Co. K.

Jacob Bolles, Co. D.



Charles G. Heath, Co. I.

of their chief. His two divisions stood immovable; behind them rallied the fugitives from the Right, that had been driven but were not demoralized. Rosecrans, though surprised, was neither dazed nor disheartened. In haste, recalling Van Cleve, whose troops came back dripping from the ford, he postponed his own scheme, galloping at once to his Center. He formed immediately a new line in front of the Nashville Pike, a road which it was indispensable to hold and guard. Whatever help can come to hard-pressed ranks from the magnetism of a commander's presence was abundantly afforded that day. He rode from point to point of greatest peril, the cannon-ball that slew his chief of staff grazing him. Hardee, and also Polk, who in good time had rushed in with the Confederate center, were sternly held; and when the darkness came of a short winter day, Bragg's victory was not complete.

The cold night fell, the winter heavens dimly lighting up the groups shivering by the camp-fires and the dreadful field with its burden of mutilation and death. On New Year's Day, 1863, the fight was not renewed till late in the day, the Federals then seizing ground which threatened the Confederate Right. On January 2, for a time, the combat raged with fury, Breckenridge striking desperately. His lines, nevertheless, were crushed by artillery, and with their recoil the battle was over—a battle in which neither side could claim to have won. Bragg withdrew at once thirty-six miles South, to Tullahoma, while Rosecrans held the field."

Let us now look at this great Battle of Stone River, as seen through the mind's-eye of vivid memory by more than one of those who, in the Nineteenth Illinois, participated in that combat of half a century ago. On the last day of the year 1862, we in the center had all the work on hand that could possibly be attended to; and as the surging sound of

the tussle over on our right drew louder and louder, evidently directing itself somewhat at our rear, we began to choke in the throat, so to speak, to think of home, and to wondering if our own turn would come soon. The right was not so far off but we could see the enemy "doubling up" the boys in blue, nor could we do anything toward their relief, as the enemy was also close upon us, having advanced along his entire line. We of Negley's and Rousseau's Divisions were holding the center; and meanwhile our comrades were falling as the wheat falls before cradling machines at harvest time. We could hear the hoarse shriek of shell, the swift rattle of musketry, the sound of buzzing bullets, the impact of solid shot, the chug when human forms were hit hard, the yells of pain, the cries of agony, the fearful groans, the encouraging words of man to man, and the death gasps which told of those who reported to the God of Battles. Hosmer speaks of the position formed by the giving way of the Union Right as "like a knife-blade turned back half shut;" to us it seemed like an inverted ∧, the point toward the foe, our own Division, lapping one side of the acute angle.

For several hours the enemy's effort to break this formation was fruitless. In vain the "Johnnies" thundered against us, firing their many cannon into our very faces at point blank range. They came so close to our line that not only did we see their every movement, but we could hear the commands of their officers. Still closer they crept, but still more firmly did Negley's soldiers hold the position at the point of that inverted ∧. The ground was thick strewn with dead and wounded; struck horses, no longer neighing or whinnying, were agonizing in their frantic cries. Cannon balls cut down trees around and over us, which, falling, crushed living and dead alike. "Steady, men, steady," sang out the Colonels. "Steady, men, steady," repeated

the company officers; and the boys, true to themselves and to the Colors, held steady, like the mighty oak, whose acorn came to be their Corps-Emblem in the course of things.

"There is a five-dollar bill in my watch-fob pocket. Take it out when I'm done for," said a comrade at our side. In another moment the well-known chuck of bullet was heard, and that soldier went down, fatally wounded. Some in the ranks were shouting challenges to the fighters across that deadly field. "Why don't you come over and take us into camp?" "Hey, Johnny, step along this way, a little quicker!" "Ah, yes, Massa Reb, very well aimed, but it never touched me." There were others, too, who were whispering prayers, taught them when little children, by loving mothers now weeping great tears of sympathy for and belief in the adored son here at the front where we were learning that death has a thousand doors to let out life, as, in the midst of unspeakable danger, we heard the leaves of memory rustling as we thought of those whom we might never see again.

No longer now could we stand up to fight as brave men love to fight, if fight they must. It seemed almost sure death, at least a wound, to those who stood erect, and, obeying orders, gladly perhaps, we hugged old Mother Earth, meanwhile firing low in determined effort to stay the onrushing tide of Gray. The trees around were falling on rank and file alike, breaking and maiming them; the bullets and shell-fragments were hitting hard and fast; and those who were wounded were being quickly carried back to where courageous surgeons were sticking to their duty as gallantly as any of the other commissioned officers on the battle line.

While we were thus hugging the earth a young Aide-de-Camp came dashing up to where "Joe" Scott was. "Colonel, General Negley's compliments, and orders your Battal-

ion to hurry to the support of yonder guns," pointing as he spoke to where Schultz's battery was feebly blazing away. No sooner were the words uttered than Colonel Scott, springing to his feet, sang out "Attention, Nineteenth!" and all and every one not dead or wounded as promptly obeyed his command as they would have done were they back on the parade field at Nashville.

"Dress on the left. Front! Forward, left oblique, double-quick, march!" The sharp order was repeated along a regimental line of men ever quick to obey, and off we rushed. Into the jaws of death, into the very gates of hell, as it were, the Regiment dashed, and presently we found ourselves just behind all that was left of a famous battery. A short while previously there were six "beauties" in active use; now only three of them were left on wheels, though still firing. Nearly all the gunners were down and out, and not a horse was fit for use. Those of the Nineteenth who knew how to load and fire cannon sprang to the help of the surviving artillerymen. From caisson to prolong those, Illinois "dough-boys" jumped with powder bags or shell; charges were rammed home; percussions or primers were placed; hurried aim was taken; the order to fire followed quick, and so messages of destruction were hurled that afternoon into soldiers not two hundred yards away. Then came piteous appeal from a wounded artillery officer not to let a single gun be captured, and several men of the Regiment dragged the two pieces remaining on wheels into the woods, to where we were now falling back.

By this time the enemy was so close that we could smell their burning powder and see into their exulting eyes. For, maddened by this resistance, Bragg was hurling the entire left and center of his army against Negley and Rousseau's Divisions—what were left of them—yet was he being held in partial check, with frightful slaughter. At length, however,

Thomas ordered Rousseau to fall back out of the cedars and form a temporary line on the open ground, so as to give Negley a chance to retire to a higher and better position. At this time, in order to check the enemy, the Nineteenth not only remained in line, but Colonel Scott boldly advanced it, and it stayed there for nearly half an hour, being at one time almost completely surrounded; then it fought its way out, passing over large numbers of rebel dead and wounded in a determined and successful effort to join the main body.

On rising ground just West of the Nashville Pike and commanding the field, Rosecrans formed his new line, facing southwestward. The divisions of Johnson, Davis, and Sheridan were set in order; Van Cleve and Wood were placed behind them in close reserve; all that was left of the artillery was gathered in heavy masses, while to gain time for this formation, and to keep in touch with Palmer's Division, on our left, it was necessary that Thomas' Corps should check the further advance of the defiant foe. Negley's Division, and that of Rousseau, quickly rallied on the Colors; one Brigade of Van Cleve came as support, and once more we were ready for those southern gentlemen, who, apparently, seemed quite willing to do all that was expected of them. At this critical moment the fighting became as hot and destructive as at any previous time. Thrice did the "Johnnies" assault our line—it was grand work on their part—and thrice were they, woefully torn with grape and cannister and musket balls, held in check, which was, of course, great work on the part of the "Yankees." The thrill of repulse was more fierce even than that of attack had been, and all men were heroes then. By a concentrated effort the enemy next tried to break through on our left and take the new line in flank, but Palmer made that impossible. Urged by Polk, their Bishop General, the Rebels struggled hard to obtain possession of a grove called Round Forest, and regarded as

the key of our left, but all in vain. Then General Polk sent across the river to Breckenridge, whose men had not yet been engaged, for reinforcements. Two brigades were promptly sent at about three o'clock, and the attack on Round Forest was renewed. It, too, was unsuccessful; and so badly was the enemy smashed that it did little more until nearly five o'clock. Then, summoning all their energies, the Confederates dashed forward in one supreme effort; but Palmer's men met them with a bayonet charge which changed their plan, and the fight in that part of the field was ended. Meanwhile the rest of Bragg's force attempted to break Rosecrans' new line by an attack in front, but his approaching soldiers were greeted with a shower of grape and bullets which nothing human could stand up under; and hardly was the assault begun before it was ended. It was the Confederates now who took to the woods, and the firing ceased.

The first day of the great Battle of Stone River was over.

That evening our Regiment feasted on hot coffee, hardtack, and horse steaks broiled on coals; and while Rosecrans and his Generals were holding a Council of War the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland were sleeping peacefully on the ground, with overcoats and the twinkling stars for their only covering. Next day—January 1, 1863—very little was attempted on either side. Negley's Division was ordered to the extreme right to support McCook, in anticipation of a second effort of the enemy; and Van Cleve's Division, with one of Palmer's brigades, was sent to seize some heights on the East side of the river and plant batteries there. This movement was not discovered by Bragg until the morning of January 2, on which date Rosecrans, anticipating an attack on his left, brought back our Division, and posted it to the right and rear of Sam Beatty's troops who were beyond the river, while fifty-eight

cannon were concentrated back of Negley, on elevated ground. Breckenridge impetuously attacked our left, routing two brigades of the first line and driving them pell-mell to the river and across it. It seemed certain that Van Cleve would be driven from the heights unless help reached him promptly.

"Who'll lead the way?" demanded Negley. "Who'll save the Left?" he called out, thus asking for volunteers for a most dangerous and almost impossible undertaking.

"The Nineteenth Illinois!" answered Colonel Scott; and so it came about that *Our's* led the dash at double-quick through the river—the water was over the hips of the tallest, up to the ears of the shortest men—upon the enemy. This incident was set to verse by a soldier in another regiment, and to music by George Root, famous as the composer of many war songs; and the words of that glorious anthem may be found on another page. Up the muddy bank right at the foe the soldiers of the Nineteenth threw themselves, and close at their heels rushed the rest of the division. Unable to withstand this sudden onslaught, but quickly firing a volley into the ranks of the advancing troops, the Confederates turned and fled the scene. A private in Company D had the good fortune to capture a rebel flag in that wonderful dash beyond Stone River; and it was afterward exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair in New York which Mrs. Mary Livermore had gotten up for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. In this gallant charge the Nineteenth also captured several cannon; and one may read in the official report of the part taken in the battle by Company H, Fourth United States Artillery, this striking sentence: "In place of our disabled piece, the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry gave us one captured from the enemy."

The Battle of Stone River was over. Soon Bragg's shattered army was miles away, and Murfreesboro was

occupied by Union troops. Rosecrans sent this dispatch: "We have fought one of the greatest battles of the war, and are victorious. Our entire success on the thirty-first of December was prevented by a surprise of the right flank; but we have, nevertheless, beaten the enemy, after a three days' battle. They fled with great precipitancy on Saturday night. The last of their columns of cavalry left this morning. Their loss has been heavy." And to this message came a speedy reply, not from the General-in-Chief but, from the Executive Mansion, and signed A. LINCOLN: "Your dispatch announcing retreat of the enemy has just reached here. God bless you, and all with you! Please tender to all, and accept for yourself, the Nation's gratitude for your and their skill, endurance, and dauntless courage."

And Halleck, the General-in-Chief, dispatched: "You and your brave army have won the gratitude of your Country and the admiration of the world. The field of Murfreesboro is made historical, and future generations will point out the places where so many heroes fell, gloriously, in defense of the Union. All honor to the Army of the Cumberland—thanks to the living, and tears for the lamented dead."

In Eddy's "Patriotism of Illinois" it is declared that in this terrible affair no regiment vindicated its manhood more generously than the Nineteenth Illinois, and that book says: "On the thirtieth of December the regiment had but little to do and lost only nine men. The next morning it was up early in line of battle, although the men had scarcely eaten anything and slept on the ground without their blankets, which were in the wagon trains, miles to the rear. Soon, by the sound of the musketry, it was evident the rebels had turned our right. Thomas had lost part of his artillery and the veteran troops were retiring. Further back, toward the rear, firing opened. Then the Nineteenth prepared for the fight. They changed front, fixed bayonets, and charged,

Gen. W. S. Rosecrans.

the foe retiring before their terrible onset. Heavy firing commenced, and a storm of bullets whistled through their ranks. At the first fire Corporal Daggy fell mortally wounded. The enemy were repulsed, but the Twenty-seventh Illinois were hard pressed and needed aid. The Nineteenth faced to the right and as cooly as if on drill the men marched, with the lamented Scott at their head, through a terrific fire of shot and shell and took position by the side of the Eighteenth Ohio. Edgarton's Battery had been taken and was turned upon them, and other batteries opened a fearful fire. Word came that they were surrounded and must cut their way out. They faced about again, fixed bayonets, rushed into a cedar swamp, forced their way out, and, forming on the left of Sheridan moved to the front and went again into action. They had hardly got into position before portions of the Division fell back and the rebels advanced. General Negley ordered the Nineteenth to stand firm until the rest could form, and for half an hour, with the rebels on their front and flanks, it held back the advancing hosts until the Eighteenth Ohio and Forty-second Illinois were formed, and then it retired to the center as reserve.

"On Friday, those who knew the position of Van Cleve's division, felt certain that when the rebels did come it would fall upon the extreme Left. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the fierce cannonading which had prevailed for some time on the Left was accompanied by a deafening crash of musketry, and it was evident the battle was renewed in earnest. The enemy massed three of his divisions, Rain's, Anderson's and Breckinridge's, the whole under command of the latter, and hurled them against Van Cleve. His men bravely withstood the onset, but were literally overwhelmed by superior numbers and two of the brigades were broken to pieces. The other held its ground manfully, but to save

being surrounded had to retreat, and the whole were pushed back in disorder into and across the river. The rebels were preparing to follow when Negley suddenly appeared in compact line of battle. His practiced eye at once saw the danger unless an almost superhuman effort was made. He rode rapidly to their front, and, in his clear voice, shouted: 'Who will save the Left?' In an instant came back the reply from the gallant Scott: 'The Nineteenth Illinois!' 'The Nineteenth it is then! By the left flank, march!' was the command. Scott put his cap on his sword and shouted 'Forward!' His men lay down and fired one volley, then rose, fixed bayonets, and started upon that grand charge which saved the day, one as immortal as the charge of Balaklava. Into the river they plunged waist deep, although a whole rebel division was disputing the passage; up the precipitous bank, bristling with bayonets; baring their heads to the pitiless leaden rain; against bayonet and shot and shell; careless of the storm that was tearing through their ranks; unmindful of the brave fellows falling in the bloody track they made, they swept on, resistless as a Nemesis.

"At the top of the hill the rebels try to make a stand but they are shivered like a glass as the Nineteenth strikes them. They hesitate, they stand as if dumb with amazement at this terrible charge. Their ranks waver, they break and flee, the Nineteenth closely followed by the Eleventh Michigan and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, pouring destruction through their fugitive ranks.——Across the open fields they rush to the protection of their batteries beyond, but the march of the Nineteenth is like the march of Fate. Regardless of the fact that the field is swept by the battery, they still roll back the rebel foe, vainly trying to seize upon every ridge and clump as a means of defense. Over the cornfields, up to the very muzzles of the guns in

spite of their belching fury and sheeted flame, over the parapet, and the battery belongs to the Nineteenth. The Left is saved. The day is ours—the victory is won, and thus the Nineteenth vindicated its good name and made one of the grandest and most glorious charges of the war.

The Regiment lost in killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-four out of three hundred and forty men. Colonel Scott was seriously wounded in the passage of the river, and died some months after from the effects of the wound."

Such is the story, in brief, of the Nineteenth's first great battle, and if there are many more bloodier combats on record, or if there is one where better fighting qualities by Union soldiers was displayed, we know it not. A strange incident of the closing scenes of this remarkable combat may now be recorded. The day after that last day's fighting, soldiers were detailed from every Union regiment to go out to the help of the wounded still on the field of strife, and to give the dead Christian burial. In that gruesome task the men of the Nineteenth came on the badly torn corpse of a soldier in faded blue. They decided that the remains were those of a member of our Regiment, and with gentle hands and tender thoughts they placed that body under a few inches of southern earth. They got a board and wrote on it the initials of the name and the number of the regiment of this dead Union soldier, as they then believed. The name thus designated was none other than that of the present writer, at the moment on his way to Libby Prison. A month or so later a letter from that foul pen gave the roster of the Nineteenth boys then at Richmond, and when his Comrades in D Company thus learned that their lamented Comrade was "alive and kicking" there was great rejoicing.

Writing from Murfreesboro January 14, 1863, to the Chicago Evening Journal, Adjutant Bangs gave a corrected

list of the killed, wounded and missing of our Regiment in the Battle of Stone River, and he said:

"Colonel Scott, though seriously wounded, will recover. He has excellent care at the hands of his mother, who has come down since the battle. He is the guest of Mr. D. D. Dickey, of Nashville. Major Guthrie's wound was slight, and has not incapacitated him for duty. The balance of the officers marked 'seriously' or 'slightly wounded,' have good care at Hospital No. 14, Nashville. Surgeon Bogue did excellent service. He had charge of a hospital which, on the 31st, fell into the hands of the enemy; consequently he had to attend to the wants of the wounded of both armies. On January 2d, the ground was regained by our forces and held. Our Chaplain, Rev. A. H. Conant, was with him assisting in taking care of the wounded on the 31st. When the balls were flying around the hospital from both sides, he took a red flag, walked over to the enemy's lines and politely informed them of the fact of that house being used as a hospital, and requested them to shoot either one side or the other, as the inmates were probably badly enough wounded already. Assistant Surgeon Bailhache, although detailed in charge of a hospital in Nashville, left that post and hurried to the scene of action to attend to the wants of the boys of the Nineteenth. Too much praise cannot be given to our Acting Quartermaster, Lieut. Alvah Mansur. By his precaution in supplying himself with rations *before the battle*, our boys had plenty of hard bread, meat and coffee, while in many instances other regiments subsisted on nothing but *roasted corn*. It is not necessary to speak of the bravery of any officer or man of the Nineteenth. Enough to say the men fought bravely, and the officers were at their posts, *leading*, not following their different, commands."

Wounded—Col. Jos. R. Scott, thigh; Maj. James V. Guthrie, face.

Co. A—*Killed*—Corp. Ira A. Pease; Privates Devillo L. Holmes, Thos. A. Moore. *Wounded*—Sergts. W. H. Wildey, arm; R. G. Sylvester, head; Corp. Chas. Kerr, leg; Privates R. P. Blanchard, side; J. H. Edgell, leg; M. C. Kennedy, leg; Joseph L. Slagle, side; Chas. H. Tuthill, hand; Geo. Uttz, abdomen, died Jan. 2; Saml. Worden, shoulder. *Missing*—Christopher A. Mulvey, since Dec. 31.

Co. B—*Killed*—Corp. Geo. Ryerson; Privates Isaac L. Kenyon, Chas. M. Leason, J. O. Imes. *Wounded*—Capt. A. Murchison, back; Lieut. John H. Hunter, thigh; Sergt. Thos. Robison, shoulder; Corp. H. B. Worth, finger; Privates Geo. Dugan, thumb; Thos. Turnbull, thumb; Geo. T. Sharrer, thigh; J. W. Oziah, lip; Columbus Morgan, abdomen, died Jan. 7; M. Douglas, foot; J. M. Deacox, arm; Walton Craig, leg. *Missing*—Corp. J. L. Kennedy, since Dec. 31.

Co. C—*Killed*—Corp. Henry Sweezy. *Wounded*—Lieut. Washington L. Wood, hand; Corp. Delavan Craft, leg; Privates John Ives, hand; Webster Daniels, hand; Peter Boskourt, arm; Chas. Idair, neck; William M. Battis, leg; Frank Seguin, arm and side; Edward McCabe, leg.

Co. D—*Killed*—Corp. Robert McCracken. *Wounded*—Sergt. James Goldsmith, side, died January 1st; Corp. H. Clay Daggy, hip; Corp. W. B. Taylor, leg; Privates John Tanzy, back, and taken prisoner; Thos. Willard, leg; Henry E. Carter, leg; Jacob Balls, breast; Joseph Smith, head; Saml. Maddin, shoulder. *Missing*—Jas. H. Haynie, since December 31; Murray W. Smith, since December 31.

Co. E—*Killed*—None. *Wounded*—Corp. Joseph C. Huntington, hand; Privates John E. A. Stevens, mortally; David McArthur, face; John Hays, hip; John C. P. Noble, mortally, died Jan. 6th; Thos. C. Welsh, hip; Thos. King,

thigh; George Joel, mortally. *Missing*—Corp. Peter F. Guthrie, since Dec. 31.

Co. H—*Killed*—Jesse Maxwell. *Wounded*—Capt. Garriott, leg; Lieut. Wood, bowels, died Jan. 5; Sergt. Volney C. Johnson, leg, and taken prisoner; Corp. Sumner Harrington, side; Corp. Wm. Haggarty, arm, and taken prisoner; Corp. L. B. Thomas, knee; Corp. John H. Snyder, thigh; Privates, Henry E. Wells, arm; Geo. F. Fleming, arm, and taken prisoner; Geo. B. Sickles, shoulder; Jas. W. Carson, wrist, and taken prisoner; John Benham, ankle and taken prisoner; Jas. F. Coleman, eye, and taken prisoner; Josiah Suter, leg; M. Stoughton, thigh; Chas. G. Bates, wrist. *Missing*—Geo. Kearns, since December 31.

Co. I—*Killed*—John Tritteau. *Wounded*—Henry Harms, back; Frank Hogan, shoulder; Richard Dohring, arm; Joseph Matt, leg. *Missing*—Lyman M. Jones, since Dec. 31st.

Co. K—*Killed*—Sergt. Daniel W. Griffin. *Wounded*—Lieut. V. B. Bell, head; Sergt. S. H. Scadden, leg; Corp. Frank Russel, head; privates J. C. Fullerton, mortally, died Jan. 3; E. Bullen, side; P. Smith, mouth; R. Peirrelott, thigh. *Missing*—Jas. Dwyer and Thomas Johnson, since December 31st.

ADJUTANT BANGS STORY OF THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

I will begin this account of our First Fight* with the movement of General Rosecrans' Army from Nashville during the last week of December, 1862. We had been having a long resting spell there, and in the meantime Rosecrans, appointed to command the Army of the Cumberland the previous October, was maturing his plans for a grand forward move-

*Our good Comrade's claim that this was the Regiment's *first fight* is erroneous, as will be seen by reference to the main text. But it certainly was our first great battle.

ment. Murfreesboro* must be taken at all hazards, and, in the event of success there, Tullahoma and Shelbyville would soon be within our lines, thus removing all barriers to the ultimate capture of that important key, Chattanooga. Our command left Nashville about five o'clock A. M. December 26, and marched along the Franklin Pike until we reached Russell Pike; had proceeded about seven miles, when we took a cross road with the intention of striking the Nolensville Pike.

Before reaching Nolensville we heard the roar of cannon, the first time many of us had heard it in battle, and shortly after we saw the flash and smoke of the enemy's guns, still a long way off, evidently disputing the advance of our cavalry. This firing, it appears, was from a detachment which was objecting to McCook's entrance into Nolensville.

We soon struck the Pike, and the divers expressions of delight at again finding good Macadam under our feet can be readily imagined. On reaching Nolensville, we marched through the town, then went into camp about a mile south of it, knowing well that we were now in the midst of the enemy, with their cavalry about us, bound to try in every way possible to retard our advance, so as to give Bragg an opportunity to concentrate his forces. Because of the poor roads, the wagons failed to show up, and as the boys were without knapsacks, it is easy to see the kind of time we had in pitching camp after a fatiguing day's march through a pouring rain. Next day we were marched back to the town. Meanwhile the wagons had arrived, but before anybody could claim his own an order came to "reduce baggage!" This meant to throw out everything in the shape or boxes, mess chests, extra clothing, etc., and all tents except one Sibley for each company, and one small tent to a company for its officers.

*During the previous autumn and early winter, the Confederates had been fixing themselves snugly in and about Murfreesboro, firm in the belief that the Union forces would not move before spring, but "Old Rosey" thought differently.

The Field and Staff were to get on with a large tent, while a small one was provided for the Adjutant.

Quartermaster Sergt. Downs and I were left behind to superintend the work of removal; we had the surplus carried into a house, and a guard was placed in charge thereof. It was raining hard all this time, but we finally got the wagons started for the new camp. The Regiment had taken a cross road to reach the Murfreesboro Pike; we certainly saw worse roads afterward, but at that time we thought we had "struck the limit!" It finally cleared off, however, and the moon shone brightly; on either side and toward the front we could hear the rumblings of big guns, with an occasional sharp rattle of musketry, which reminded us forcibly that "the cruel war" was on. As Downs and I rode along, our escort close at hand, we felt well, indulged in a few songs, an occasional heart to heart talk of old times, and meanwhile enjoying that great solace of the soldier of every country, a pipe and tobacco. Danger lurked on all sides; the rumbling guns told us that every step of the way was being contested; we were experiencing the first taste of real war. Our senses were alert; we would have been surprised at nothing, yet for all that, I can only look back on that night's ride as a pleasure never to be forgotten.

Late on the twenty-seventh the Regiment camped within half a mile of the Murfreesboro Pike, in the timber, but only two wagons succeeded in getting through that last muddy road. Having plenty of wood, we built good fires, made "feather beds" of cedar boughs, and "slept soundly within sound of the enemy's guns." Next day we remained in that timber camp, and one by one the wagons came straggling in, the drivers "saying things" as to the roads and everybody pretty well tired out. Here it was learned that the order to "reduce baggage" was somebody's blunder, and though the teams were almost completely exhausted,

they were sent back, with Downs in charge, for the tents and other things at Nolensville. That evening Major Guthrie and I took a ride to the front. We saw the Confederate pickets a little way down the road; our own pickets were only a few yards in front of us; as they were firing at one another, and as we could hear the bullets breaking through the branches over our heads we soon concluded that it was not absolutely necessary for us to remain just there, and so we rode back again.

The morning of December 29, our Division was ordered on a reconnaissance to the right; we struck off diagonally, and in less than an hour we ran into the enemy in the shape of a battalion of cavalry. A battery opened on them, and for a short while things were very exciting. Whenever a shell burst among the Confederates, we could see the men and horses fall to the right and left, while those near would scatter, then rally quickly to their places and fill the gaps thus made. In our cooler moments we might shudder at the thought of human beings being thus struck down, but now we were exulting over seeing men fall, their ranks disorganized, their advance checked by death. But such is war. We shot to kill; and no one thought for a moment of raising his musket so that the bullet might pass harmlessly over the opposing foe. That night we went into camp again, this time directly in front of the Confederates, they being lined up in front of Mursfreesboro. We slept in the mud and rain; our teams were we knew not where; and if they had been within a few hundred yards, they would have been of no use, as we could not have left our advanced position. The boys were minus tents or blankets, and without the privilege of making coffee, as no fires were allowed. Now an American volunteer soldier will stand almost any necessary thing in the line of hard service, given a reasonable cause, but deprive him of his coffee, and he is

apt to use language! and no doubt some of the Nineteenth did on this occasion.

During our advance on the fore part of that day an incident occurred that is worth mentioning. At a small clearing there was a little log house, the home of a young couple probably just starting out in life; there were the beginnings of a garden, some cribs and pens, a few chickens, and a pig; but the family had departed in a hurry, leaving everything behind them. Inside the cabin, the bed was nicely made up; articles of clothing were hanging here and there on the walls; the one room was as spick and span as could be. I might have made use of a blanket that night, and with it slept more comfortably, still I could not bear to touch a single thing in that neat little home. Yet it was a dead certainty that when the main body of troops came along, not a scrap in that cabin which might be worn or used in any way would be left. We of the Nineteenth had not yet made up our minds to "subsist on the enemy."

December 30, 1862, was a momentous and never to be forgotten day to the Nineteenth Illinois. Our Division had been ordered to the front, and soon the Battle of Stone River was on, although as yet only in a small way. The Regiment was deployed as skirmishers for the Brigade, and it advanced until it struck the enemy, when a sharp fire was opened on both sides, which was decidedly spirited. I wish to say right here that no body of experienced veterans could have exceeded the members of our Regiment for cool and deliberate attention to the business before them. We took advantage of trees and of all obstructions, as skirmishers should ever do, but there was no scrambling, no hurrying, no excitement. Lines were maintained as closely as possible; and, let me say here, the admirable courage and common sense displayed by our Officers, and particularly by Colonel Scott, were incentives to bring out the best there was in us.

It was the first time I was under fire; I didn't know whether to be afraid or not; and indeed there was not much time to think about that sort of thing, as Colonel Scott was going here and there, and I was putting in most of my time on the double-quick! But of one thing I am sure, bullets were soon whistling around my head in fine style. Comparatively few of the boys were hit, and I often wonder how that could possibly be, as the leaden messengers were buzzing around our heads like swarming bees. We knew the bullets were thick, and we heard them on all sides; the old estimate that for every soldier killed in battle his weight in lead has been shot away, is indeed a true one. A bullet makes a peculiar noise as it goes whizzing by; frequently, one involuntarily dodges it—the action can't be helped. The thought of saving one's-self is very quick in its action but the bullet that is coming is too swift in flight to dodge.

That night we slept on the field of strife, well to the front, however, but the day was rather against than for us, although our position had been maintained. We had surely received our baptism of fire all right, and as becomes brave men. Many of the boys were laid low; we were assembled on the Colors; our beds were on the hard ground, well aligned, and we had plenty of time to think over the events of that day and to realize that the morrow would perhaps be one of still fiercer fighting. My mind again reverted to the admirable coolness of our Officers; every one was as clear-headed as though on parade; every one was in his place, ready, willing, prepared, and all received Scott's orders as he gave them, with coolness and deliberation.

The ball was reopened on the morning of the thirty-first of December by the artillery of our Division, and from the word go it was hot every minute of the time. The first task of the day was to regain the ground lost by McCook. Rousseau and VanCleve were sent over to the right, and

after several hours of severe fighting, in which our Division took active part, a new position was established and maintained. But the hardest fighting for our Division fell upon it that afternoon. The Rebels had placed guns near an old brick-kiln, and were doing deadly work, for we were exposed to a flank fire on the right, whence McCook had fled. Our left flank became exposed, our right was wide open, and we were obliged to fall back, as we did in perfect order, however. We assisted in caring for the wounded; none was left on that part of the field passed over by the Nineteenth. Four of us carried a soldier from another regiment; he thought he was not badly hurt, but begged like a good fellow not to be left on the field, fearing he would fall into the hands of the enemy. He wanted me to examine his wound; a small blue spot near the heart, from which no blood had flowed. I could not but feel that he was badly wounded, but did not tell him so. We laid him down in a comfortable place, entirely out of harm's way, and were obliged to leave him there.

The fire we sustained on that advanced position was terrible; all the cannon in front seemed to be determined to make things as uncomfortable and dangerous for us as possible. It was almost point blank range, so they had it "down to a nicety" for the Regiment. A shell burst in the ranks, killing one man in Company B and another in Company C. A solid shot cut down a large tree and several men, including one in Company D, were badly injured. The order to retire reached us none too soon. So the Nineteenth fell back, but presently, when we came within sight of the main support, we made another stand, where some rocks had been piled up, and here we held the foe in check until the whole Division had secured safer ground. But the Confederates discovered this backward movement, and came rushing ahead, foolishly supposing us to be in full retreat.

The losses on both sides were heavy, and many a poor fellow was seriously wounded, Lieutenant Bell, Lieutenant Hunter, and Captain Garriott among the number. We were now under the protection of the whole Fourteenth Corps, and the Rebels could follow us no farther. That night we bivouacked in comparative safety, the railroad enbankment affording us good breastworks. It was practically the last of the hard fighting on the thirty-first, though we could hear the rumble of big guns long after we had gone to rest. Our loss in these two days was eight killed, fifty-two wounded, and eighteen missing, a total of seventy-eight. Compared with losses in some other regiments this was small; but when we think of our advanced and exposed position, at short range, it seems almost miraculous that it was so slight.

On New Year's Day, 1863, our Division was not engaged, although it could not be called a day of rest for us. There was fighting over on the Right, and McCook, with the aid of other troops, succeeded in regaining some of his lost ground, and held his new position. But the attack on McCook was merely a feint, as was soon shown. That night General Bragg was moving the bulk of his army to his Right, hoping to crush our Left, where General Crittenden was in command. Bragg believed he had the best of us, and he probably had some reason for thinking so. Very little fighting was indulged in that day, however, and the troops on both sides retired to rest at an early hour. Next morning Negley's Division was moved to the Left until we came in touch with General VanCleve. The Regiment's orders were to support the artillery, and as soon as we were in position, just behind a rise of ground that concealed us from the enemy, and close to the river, I had leisure to run to the top of the hill and take in the situation. A little to our right, on a beautiful piece of ground, fifty-two pieces of artillery had been parked, ready now and waiting for the

foe's advance. General Breckenridge, having been largely reinforced, was massing his whole command, with the intention of breaking Rosecrans' Left. The Confederates were under cover of heavy timber, and we could see practically nothing; but "Old Rosey" evidently knew of the move, and was preparing to give them a warm reception. Well, they got it!

About three o'clock the Rebels moved out—they did present a formidable appearance and no mistake. However, they had hardly shown their colors when the park of artillery just mentioned opened fire on them. Colonel Van Schroeder, Chief of Artillery, was there, and it almost seems as though he personally sighted every gun, so deadly was the fire. Talk about the horrors of war; the Confederates were advancing a solid mass; and those fifty-two cannon were being fired into them as swiftly as efficient soldiers could swab out and reload. The continued roaring of the guns was like the volleying of infantry. It was the most magnificent battle scene I ever saw. The Confederates kept advancing, and while their attack seemed only half-hearted, it looked as though our Left would have to give way. Then General Rosecrans came riding along; asking for Palmer's Division and gaining no reply, he called out: "Who'll save our Left?" Colonel Scott stepped quickly forward and said: "Here is Negley's Division; we'll save the Left!" *The order was given, and we did save the Left.* We advanced quickly and in perfect order; the Nineteenth Illinois led the way and was first to cross the river. The fighting which followed was terrible; indeed in many parts of the field it was a hand-to-hand engagement. The struggle was bitter, but of short duration. One account of the combat says that after the charge of Negley's Division, the fighting only lasted half an hour, but I was there, and I know it continued at least an hour, if not longer. The enemy fought

like tigers, but finally gave way, leaving everything behind them—cannon, accoutrements of all kinds, small arms, together with their wounded and dying.

On the final charge the Nineteenth Illinois captured four pieces of artillery belonging to the celebrated Washington Battery of New Orleans. The survivors of that Battery have since made the boast that it never lost a gun until the Battle of Chancellorsville; nevertheless, I believe we took four of their guns at Stone River. When I arrived at the place where those brave artillerymen made their last stand, and I was among the first, their dead and wounded were lying around, some of them in horrible condition. I asked one poor fellow the name of the Battery, and he told me distinctly it was the Washington. We knew that that Battery was in Bragg's command, and were elated over the fact that we were the first to wheel its captured guns to the rear. If I am not mistaken, we also captured two Confederate flags. In passing over the field, I came upon two soldiers lying as close as they could to a big log; one of them was badly wounded, but the other was all right. As soon as I came within hailing distance the uninjured one called to me, begging permission to go with his brother and take care of him. I never heard a more pitiful plea in all my life; he didn't care where he himself was taken, or what might happen to him, if he were only allowed to care for his wounded brother. He said they had no desire to go back into the Rebel ranks; that they had been forced to join the Confederate Army, and that they had avoided taking a fighting part in every way. They looked like well-to-do Southerners of the better class, conversing intelligently. The one that did most of the talking declared their sympathies were not with the South, but that they had been pressed into the service and were now making the best of it. I believe they told the truth. When the ambulance corps came around,

they were probably carried to the rear, but there is no knowing whether they were permitted to remain together or not.

At this point I ran across Downs, and we went over some parts of the field together. The Rebel wounded could not be cared for at once, as our own casualties were heavy, and the surgeons were all busy. That night the Confederates left seventeen hundred killed and wounded on the field. It was claimed that our loss was as heavy, but I do not believe it. The Regiment's loss on this, the last day's engagement, was comparatively small; seven were killed, and thirty-two wounded. Captain Chandler of Company F was shot dead; Lieutenant Wood of Company H received wounds of which he died on the fifth; Lafey Wood of Company C, was slightly wounded in the right hand; Major Guthrie had a slight wound in the face; Colonel Joe Scott received a severe wound from which he never recovered. Many of our boys were scattered over the battlefield, giving water to the wounded. The sights we saw were never to be forgotten; I do not care to try and describe them. I gave my water canteen to one of the Washington Battery boys. The Confederates had retreated through heavy timber, and as it was almost dark our scattered troops were called back, not knowing what kind of an ambush we might run up against.

We remained in camp all day the third of January; it was rainy and disagreeable, and we were well pleased to be "let alone." Towards evening of the fourth we were moved to the front, and the Regiment was sent out on picket duty. That night headquarters had the good luck to have a roof over our heads, and we were able to sleep dry, above and underneath, feeling reasonably certain, meanwhile that the morrow would not open with heavy cannonading at the front. We all remember the restful days after Stone River

Lieut. Alvah Mansur, Co. H.

Capt. K. H. Chandler, Co. F.
Killed at Stone River.

Battle. We were obliged to wait for our wagons, containing provisions, tents, and possibly mail from the North which had difficulty in finding us. We talked again and again of the incidents, both great and small, of the four days' fighting; we thought of our wounded Colonel, and wondered if he would ever be with us again; and we thought of our comrades of all ranks, dead, wounded, and missing now, but were brave when the trying moments were on them and us; men who had stood up, facing the foe in mortal strife, who were worthy of the regiment to which we all belonged—the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.

LESLIE G. BANGS,
First Lieutenant and Adjutant
Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.

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CHAPTER VI.

After the Battle of Stone River General Rosecrans kept his army in and around Murfreesboro until June 24, 1863, a period of six months, when he moved it on the enemy. General Bragg was known to be at Tullahoma, and as the Army of the Cumberland advanced he fell back until he reached Chattanooga. Now, strategetically considered, there was no point in the Middle South so important to either side as that city. It was, therefore, necessary for "Old Rosey" to capture it; Halleck might have easily done so after the Battle of Shiloh had he been a greater general. Beauregard only had 50,000 men with him to oppose Halleck's 90,000, although there were 12,000 more confederates with Kirby Smith at Knoxville, 9,000 of them with George Morgan at Cumberland Gap, and about 2,000 at Chattanooga, watched, however, from Huntsville by General O. M. Mitchel, as already indicated. It can be safely asserted that the Nineteenth Illinois had as much to do with the war history of that city as any regiment in the Union service, and our doings there, or thereabouts, may be divided into five stories: First, the rush of the Regiment on that place, under Negley, as related in the previous chapter; second, our approach to it this time, with Thomas and Rosecrans; third, being besieged there following the Battle of Chickamauga; fourth, our sojourn in it after the incomparable affair of Missionary Ridge; and fifth, our departure thence on the Atlanta Campaign with Sherman.

It was believed that the side which had possession of Chattanooga could hold the place against a force out-

numbering its garrison many times, and this surmise was made a fact when the Union Army took possession of it in September, 1863. General Bragg, an exceedingly capable strategist and hard fighter, occupied Chattanooga, Tenn., the importance of which had been indicated, and it was necessary for Rosecrans to dispossess him of that place. To have hurled his army against the city would have been madness, if not suicidal folly, however; in such an assault we would probably have lost ten men for every one of the enemy; therefore it was obligatory on "Old Rosey" to resort to strategy to secure Chattanooga. As the late George Cary Eggleston says in his fine book, "The History of the Confederate War" in order to do so Rosecrans pushed a part of his army southward, threatening an invasion of Georgia. "That State was defenceless except in so far as Bragg's army defended it, therefore Rosecrans' movement compelled him to withdraw from his strong position in order to head off what he supposed to be a southward movement."

But before taking up this direct attack on Bragg's army we must give more detailed account of the doings of the Nineteenth Illinois after quitting Murfreesboro; and Lieutenant Comrade John Young has furnished us with this important information. "I have before me," he writes, "the Monthly Returns of the Regiment for August and September, 1863. The September return gives in detail the movements of the Nineteenth from the date of our breaking Camp at Cave Springs, Alabama, on the first of that month, up to the occupation of Chattanooga after the Battle of Chickamauga. The return for August, dated September 1, gives the number present for duty on that date as: Commissioned Officers, 21; enlisted men, 317; total, 338. During the subsequent eighteen days preceding that great battle, we had crossed the Tennessee River—had been on the march continuously, crossing three mountain ranges, our artillery and wagon

trains being frequently hauled up the steep heights by hand. On September 9, during a reconnaissance, we skirmished with the enemy for several hours, and on the eleventh, at Davis' Cross Roads, we had a sharp engagement lasting until dark. With no accessions to our ranks, and allowing for the losses sustained in previous actions, as well as for those who gave out during the severe marching, it is fair to assume that we did not number to exceed 300, rank and file, on the first day of the great battle at Chickamauga."

The movements of the Regiment thus referred to were as follows: September 1, broke camp at Cave Spring, Alabama, at 5:30 o'clock P. M.; crossed the Tennessee River at Caperton's Ferry, and bivouacked four miles south of the river at 11 P. M., having marched eight miles. September 2, moved at 7:45 A. M.; marched twelve miles and bivouacked nearly opposite Bridgeport, Alabama, at the foot of Raccoon Mountain about 4 P. M. September 3, moved at 8:45 A. M. to the side of the mountain where the Regiment was deployed to assist the wagon train of our Division (Negley's) to ascend, until 3 P. M. when we moved to the top, where we bivouacked. September 4, marched at 8 A. M., crossed the Raccoon Mountain, arrived within about two and a half miles of Trenton, Georgia, pitched tents at 8 P. M., and went into camp, having marched about eleven miles, many of them almost perpendicular. September 6, broke camp at 11:30 A. M., and advanced seven or eight miles on the Lebanon road, bivouacking at 5 P. M. on Lookout Creek. On the seventh we marched at 7:30 A. M. to the top of Lookout Mountain, to Stevens' Gap, where we bivouacked at 1 P. M. The eighth we marched at 9:30 A. M. proceeded about two miles along the summit of Lookout and bivouacked shortly before noon. September 9, moved at eight o'clock, marched down the mountain, and bivouacked about half past ten in the forenoon at Bailey's

Cross Roads. Went on reconnaissance to the front at 5:30 P. M., and, after slight skirmishing, returned to bivouac at 8 P. M. On the tenth we marched at 8:30 A. M. to Davis' Cross Roads and bivouacked.

This brings us to the "sharp engagement" referred to by Comrade Young, and the Davis' Cross Roads affair may be called the prelude to Chickamauga. It was one of the most stubbornly contested fights in which the Regiment ever participated. Stanley's Brigade—that would be ours—took position on a ridge in an open field adjoining the river, the Nineteenth Illinois on the left, the Eleventh Michigan on the right, with sections of the Fourth Indiana Battery on each flank and in the center of the line. Breastworks of fence rails were then thrown up, but about four in the afternoon our Regiment was withdrawn a mile or so to the Davis' house and formed on the right of the road. Here breastworks were also constructed as speedily as possible; Company I was posted to the right and front, behind a barn, while Company K was sent to the left and front, to take position behind a stone wall which commanded the road. There was a cavalry charge on our left, but it was repulsed; then Company B was also sent to the skirmish line, and the rest of the Nineteenth advanced to the stone wall just mentioned; for by now the enemy was advancing most gallantly. At close range the Regiment opened a sharp musketry fire on the foe, instantly silencing their exultant yells, and killing several, including a Confederate Lieutenant Colonel, besides wounding a large number, driving their force back in confusion. The enemy then planted a battery on the right of the road and it opened fire, by which we lost one man killed and one wounded. About 5:30 p. m. the Regiment was withdrawn to Davis' Cross Road, took position to the left of that road, and laid on our arms all night.

Meanwhile, and seeing his communications threatened, Bragg, who had called in Buckner's large force from Eastern Tennessee—thus giving up Knoxville, which Burnside immediately occupied—evacuated Chattanooga, and moved twenty-five miles South to Lafayette, where he covered the railroad and hoped to fall heavily upon the Union columns as they debouched from the mountain passes. On the ninth of September Crittenden's Corps marched from Wauhatchie into Chattanooga and took possession of that long-coveted town. Much had thus been accomplished by the Army of the Cumberland; and, greatly elated, the people in the North looked on with eager expectation, not knowing that a serious disaster was soon to follow on the heels of this premature rejoicing. For, believing that Bragg's movement was one of retreat, although it was never so intended, Rosecrans chose to pursue the enemy along the railroad to Ringgold and Dalton. Toward this end he withdrew all of Crittenden's Corps except one brigade, sent Thomas' Corps into McLemore's Cove, and pushed forward McCook's Corps to Alpine and Summerville, thus dividing his army into three parts, rather widely separated. "Such a movement was hardly justifiable except against a beaten and demoralized enemy," says John Fiske in "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War." And he adds: "The three corps numbered each scarcely 20,000 men; and between them and Lafayette, close in front of the Union Center, was Bragg's whole army in excellent condition and numbering full 55,000. It looked as if Rosecrans were going to end his brilliant campaign by seeing his army annihilated corps by corps, for he could not possibly draw it together in less than three or four days."

Things, however, did not come to such a pass as that; but as this is not a history of Rosecrans' campaign, we must necessarily leave out details and come as soon as possible to one of the most terrible battles of the Civil War, where

the Nineteenth reaped its full share of the glory which came to the Fourteenth Army Corps.

For two long days—the nineteenth and twentieth of September, 1863—one hundred and thirty thousand "starved dogs of war fed full," as hundreds of wide-mouthed cannon growled; and the feeding lines of shouting struggling men were so awfully decimated on a Saturday and Sunday of forty-nine or fifty years ago that Chickamauga became known in history as the bloodiest battle of modern times. In less than sixteen hours of real fighting the casualities on both sides reached the fearful total of 33,000 in killed and wounded! Judged by percentage, says General John B. Gordon, this nearly doubled the sanguinary records of Marengo and Austerlitz; was two and a half times heavier than that sustained by Marlborough at Malplaquet; more than double that suffered by the army under Henry of Navarre in the awful slaughter at Coutras; three times as heavy as the percentage of loss at Solferino; five times greater than that of Napolean at Wagram; and in this American battle thousands fell on both sides fighting at such close quarters that at times their faces were burnt by blazing powder at the very muzzles of the guns! Looking back on it now, those few hours so crowded with death and glory seem to have flown at lightning speed, but when they dragged endlessly, held in check, as it were, by myriad pitiless demands for help which none could give. And the curious result of that most terrible battle of the Civil War was this: Rosecrans, thanks to Thomas, held Chattanooga, the objective of the struggle, while Bragg was victor of a barren field.

Before going into this battle we must first bring the Regiment out of McLemore's Cove, which, at the time, was a rather difficult undertaking, as the reassembling of his three corps by Rosecrans was a tactical proceeding that even the

Sergt. John E. Vreeland, Co. A.

Wm. H. Christian, Co. K.

Col. H. S. Dietrich, Co. A.

privates could not make heads or tails of for quite a little while. The Commander of our army was detained in the valley two days longer than there was any need of—McCook took four or five days to do what he should have done in two—and Rosecrans had not concentrated his forces until the eighteenth of September. This allowed time for Bragg to receive another heavy reinforcement. Now from the Army of the Potomac, Longstreet's two divisions, nine brigades in all, and counting no fewer than eight or nine thousand real fighters. On the Seventeenth the Regiment moved at noon, marched seven or eight miles, then bivouacked near Crawfish Spring. Next day we did not move until four P. M., and then, after some marching here and there, returned to bivouac about a quarter of a mile from whence we had started.

By this time both armies were in Chickamauga Valley, ours on the West side of the river, the Confederates on the East side. Undoubtedly the surviving boys of the Nineteenth will remember that there were once such places as Widow Glenn's, the old Ross House, Snodgrass Hill, the Lafayette road, Crawfish Spring—half a dozen more places which we were fated to see during those few days in September. The only roads to Chattanooga and our communications lay through McFarland and Rossville Gaps, in Missionary Ridge—memorable ridge, as we shall come to know in another chapter—and for hours and hours the troops were marched through a darkness so thick that one could almost cut it, until we had taken position in line of battle for the morrow. Thomas was placed on the Union left, and he was told that he should be properly reinforced if it took all the rest of the army to do it; McCook was on the Right, and Crittenden in reserve, so to speak. Rosecrans was able to bring into the action about 60,000 men and Bragg had at least 10,000 more; then followed one of the greatest combats re-

corded in history. In it the losses in killed, wounded and missing amounted to the awful total of nearly 33,000, or about one in every four engaged!

Words could never convey an adequate picture of the almost countless assaults and repulses, the daring courage, the grim grapples in hand to hand collisions, the unparalleled slaughter and agony of those few hours of battle half a century ago. The valor displayed on both sides was never surpassed in civilized or barbaric warfare. It was a combat of the Brave against the Brave, quite sufficient to immortalize every soldier who fought at Chickamauga. The Confederate General Hindman, in his report, and speaking of the struggle on the second day, says: "I have never known Federal troops to fight so well. It is just to say also, that I never saw Confederate soldiers fight better." The Nineteenth Illinois, on this great occasion, was in the Second Brigade, Second (Negley's) Division, Fourteenth Army Corps, George H. Thomas commanding. With us in the Brigade were the Eleventh Michigan, the Eighteenth Ohio, and Battery M, First Ohio Light Artillery. The First Brigade of our Division was commanded by Brigadier-General John Beatty, and with him were our dear old friends of Company G, now Bridges' Battery, of great renown. The Third Division was that of Brigadier General John M. Brannan, while the Fourth was under Major General Joseph J. Reynolds, and one of his brigades was led by Brigadier General John B. Turchin, our first and ever beloved Colonel, the famous Russian soldier. The total casualties of the Fourteenth Corps alone during those two days were more than 9,000.

During the first day Negley's Division did not participate until late in the afternoon, when, moving from Widow Glenn's house to the front, it met a portion of the Confederate force which broke between Davis and Van Cleve's

Divisions, and drove them back, the Nineteenth participating in the sharp melee, after which we took position and remained on our arms all night. The morning of September 20, about 7 A. M., according to the Regimental returns furnished by Comrade Young, we moved to the left for two miles or so, and then, with the Brigade, went into action about 10 A. M. "Charging across a field we drove the enemy in great disorder through the woods nearly half a mile, capturing Brigadier General Adams of the Confederate Army, and a number of his men, Adams surrendering to Captain Pres. Guthrie, of Company K. The enemy being heavily reinforced, then opened on us with a battery loaded with grape and cannister, and, being without support, we retired slowly, in good order, the Confederates following closely for some distance. When the brigade was reformed, we moved to the crest of Snodgrass Hill, where we were constantly engaged with the foe from about noon till nearly 7 P. M., under a most terrific fire. At about four o'clock Gracie's Brigade of Buckner's Corps charged upon us with desperate energy, but were driven back with heavy loss, and after making several furious attempts upon our position, during which they at one time planted their colors within a hundred yards of our own, they were driven down the hill by the determined valor of our men. Twice our brigade exhausted its supply of ammunition, but was supplied, once by Beatty's force, the second time from the cartridge boxes of the killed and wounded. The ammunition of the prisoners taken on the hill was also used in its defence. The enemy finally abandoned the attempt to dislodge us, having sustained a tremendous loss in killed and wounded, also many prisoners. At about eight o'clock in the evening, after the enemy's fire had ceased for more than an hour, the Regiment, with the other troops, retired from the field, silently and in good order, marched down the road toward Chattanooga, and bivouacked

about eleven P. M. at Rossville. The Twenty-first we moved at 6 A. M., marched about a mile, then took position on the top of a hill, where we remained until nearly midnight, when we quietly withdrew, marched to Chattanooga, a distance of five miles, reaching that city at three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-second, and bivouacked for the rest of the night."

Now that would be but scant account of the Nineteenth's participation in the greatest battle of the war if we left it there; fortunately, however, we are able to give much fuller details of its doings at Chickamauga. It must be remembered that our Regiment was in Stanley's brigade, Negley's Division, Thomas' Fourteenth Corps. History says that during the night of September 19, Bragg brought all his infantry across the river, or creek, placed Longstreet on his Left, and Polk on his Right, and soon after nine o'clock on Sunday morning, the twentieth, he attacked vigorously. Thomas held his own as sturdily as before, but was obliged to call for reinforcements, whereupon Rosecrans weakened his right to support him. Then a catastrophe occurred which really gave the battle to the enemy.

Near the center of our line where the shock of combat had not yet arrived three divisions were posted in zigzag fashion. The first of these was Reynold's Division; next on the right was Brannan's, considerably refused to the right and hidden among the trees; next was Wood's Division, nearly at right angles to that of Brannan. Through some misunderstanding Rosecrans heard there was a gap in his line and he sent an Aide-de-Camp to order Wood to close up on Reynold's as fast as possible and support the latter. If he had said, "Close up on Brannan," all would have gone well; for how could Wood close up on Reynold's when there was Brannan's entire division between them? Wood knew he could not close up on Reynold's, but he might support him by passing

around Brannan's rear, and this was what he did, thus leaving a great empty space in the middle of the battle front. Just at that moment Longstreet received orders to attack our force, and as he at once discovered this gap in our lines he poured into it several of his brigades, one after another, an overwhelming mass. The whole right wing thus taken on its flank, was swept off the field in utter and hopeless rout. Rosecrans himself was caught in the fleeing throng and whirled away, and so were McCook and Crittenden. The cannon of the right were now nearly all in the hands of the enemy, and more than half the Union army in full flight. Fortunately, however, it was not the right wing that held the key of the position. Over on the left Thomas was holding that key, and if he lost it the Army of the Cumberland would be annihilated; Chattanooga would be lost, and the Confederates, flushed with a victory compared to which even Chancellorsville was nothing, would in a few weeks plant their batteries before Nashville, perhaps before Cincinnati. Such was the issue which rested that afternoon upon the shoulders of one man. It was a crisis scarcely less terrible than that of Gettysburg. But the occasion was never found to which George H. Thomas proved unequal. The more disasters thickened about him, the more grandly did he defy them.*

The extent of the disaster on the Right was first revealed to Thomas by the appalling sight of great masses of the foe coming toward his flank instead of the reinforcements which he had been calling for. About half a mile in his rear was a curved elevation over which ran the Rossville road, the goal of the enemy's efforts. It was a rocky hillock rising steeply from the lower level before Rossville Gap, the only opening of any importance through the mountains back to Chattanooga, aud this height bears in history the names both

*John Fiske.

of Snodgrass Hill and Horseshoe Ridge. To this ridge we fell back, and there, on its most favorable points, Thomas planted his artillery and placed his infantry. There some 16,000 Union soldiers were pitted against more than 28,000 Confederates, mad with desire to clutch the prize of war. For six terrible hours, our numbers lessening momentarily till half the Corps was stretched dead or wounded on the ground, we stood at bay, while in the midst of this fearful carnage our beloved Commander rode to and fro infusing his men with his own great spirit, inspiring them with his heroic grandeur. Is it to be wondered at that those few thousand Boys in Blue should have so nobly helped to add the grand title of "Rock of Chickamauga" to that of "Old Pap" with which we already honored Thomas?

"Again to the battle, Achians!" which rages loud and long, and where bullets, shells, and cannister are as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." Just beyond us, so close that we can almost hear their very words, and indeed we can their yelling, are the "Johnnies" under famous Longstreet, from the Army of the Potomac, firing as they advance in serried columns on our position. "Give them one more volley, boys, then lend a hand to yonder battery," some officer calls out, and the response is immediate, though we can't help thinking: Wasn't death near enough already? Wasn't there never to be any let up to this thing? Never to be God's Country for us any more? Were all the loved ones back yonder gone forever? No time for thinking now. Get to work! And we knelt to fire. Then a forward spring toward those cannon. Boom, boom! here; boom, boom! yonder—both sides firing at point blank range. Jets of blazing powder jump down and scorch the earth round about. Look at those yelling Rebs—how they keep coming on! There's more than a million of them, if there's a hundred! Every man is by now a perfect

Kelly House and Field, Chickamauga.

machine. Him not to think, but to obey, to cling to his gun, and to aim low. Bullets splash red mud—the earth had been made mire by human blood—into our faces, still we do not wince. Bullets, fragments of shell, grape, and cannister, sing over and around, louder than songs of Southern katydids, but no one dodges. What's the use? There goes a comrade down—and there's another! See that fellow keel over as he aims! And the cannoneers—why, there's hardly enough of them left to fire the guns still standing! Ah! that's the third artilleryman to fall since the Captain spoke. The ground shakes and trembles; the roar shuts out all sounds from other parts of the line—if there is any left of it. If there is an Army of the Cumberland anywhere! Shells are shrieking, and cannister are cutting swaths of humans in the kneeling rows. Splinters off rocks are flying dangerously; the blood-soaked earth is being dug up in chunks by ripping balls. If one had time to indulge in such a thing, one might think a tornado howling over the battlefield.

Again the foe comes on in renewed assault; they come so swiftly that we can hardly count their volleying. The reports of their guns and our own are blended in a dirge of destruction, and the smoke of musketry and of cannon is so thickly spread over and about us that we can hardly see aught save those who are next to us. The shriek of shell is the wickedest sound of battle, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like demoniac, purring, whistling grapeshot and the serpent-hiss of cannister. Men's legs are torn from bodies, and bodies are cut in two. A shell takes, at most, only two or three men out of the ranks as it hits, but grape or cannister mows down part of a platoon and piles the dead and wounded on top of one another. Through the thick smoke suddenly we see a swarm of men in Gray, not in battle-line, but an on-coming mass of soldiers bent on burying their bullets into resisting flesh. Cannon flash on them, and we

volley into them our best compliments of welcome, amidst the screams of the dying as they advance. Brave men, those, by all the gods of war! But it takes brave men to withstand their charge. See! they are almost upon us. "Charge bayonets!" why certainly—here goes. All together—there was never another brigade that could do the volley and charge so well as ours—bayonets lunging in fierce thrust, metallic sparks flying as though from flints; and then, the front is a wild scene of fast disappearing masses of Gray seeking safety in sudden flight, leaving Mother Earth blackened and bloody. Soldiers have been slain so mercilessly that the ground is so thickly strewn with the dead and dying one cannot help stepping on them for a score and more of yards; aye, for half a hundred, in every direction—except toward the rear.

The issue of the contest is still hanging in the balance, however; for the foe, strongly reinforced, renews the attack again and again, and we have no help to call upon. Hold the position until night comes on, is the unspoken slogan which beats in every Union soldier's breast. Joshua, in his great battle against the kings of the Amorites, bade the sun stand still; we pray that it may soon descend, and let darkness not only shut out the awful scene, but give us a few minutes in which to gasp for breath once more. Slowly but surely that darkness draws near, yet the rage of strife still prevails. Assault after assault is made on us by a heroic foe, and assault after assault is hurled back by heroes who hold the ridge. The sharper the attack the more determined the defence; and meanwhile the atmosphere is full of death. The melancholy rays of a setting sun are now shining a blurred farewell on the scene, but anxiety as to the issue of the struggle is far from settled. Will the combat cease with darkness, or will Longstreet continue it with night assaults? It is clear that the enemy are as exhausted in body and

resources as ourselves, still none knows what those Confederates may do, and so we wonder as we fight on. At last their whole line—what is left of it—comes dashing upon us in rage and fury, firing as they advance, and giving that yell of theirs. With boyonets and clubbed muskets we meet them in fierce resistance. Knowing what yielding means, the Boys in Blue stand to it, nor yield a single foot of it, but see to it that the guns and swords of those in Gray shall fade away in the gloom, so that before us and half way round us all is quiet save for the groaning and the sighs and the prayers of the wounded stretched over the hills and fields bordering the "River of Death," as Indians of long ago named the historic stream.

And throughout these long and fearful hours it has been not only patriotism and loyalty, but an *esprit de corps* which held us firm. It was thus we came to be the pride and the boast of modern soldiers, the admired and beloved of our friends and fellow citizens, from the President down to the humblest person in the Northland. And it was the last time the army then commanded by Bragg, afterward by Johnston and Hood, ever advanced, in battle array, upon the Fourteenth Army Corps while the Nineteenth Illinois was a part of that incomparable organization.

Comrade J. W. King, whose regiment, the Eleventh Michigan, was in our brigade, wrote some time afterward to the new Zouave Gazette of that second day's battling as follows: "Sunday, September 20, broke clear and crisp over the heads of the impatient combatants. Before daylight the men of Stanley's Brigade were awake and in line eating their morning meal of crackers and raw bacon. It was understood Rosecrans did not care to begin aggressive movements on account of its being the Lord's day, and as the morning wore away it seemed that Bragg was of the same mind. But the calm was only a forerunner of the awful

tempest of battle which broke when Polk, the Bishop General, made his onslaught against the Left of Thomas' line, with a view to getting possession of the Lafayette road, and thus prevent Rosecrans reaching Chattanooga. Hard-pressed by overwhelming numbers, and being somewhat driven, Thomas was calling on the Commanding General for reinforcements, whereupon, about nine o'clock, Negley's division was ordered to his assistance. The Second Brigade withdrew from the line and had proceeded toward the Left about forty rods when it was discovered that the enemy was pushing a strong column in to the space we had made vacant, so the command to about face and charge at double-quick was given. It was at once evident to the men that the race was on for the barricade which had been protecting us; but it was the Confederates who were driven away in confusion and with considerable loss. Then the brigade started again to the help of Thomas. We marched at quick time for about a mile and a quarter along the rear of the line of battle, and meanwhile the combat was raging furiously. On reaching the left of Baird's Division, behind breastworks and fighting desperately, our Brigade formed in line at the edge of the woods at the North end of Kelley's field, at right angle to the general line of battle, facing the North. In front was a dense thicket of underbrush and small saplings; but to more effectively screen our position bushes were hastily cut and piled in front of the brigade. This gave the men lying behind the screen a clear view into the open woods in front, while they themselves were not visible to those advancing upon us. General John Beatty now came up with a fragment of his brigade and formed on the right, thus extending the line across the Lafayette road.

"The enemy were driving the skirmishers in swiftly, yelling as they came. When within two or three rods of our brigade line the regimental Flags were raised suddenly, a

sheet of flame went from the muzzles of our guns, and a windrow of dead and wounded Confederates lay on the ground. Those who were not injured fled to the rear in in wildest confusion. Our brigade pursued them over sixty rods, across the McDonald field, capturing many prisoners. While this charge was being made Thomas was re-establishing his line in a new position; and our brigade had barely reached the McDonald clearing when we were ordered to fall back to the right and rear. We had proceeded only a short distance when Stoxall's brigade of Breckenridge's Division opened a heavy fire on our left flank from the direction of the Lafayette road. Immediately we changed front, facing East, and a terrific fire was kept up for some time, the contending forces moving slowly to the South, with the enemy evidently trying to outflank our brigade. But on reaching a point in the woods West of the North end of Kelley's field, and about due East of the Snodgrass house, the enemy disapppeared. It was here that the gallant and genial soldier, Lieutenant "Billy" Bishop, of Bridges' Battery, gave up his precious life.

"On the disappearance of the foe in front, the brigade again faced by the rear rank, and marching in a westerly direction reached Snodgrass Hill at noon time. At this moment the advance of Law's Division was ascending the hill from the Poe and Dyer fields, and a contest for the heights ensued, which is set down in history as one of the most desperate and determined struggles that occurred during the Civil War. Colonel Stanley had been wounded in the shoulder, and command of the brigade now devolved upon Colonel Stoughton of the Eleventh Michigan. After the first repulse of the enemy the lines of the brigade were reformed, the Eleventh taking position along the ridge from Smith's Fourth United States Battery to the right, the Nineteenth Illinois on the right of the Eleventh and extending up the hill to an elbow or spur. The Eighteenth Ohio was posted as support to a

section of Smith's Battery near the Snodgrass house. The two regiments in line hastily got together all the rails, logs, and rocks which could be obtained and constructed a slight barricade from behind which we awaited the coming one slaught. The contest was unequal, for it was sustained on the Union side by these two regiments, containing not more than five hundred and fifty men, assisted by about on-hundred other soldiers belonging to various battalions, and who were posted on the right of the Nineteenth. Small detachments from the Eighteenth Ohio were sent to us in the hardest pinch, but the total number at any time did not exceed six hundred and fifty men holding their own against quite fifteen hundred, perhaps two thousand, Confederates. Then Steedman's Division of Stanley's Reserve Corps came up and these, with Vanderveer's Brigade reached the hill just as the rebel divisions of Johnson, Preston, Hindman, Law, and Kershaw had begun a fierce assault along the whole Union line. There were charges and counter-charges, but the enemy held his ground until six o'clock; rallying every man that could be got, we dashed forward with a cheer upon the Confederates. Their flags went down, their line broke, and they fell back from the field. Our ammunition became exhausted during the fight and every cartridge that could be found on the bodies of the killed and wounded was distributed among the men. About eight o'clock orders came to retire, the brigade was quietly formed, and we marched in good order to Rossville."

There can be no disputing of the fact that Negley's Brigades were all in the line which held Horseshoe Ridge against the fighting "Johnnies" that day. One was in the Gap, on the Ringgold Road, and two were on the summit and side of the ridge to the right and adjoining our brigade. Thomas says so in his official report of that brilliant defense, and no man knew so well as he. And in that report one may

read these words: "Brigadier General John Beatty and Colonel T. R. Stanley, commanding brigades of Negley's Division, bravely supported Baird's left on Sunday." The obstinate maintenance of the ridge on the right until after sunset had brought ours and Beatty's brigade into close company, and most certainly both did their share in saving Rosecran's army from total rout.

Never was a higher heroism displayed than on that portion of the field, and in naming some of those who fought near or under him, Beatty especially mentions Lieutenant Colonel Alexander W. Raffen, of the Nineteenth Illinois, as among "men who deserve the gratitude of the Nation for an exhibition on this occasion of determined courage which is unsurpassed in the history of the Rebellion." And Stanley, brigade commander until he was wounded, says in his official report that "Raffen's Regiment was ever in the hottest of the fight." And General Alexander, Longstreet's Chief of Artillery, in his admirable book, "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," says: "The bayonet was sometimes used, and men were killed with clubbed muskets. This was kept up from two to six P. M., during which time the infantry fire was incessant and tremendous." And Negley, writing to General Hunter at Washington, after calling his attention to the fact that over seven hundred of his men were left on this sanguinary field, says: "The enemy counts not the battle-grimed, bullet-torn standards of the Second Division among its trophies, but remembers with grief its splendid discipline and glorious charges."

Long after the battle Captain James G. Campbell, of Company F, Nineteenth Illinois, wrote for the Zouave Gazette the following spirited account of the part taken by our Regiment as he remembered it, in that awful engagement: "It was Sunday forenoon, the twentieth of September, that the Regiment, with others of our brigade—commanded by

Colonel Stanley—was taken from its position and ordered to the extreme left. General Rosecrans rode past, and, giving some instructions, ordered the three regiments to be formed in double column. The fight was raging in front, which was thickly wooded, so that the line of battle was hid from us, although the sound of it was painfully distinct. Shells were falling thickly, striking where we formed, plowing the ground, throwing up dirt and stone, sometimes crashing into fences and sending splinters everywhere. Straggling lines of wounded men were emerging from the woods in front by various paths. We continued our march toward the left, rushing forward, although it was difficult to tell just where we were. Then, still in the same formation of double column, we were halted and ordered to lie down, and were at once under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy. The shells and balls were crashing through the trees, also over and around us, and with nothing to do but hug the ground the situation was far from comfortable. Getting tired of a prostrate position, also becoming careless, and wishing to see anything that might be seen, I sat up. Just then Corporal Boyer of my company raised himself on his hand and arm, looked over my shoulder,and, seeing me sitting there, smiled and nodded pleasantly. Before lying down again he shook his head, still smiling—I had almost said sweetly, for, with the noblest manly courage, he had the soft beauty of a girl. The shake of the head and the smile seemed to say, 'This place is unhealthy, but what do we care.' That was his last nod and smile to me, probably the last of all.

"The cannonade slackened, then ceased. Our columns were deployed and we were advancing in line to where the ground was more open. The regiments on our right and left were thrown in advance of us on either side about fifty to one hundred yards, but we were under a heavy fire of musketry. The musket balls like bumble bees went singing

Snodgrass House, Chickamauga.

by, with an occasional patter and spat as they found a mark on human flesh. Now and again a subdued exclamation of pain was heard. The singing of those bumble bees was more trying to the nerves than the crash of the artillery to which we had just been exposed. The firing line of the enemy was advancing on us steadily. Regiments on our flanks seemed to be engaged; and then the foe was upon us, their colors flying gaily, their line firm and unbroken, firing by files as they advanced, and in the intervals the puffs of their guns were plainly seen. In an instant the eye took in the whole situation. Instinctively every musket in our regiment was brought to the position of aim, and the next command, unmilitary and informal, but emphatic, was 'Boys, give it to them!' At the word a sheet of fire and rain of lead burst in the face of the oncoming enemy. The next command was also informal. 'Forward!' and with a yell, the Nineteenth was through and beyond the smoke of their own discharge, beyond the line of the wounded and dying of the Confederates, mingling now with the fugitives. The line but a moment ago advancing so strong and so bravely, is utterly broken; and the pursued who are outstripped in the race fall to our rear as prisoners of war.

"At such a time it is difficult to preserve anything like organization. There are some anxious and able to advance rapidly, while others are neither anxious nor able, and, between the two extremes there are all grades of celerity. In the scattered condition produced by these causes, the Nineteenth, with portions of the other two regiments that had also joined in the pursuit, was scattered over a quarter of a mile through open woods, the advance getting as far as an open field. In it, on the top of a ridge, and about three hundred yards off, was a rebel battery—guns silent and apparently deserted. Some of the boldest spirits wanted to charge the guns and capture them, as only a handful

of men could be seen there; but indications showed that a force was concealed behind those cannon, and the more cautious, fearing a trap, discouraged the attempt. While we yet wavered those guns suddenly began to belch rounds of cannister on us. We at once fell back into the woods, missiles of death swiftly following us, crushing after and past us, but there was no excitement, for that of seeming victory had spent itself. Now the pulse was toned down and regular. A musket ball might have singed one's cheek without causing a deflection of the head; a shell might have burst within a few feet without producing perceptible change or gait or direction, if perchance the man was unhurt.

"About midway between the place where the charge began and where the advance pursuers halted, our Colors were planted, and the Regiment was reformed, a work of some difficulty, especially as a fresh line of Rebel Infantry began to advance on us from our left front. We seem to have had orders to retire; how they came or from whom was not apparent, and in some disorder, but without panic, we fell back; the Color-bearers becoming separated, one part of our Regiment rallied by the State flag, while another rallied on the National flag; both parts were shortly afterward reunited on the left of the ridge where Thomas made his final stand the afternoon of that second day of hard fighting. Our Regiment, as with all the regiments which were gathered there, was sadly reduced in numbers, many having fallen—killed or wounded.

"A mere boy, who did not seem to be more than fifteen years of age, of what regiment or State I cannot now tell, came to my company and taking his place in the ranks, said: 'Captain, I have lost my own regiment, may I not stay and fight with yours?' The slight, slim youth was received with a smile, while a thought flashed back to 'God's country,' and I wondered if some fond mother there, with continually

ebbing and flowing hopes and fears, was not waiting for tidings of her darling soldier boy. We were placed in support of a battery on the left of the ridge which was firing at masses of the enemy dimly visible off in the woods, but there were unseen enemies nearer who were picking off the gunners and our men, and suddenly I heard the stranger exclaim: 'They have shot me!' laying a peculiar emphasis on the *me*, as if he had thought that could hardly be possible. How badlly he was wounded I never knew; but it made my heart ache to think that the dear young chap had to be left, perhaps to die without a hand to help or voice to soothe, while friends and relatives would have felt it a never ending source of satisfaction could that have diminished his sufferings.

"This was where General Thomas made his final stand on that hard-fought field. The Right and Center of the army were scattered and broken, and Rosecrans himself, with the fragments, was borne away towards Chattanooga; but Thomas, like a rock, stood in front of the advancing foe. Every man with him was a soldier tried and true, and Bragg dared not to pass in pursuit of the fugitive and broken masses for Thomas would have fallen at once on his flank and rear. The enemy dared not advance too far without first crushing our line, and time and again they made that effort, but were as often driven back. The September sun was getting low, there was a lull in the battle, the Confederates were organized for the last desperate assault. On the Union side anxious eyes were cast at the sun, and the silent prayer of those tried and worn soldiers was like to Wellington's 'God send night, or Blucher!' and, as if in answer to that prayer, away down the valley on the left the sheen of arms in the declining light is seen. Eyes are strained in that direction and moving masses of blue begin to be discerned dimly. Nobly they come on; a thin line of skirmishers is seen in front; and grand the columns move as if on parade. The word is passed

'It is Burnside from Knoxville!' and a wild shout of welcome bursts from these heroes on the hill; and away off yonder in the valley the waving of the Colors seem to give answer to our huzzas.

"Realizing that at last a strong effort must be made to overwhelm his stubborn foe before these reinforcements arrived, the Confederates dashed fiercely forward, and our wearied men, with ammunition almost gone, braced themselves for the terrible onslaught. Officers are busy distributing cartridges, taking from those who can spare and giving to them who need, Bragg's force now presses against our whole front and overlaps our flanks. There is a loud and incessant booming of artillery and rattle of musketry. Our line bends and sways as parts are driven in by the enemy, who in turn are driven back. There is a long hollow or ravine leading up into about the center of our position and masses of the foe are pushed through it. The Union soldiers there are breaking and the enemy are pouring into the gap, when those reinforcements under Granger—it was he, not Burnside, who had come to the aid of Thomas—were thrown into the gap and nobly they did their work. Even yet I seem to hear the awful crash of arms as they stem that inflowing tide of Rebel hosts and send it rolling back upon itself. For a time, I cannot tell how long, for every instant was crowded with events, the tide of war broke and gathered along that wooded though open ridge. Union Flag and Southern cross nodded defiance, so close sometimes that the staffs if extended could almost touch. On the extreme left Rebels are working around to our rear; a flank fire is opened on us, and the Boys in Blue are sullenly giving away, but only a short distance, however. They turn and stand at bay again. A little band—I think it was an Ohio regiment—makes a charge on our left, bearing the National Flag in front. The Colors of the Nineteenth are seized by an

officer, and he, with the Ohio Color bearer, dash to where the Confederate colors stand; and to these sudden movements there is immediate response by our regiment. For an instant Confederate and Union standards might have mingled folds, but for an instant only, as the awful suspense is quickly over. The balance so evenly poised is turned. The enemy's flag is lowered in haste and rapidly but bravely carried away; but not all its defenders go with it, for thickly are strewn the wounded and the dead. We heard that these were Longstreet's men; indeed the wounded told us so; and this we knew, that they had made a desperate charge and a most determined stand.

"Along the whole line the Confederates have now retired, and it may be said that the fight is over. The sun is down and darkness is gathering. The soldier is hungry and weary. He has perhaps an empty haversack, but he would fain lay down and sleep. Yes, sleep, although still under the guns of his enemy and among the dead and the dying. We know not yet that our army is shattered; we know not that the Right and Center are broken and are miles away in Chattanooga. We think of renewing in the morning the fight with these obstinate 'Johnnie Rebs' and driving them farther down into Dixie, as we did at Murfreesboro, and on other fields where, like now, the rebel onslaught had been fierce for the Union host to bear, yet in the end Northern determination had proved too much for Southern bravery. But dark suspicion crosses the mind when we see our cannon with muffled wheels begin moving in silence to the rear and when, soon afterwards, the word is passed softly and low 'Fall in quietly.' The lines fall off away from the enemy and orders are given to let no man leave the ranks on any excuse, and to carry every comrade along who is able to travel, without regard to company, regiment, or arm of service. Wearily and silently, but steadily, the shattered

and mixed columns march for Rossville Gap, and before midnight our stopping place is reached. There, between the ridges of what seemed to be a cornfield (the ground is stripped and bare) we find sweet, refreshing rest, and sleep and dream of love and home."

Early on the morning of February 21, General Forrest made a reconnaissance in the direction of Rossville, but was checked and driven off; he then reported that a large part of the Union force was stationed at the Gap, that the road to Chattanooga was covered with fugitives, and he urged immediate pursuit, exclaiming that "every hour is worth a thousand men." But Bragg made no general forward movement; and that night Thomas marched safely into Chattanooga. A few days later when Bragg advanced he found the town already so strongly fortified that he considered it most imprudent to make an assault on our position but drew an armed line around it, then sat down to starve us out.

Comrade John Young, of Company E, was Lieutenant in command of Company C at Chickamauga. The second day he was seriously wounded, and, in the language of Bret Harte, the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. But he has communicated some of his recollections as follows:

"The most severe ordeal in a soldier's experience is not always met in the stirring operations of a sharp engagement. The excitement and active duties imposed in action do not give time for reflection. The incident which follows was to me the most trying of all that occurred during this campaign. I was in command of Company C during the Battle of Chickamauga. My comrades will remember that after the fierce engagement of Saturday, September 19, 1863, the Regiment was ordered further to the left; and early in the evening we pushed into position in open timber, after severe

skirmishing, which continued till a late hour. Here we bivouacked for the night. Soon after daylight next morning I was ordered with my company to relieve Company D on the skirmish line. There was a slight ridge on our front, the skirmish or picket line being posted so we could not see over or beyond the elevation. Soon after taking position, Adjutant Bangs came to inform me that the Regiment was ordered to withdraw from the line held during the night, but I was to hold the skirmish line till driven in, or relieved. There were no troops in sight on our right, and, as I recollect, the line on our left was some distance off.

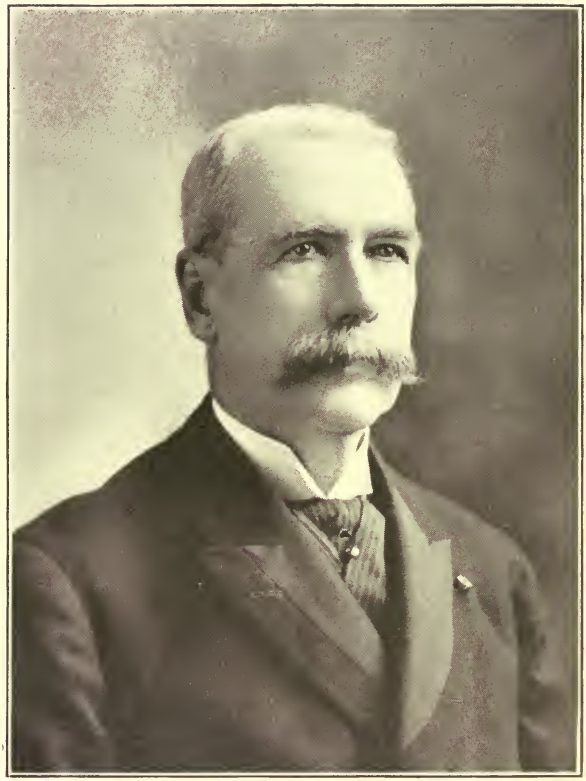
"Shortly after the Regiment retired the Rebels moved a large force immediately in our front. The intervening ridge and timber on the other side prevented our seeing them. The battle of Sunday had not yet opened, and an oppressive stillness was over everything. We were suddenly startled by ringing words of command being given to the Rebel force opposite; every order came clear and distinct over the ridge, we could hear the rattle of their accoutrements as they moved into position. We expected them every moment to appear over the elevation. It seemed a hopeless task to attempt resistance to such a force as we knew were near, and especially so when all our supports had been withdrawn; with no troops in sight to retire on. I looked along the thin blue line; every man was in position, covered by such protection as only veteran soldiers could make available when on the skirmish line. The suspense was intense; the strain more trying than in the heavy fighting which soon followed.

"For some reason the enemy did not advance, and presently we were gladdened at the approach of a brigade of Michigan troops who formed on our right; a little later still more pleased when Adjutant Bangs rode up and gave orders to withdraw the skirmishers, telling me at the

same time where to rejoin the Regiment. This move was accomplished without loss, and after a short march we were again with our comrades. In the meantime, the great battle of Sunday had opened on the Left, and, like a great wave, it surged along with indescribable fierceness until our position was reached. Soon thereafter we were hotly engaged, following up the advantage gained by charging the enemy's line, which move resulted in the capture of the Rebel General Adams, with a large portion of his brigade. Company C went into action that morning with thirty-two muskets. In the charge referred to it lost in killed and wounded sixteen men. A little later, when in front of our line observing the movements of a large force crossing our front, but some distance off, I, myself, was wounded, thus ending my participation in this, one of the greatest and most fiercely contested battles of modern times."

Captain David F. Bremner commanding Company E—no man among the survivors of our Regiment knows more, perhaps none so much, about this battle as he—writes as follows:

"Stanley's Brigade was moved from its position in line, by order of General Negley, between nine and ten o'clock on Sunday morning, to the left and went into action near Kelley's field, reinforcing and supporting General Beatty's Brigade, then heavily engaged with the Confederates. Immediately on coming into line we went into action, driving Adam's Brigade back in confusion, the General and his staff falling into the hands of the Nineteenth. Being reinforced, the enemy renewed the attack, and our Brigade was compelled to yield, which it did slowly, halting at intervals, while presenting a good front to the foe, until it took position next to some log buildings on the brow of Snodgrass Hill, near the Rossville Road. The Confederates soon began a fierce and determined assault upon this position, defended, as it



Lieut. John Young, Co. E.

was, by part of Battery I, Fourth United States Artillery, Lieutenant Smith commanding, which did its duty well, supported by our Brigade, and scattered fragments from the Eighty-second Indiana, Tenth and Fourth Kentucky, and Fourteenth Ohio regiments.

"It was here that Colonel Stanley was wounded, whereupon command of our Brigade devolved on Colonel Stoughton of the Eleventh Michigan, who says in his official report: 'I advanced my command about fifty yards and drove the enemy from our immediate front.' The Brigade was then moved West to the Snodgrass house, and, passing in the rear of it, advanced to the hill south of the house, arriving there in time to join in repulsing an attack then being made. The regiments were then placed—the Nineteenth Illinois on the right, the Eleventh Michigan on the left—along the crest of the hill, where they constructed rude breastworks. It was, " continues Captain Bremner, "the only organized brigade on that part of the hill, although many men and officers from other regiments which had fallen back joined in and did noble service during the entire afternoon—every attempt to take the hill and every attack was repulsed. The assault by the rebels between four and five o'clock was most desperate. The foe succeeding in forcing back a part of the left of the Nineteenth and the right of the Eleventh, advancing to the rail breastworks. There was no confusion in the ranks of the troops forced back, however, nor did they retire over one hundred and fifty feet. The Eighteenth Ohio immediately advanced, and with its help we soon regained the line, which the Confederates had held not to exceed twenty minutes, if that long. Nor did they at any time advance beyond the rails.

"We maintained this recovered position until after dark, and there we repulsed all the numerous assaults made by the enemy. Lieutenant Smith's battery was on our left

and Harker's Brigade on the left of the artillery. After some little time a volley passed over us from the right, whereupon Colonel Raffen instructed Captain Campbell to go over and warn whoever it was, that they were firing on their friends. Our men also called out loudly for them to cease firing on friends, and only the one volley was fired. Captain Campbell speedily returned and reported that the enemy was in possession of that point. The moon which had been shining, had now set, and everything was dark when orders came to retire. I could not say of my own personal knowledge at what hour we left, as I did not consult my watch; but from the time the volley passed over our heads there was no more firing along the ridge, nor was there any as we retired. The monthly report of the Nineteenth Illinois says that 'about eight o'clock P. M., after the enemy's fire had ceased for more than an hour, the Regiment retired from the hills with the other troops, silently and in good order, and bivouacked at Rossville at eleven P. M.'

"The Battle of Chickamauga successfully closed General Rosecran's campaign for the capture of Chattanooga. I say successfully, because it was the objective of the campaign, and the Confederates were defeated in every attempt to drive back Rosecrans and prevent the concentration of his army at Chattanooga. True, they gained a barren victory on the bloody field of Chickamauga. Bragg never would have fought there had he not hoped to drive back the Army of the Cumberland, and inasmuch as he failed to do this, he was defeated. Rosecrans took and held the city, and at no time after did Bragg dare risk an assault. The Nineteenth Illinois did its full share of hard work in that bloody field, and, with our comrades of Stanley's Brigade, held its position upon Snodgrass Hill against all attacks made by the flower of Bragg's army till night closed the struggle; and our Brigade claims the honor of being the last command to leave

the ridge. Next day, at Rossville, it was again in line; it repulsed a vigorous attack of the enemy, and held the gap; in the early morning of September 22 it reached Chattanooga. Tired and worn out, but still full of grit and fight, the men bivouacked in front of what was later called Fort Negley. In all my experience with the Regiment, I was never so completely used up, and I am sure every one in it was the same."

In the Regimental Report for September already referred to, and which is dated at Chattanooga, October 6, we find only two hundred and sixty-two officers and enlisted men present for duty. It is certain that a few of these, perhaps a dozen, had rejoined the Regiment from an absence in the North, hence it is clear that the Nineteenth lost, in killed, wounded and missing, an average of one man in every three and a half of its entire force in the great Battle of Chickamauga. This was the first engagement in which our old comrades of Company G fought as a battery, and they covered themselves with signal renown. They fully maintained the standard of excellence and courage which their old Regiment had held from the start, and every soldier in the Nineteenth was "glad all over" when he heard of the gallantry and bravery that Bridges' Battery had displayed at Chickamauga. It was there that young Ferris fell with sponge-staff in hand, nobly doing his duty at his gun; and it was there that Lieutenant "Billy" Bishop was killed with his battery boys. In his death every man in the Nineteenth mourned the loss of a once beloved comrade.

CHAPTER VII.

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CHAPTER VII.

Military history contains many a page descriptive of brilliant charges, but since organized armies first began to hurl themselves against each other in determined rushes there was never another such magnificent onslaught as that which is to be described in this chapter. MacDonald's charge with 15,000 men at Wagram, and which gained for him the honor of Duke in Napoleon's Empire, was over easy ground, while that of Pickett at Gettysburg was made across nearly level fields. But the one we are about to witness will be the onset of 18,000 soldiers in blue uniforms across a mile of open lands protected here and there by stout rifle-pits, and by more than half a hundred cannon upon a mighty uplift at the farther side of those open lands, then a hard climb up a steep hill, or ridge, from three hundred and ninety to over seven hundred feet in height, which feat called for the putting forth of all the physical and moral strength of the charging army. Missionary Ridge will ever stand as a Natural Monument to the Army of the Cumberland; for upon its high crest the soldiers of that mighty Union force set the crown of its immortal fame.

The Battle of Chickamauga was a thing of the past, and Rosecran's army was now in a city overlooked by three great altitudes; the one known as Lookout Mountain, the second as Missionary Ridge, the third as Walden Ridge, on the other side of the Tennessee River. From that end of the Missionary Ridge range which rests on the stream above Chattanooga to the end of the Lookout range below the city is about fifteen miles, and the Confederates could now be

seen along this entire distance, all the way from level land to nearly three thousand feet above us, thus placing the town and our army in a state of siege, and cutting off all communications with the exception of an inadequate and very muddy road running along the foot of Walden Ridge, down the Tennessee River towards Stevenson, our base of supplies, fifty miles away. From this position in Chattanooga we could see the full length of our own and the Confederate line, spread out like a spectacular scene on the vast stage of some theatre, and there we lay, cooped in by a foe which was determined to force our surrender or starve us to death. For it is said to be a maxim of military science that the army which can besiege a position can always capture it in the end unless the beleaguered place is relieved from the outside. The tables had indeed been turned upon us to our great discomfort, but not for a single moment were the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland discouraged or dismayed beyond endurance, and we "held our grip" on Chattanooga with courage and tenacity.

As soon as Rosecrans reached the city he commenced a formidable line of fortifications, under the skillful direction of General James St. Clair Morton, of the Engineers. These earthworks were of such a character that Bragg could not, with safety, make a direct attack; and hardly had they been completed when our Brigade—the Second of the then First Division, Fourteenth Army Corps—was assigned to camp on Cameron Hill, an elevation between town and river, rising to an altitude of about three hundred feet, from the top of which was a comprehensive view of all the country around. The seizure, by the enemy of Missionary Ridge on the East, of Chattanooga Valley on the South, and of Lookout Mountain on the West, immediately after his withdrawal from the field of Chickamauga, confined us in a compass of territory not to exceed three miles square, and it was here we

endured our greatest sufferings of the Civil War. The only possible exit was by a pontoon bridge to the North of Chattanooga. But Bragg had also gained possession of the left bank of the river to Bridgeport, by which he commanded the navigation of that stream, and of the roads along its margin opposite, at the foot of the precipitous heights which skirt the Tennessee. Our army was thus cut off from direct communication with the supply stations of Bridgeport and Stevenson, and this compelled the transportation of what little rations and fodder could be secured from the former landing in wagons over rugged ranges, by way of the Sequatchie Valley and Walden's Ridge. And, so weary, hungry, almost completely surrounded, constantly harrassed by cannon shot and shell, we lay in Chattanooga, sternly defying the triumphant foe from September 22, 1863, until the "cracker line" was opened by the coming of General Grant and large reinforcements.

Within less than a month after our arrival at that place, the Army of the Cumberland had been reorganized by the authorities at Washington; Rosecrans was made the scapegoat for Halleck's blunders, and the "Rock of Chickamauga" was placed in command of it. When this reorganization took place the Nineteenth Illinois, the Eleventh Michigan, and the Sixty-ninth Ohio were still together, in a brigade which included the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth United States Regulars, the whole commanded by Brigadier General John H. King; our old friends and fighting comrades of the Eighteenth Ohio, with gallant Stanley at their head, had been detailed to act in connection with the Engineers and the Pontoon service. It was October 19th that George H. Thomas was assigned to command our army, and by reason of his promotion Major General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, was placed in charge of the Fourteenth Corps. In that Corps were three Divisions: the

First (ours) was commanded by Brigadier General Richard W. Johnson, the Second by Brigadier General Jefferson C. Davis, and the third by Brigadier General Absalom Baird, all of them belonging to the regular army; Johnson and Baird were graduates of the Military Academy at West Point, but Davis had been appointed from civil life for his services in the Mexican War. It is hardly necessary to say that these three generals were at first considerably disturbed in mind because a volunteer officer was appointed to the command of the Corps, but one thing is certain, they co-operated with the utmost gallantry and good feeling ever after in the continued success of the famous Corps which "Old Pap" Thomas had made illustrious. Just two days before Rosecrans removal General Grant was placed in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, which command embraced the Armies of the Tennessee, the Ohio, and the Cumberland. Alive to the danger of the situation of our army, Grant started with all speed for Chattanooga, and when he reached Louisville he sent this dispatch to General Thomas:

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards."

The reply soon reached him: "We will hold the town until we starve."

That telegram applied with particular emphasis to the Nineteenth Illinois and the Eleventh Michigan, because the exigencies of the situation had brought them, first to half, then to quarter rations; and then the capture of our own wagons in Sequatchie Valley by the enemy left us without a mouthful for two days. It was little Joe Wheeler, with his more than 4,000 efficient sabres and several guns, who, after defeating the Union cavalry in detail, made a dash for, captured and promptly destroyed the provision train which we were so earnestly looking for. General Wheeler's successful expedition at the end of September and

first four days in October obliged Rosecrans to put his command on scant rations, while the heavy rains soon destroyed the road along the river on the Walden Ridge side and we were compelled to literally live from hand to mouth, and were in fact actually in danger of starvation.

The question of short rations or of no rations at all, was not the only thing occupying our attention just then, however. The Confederates, being in possession of the surrounding heights, soon put all their artillery in position and attempted to shell us out of Chattanooga, and as we at first believed this firing would be most destructive there was the very dickens to pay, no doubt of it, for early in the siege great guns up on old Lookout were constantly pestering us with shell and solid shot, but in due course of time we discovered that these coming missiles could be traced in air, and we learned how to dodge them so skillfully that little harm occurred. Meanwhile along the front where the pickets were posted, "Yanks," as the enemy called us, and "Johnny Rebs," as we called them, were becoming quite neighborly. Whenever our officers were out of sight heaps of trading—salt or coffee from the boys in Blue for tobacco offered by those in Gray—went on unceasingly.

So there we lay, not completely surrounded, it is true, still practically so, and powerless to relieve ourselves in any way, busy in the meantime at strengthening the earthworks of forts and rifle-pits, and meanwhile Famine stalked grim in the beleaguered town. Things came to such a pass that extra guards were set over the half dead horses and mules, that they might not be robbed of their very small allowance of corn which starving soldiers were not above stealing. There was but one line of communication with our distant base of supplies, only an unspeakable mountain road across Walden Ridge and the lower end of Sequatchie Valley, hub-deep in miry mud as the autumn rains came on, as they

did in October. Up and down this dreadful way, where in peace an empty vehicle was a load for a team, toiled the miserable cattle which were dragging the wagons that brought us a few stores from Bridgeport, where Hooker's troops from the East were now massed, waiting for opportunity to get forward, and much of the time these wagon-trains were not safe from Joe Wheeler's cavalry. And while we were thus enjoying life, President Jeff Davis came on from Richmond to look us over, although we knew nothing of it at the time. Up on the summit of Lookout Mountain he addressed a crowd of Confederates soldiers, whom he promised that the hostile army in the town below should not long prevent their delivering the State of Tennessee from its enemies. If we could not be whipped on the field of battle we were to be starved to death. Perhaps we might have died of hunger but for the keen cold air—that and the fortitude and patriotism which ever strengthened us— had it not been for the combat at Brown's Ferry, where Turchin's and Hazen's brigades won a decisive victory, and the fight at Wauhatchie—that strange phantom battle by moonlight—which enabled the army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Potomac (as represented by Hooker's men) to shake hands, rejoicing at giving and receiving timely aid, opened the river from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, and gave us back life once more.

And we are reminded right here that it is necessary to explain the coming of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps to our assistance from Virginia. The Army of the Cumberland was hardly settled in Chattanooga when Assistant Secretary of War Charles A. Dana sent a telegram to Mr. Stanton in which the latter was informed that unless reinforcements and provisions came in a few days, perhaps ten at most, would starve out our army and give the Confederates control of the western gateway between the North

and the South. It was then that Secretary Stanton made one of those prompt decisions for which he was so famous. With President Lincoln's consent he ordered Major General Joseph Hooker, with 16,000 infantry, nine batteries, 3,400 horses, but with no wagon train and ambulances, from the Army of the Potomac to proceed to the help of Rosecrans. At 9:10 P. M. of September 25 the last of this force had left Manassas, Virginia. Every half hour a fresh train started, and the great caravan of locomotives and cars whirled over the intervening lands, a distance of nine hundred and ninety-four miles, to arrive at Bridgeport within nine days. Thus the Army of the Cumberland was reinforced; the defeat at Chickamauga was soon turned to victory; the Confederate power of the West was permanently broken; and Sherman's subsequent march to the sea was made possible.

Extract from Gen. H. V. Boyngton's address before Army of the Cumberland Society at Chickamauga Battle Field, 1892.

It is another of the myths of history—which are as thick about these operations as the fogs over Lookout in falling weather—that the coming of Gen. Grant had something to do with this opening of the river. True, he approved plans which he found perfected down to the smallest details. But these would have been executed exactly in their final form and time, if Grant had not been ordered to Chattanooga.

The general plan of opening the Tennessee to the vicinity of William's Island was Rosecran's own. The details were committed to General W. F. Smith. He fixed on Brown's Ferry as the place for throwing the bridges, and General Rosecrans was engaged in the general reconnoitering of the river below Lookout the day that the order for his relief from the command arrived. That very day he

had ordered Hooker to be ready to move up from Bridgeport along the south bank of the river, and that night, upon assuming command, one of General Thomas's first orders was to direct Hooker to be ready to execute General Rosecrans' last order. Grant came, approved the plans already fully perfected and gave orders for their execution—nothing more. They were executed and the line of abundant supply was open.

It is now possible to fix the responsibility for this lack of supplies at Chattanooga where it properly belongs. When that wonderful transfer of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the Potomac to the Tennessee was ordered, General Rosecrans had a right to suppose that upon General Hooker's arrival at Bridgeport he would be able to co-operate at once for the relief of Chattanooga. Hooker reached that point October 1, and the same day was ordered by Rosecrans to put down his bridges and make immediate preparations for crossing the river to move toward Chattanooga. Then it was found that he had no wagon trains, and so he could not obey.

The finely equipped and thoroughly efficient field trains of these two eastern corps had been turned in at Alexandria and orders issued that new trains should be furnished at Nashville.

Report of Board of Officers appointed by Secretary of War April 23, 1900.

CONCLUSIONS OF THE BOARD.

"After a diligent search of the official records the Board fails to find any evidence that General W. F. Smith was the originator of the plan for the relief of Chattanooga, Tennessee, by military operations to be conducted in Lookout Valley, October, 1863. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence in the official records to show that the plan, which

contemplated crossings of the Tennessee River at Bridgeport and at the northern end of Lookout Valley, and which was successfully executed by General Thomas, October 26 to 28, 1863, was devised and prepared for by General Rosecrans before relinquishing command, and that its execution was begun, under orders issued by General Thomas, the very night (October 19) that General Rosecrans was relieved from command of the Department of the Cumberland and without consultation with General Smith.

"There is no evidence to show that General Smith took any part, whether by counsel or by action, in the operations conducted by General Hooker through Lookout Valley, from the direction of Bridgeport.

"In conclusion, the Board is of the opinion that the legend complained of does no injustice to the military record of General W. F. Smith.

"John R. Brooke,
Major General.
"G. L. Gillespie,
Colonel, Corps of Engineers.
"M. V. Sheridan,
Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General.
"The Adjutant-General,

United States Army, Washington, D. C."

"Upon consideration of the case as presented by the Board, Secretary Root endorsed the record as follows:

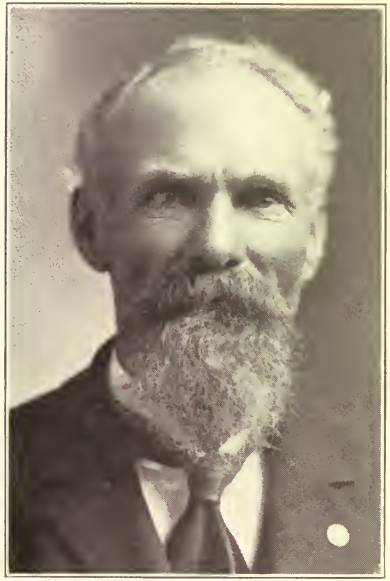
"The proceedings, conclusions and opinion of the Board are approved.

"Elihu Root,
Secretary of War.

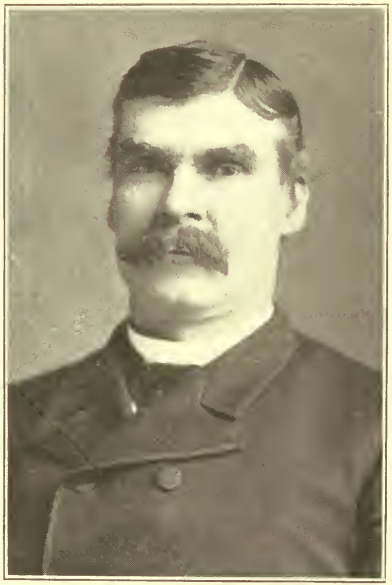
"War Department, February 16, 1901."

It was the coming of Grant that opened up our "cracker line" again, he having adopted the plans already perfected by Gen. Rosecrans. The illustrious General arrived at Stevenson October 21st, and the next day he was with us at Chattanooga. Early on the twenty-fourth, accompanied by General Thomas, he visited Cameron Hill, whereon the Nineteenth was encamped, to obtain a view of the enemy's position. The presence of these two great men soon attracted the attention of all the soldiers thereabouts, and we gathered around as closely as we dared, to see, if not to hear, what was going on. It may have been the hungry and nervous look of our boys, in part at least, which impelled Grant to say to Sherman that "Thomas's army was so demoralized by the Battle of Chickamauga, he feared they could not be gotten out of the trenches to assume the offensive, and he wanted Sherman's troops to hurry up and take the offensive first, after which he had no doubt that of the Cumberland would fight well." Right there before him, however, were the Veterans who had stood with Thomas on Horseshoe Ridge in the fiercest tempest of bullets and shell ever encountered by mortal man since the use of firearms began without losing an inch of ground—from high noon till eight o'clock P. M. the twentieth of September, 1863—and who were destined within a month to be the foremost to reach the crest of the neighboring Missionary Ridge in the grandest charge recorded in military annals!

We were hemmed in for another month, but we were never completely without food to eat after Grant's arrival. There was a fair share of coffee, almost enough of hard-tack, and once a week about half a ration of beef was issued to each soldier. On one of these distributions only the stomach of a bullock fell to the portion of Company D, and not a single man of us knew how to prepare a dish of tripe! We were not wholly shut out from news from home, or from the doings of other



Sergt. Reuben F. Coffin, Co. G.



James Bloomfield, Co. A.

Sergt. Peter F. Guthrie, Co. C.

armies, in the meantime. Undoubtedly food was scarce, but we managed to keep our health, and we held our ground, which was the main thing to do. It is a fact when provisions were scarce—the health of the troops was at the best. Money was plentiful with us in those days of restraint and hungry spells. Before starting on this Chickamauga campaign the army had been paid for several months due, but it was impossible to get rid of our thirteen per while clambering over hills and mountains, or while fighting the "Johnny Rebs" in the Valley of Death, and here we were, in Chattanooga, loaded down, so to speak, with Uncle Sam's Greenbacks, like the shipwrecked mariner who saw water everywhere, yet not one drop to drink; with us it was money everywhere, and no where to spend a single "shin-plaster."

Meanwhile, at evening parade, on review, or strolling about town the Union soldiers at Chattanooga were gay and comfortable, but out at the front, on picket duty, watching the foe, they had to think of a true life-and-death game called War. Soldiers on that picket line could sleep very little at night, nor could they kindle fires to warm themselves. Dark night is the time when men in service must be the most vigilant and wideawake. All on the picket line and at the outposts must take in everything. However tired they may be from their day's work at night they must not allow even a flying bird to pass unnoticed. Keeping their heads cool, they must use their sight and hearing for the whole army behind them, with the utmost vigilance. "Halt! Who goes there?" The sentinel's cry adds to the loneliness of an anxious night; and this was part of the experiences of the Nineteenth Illinois at Chattanooga.

Sherman's troops did not arrive until the fifteenth of November. Two weeks later they advanced on the railroad tunnel end of Missionary Ridge, while the day before Hooker was doing more fighting than Grant intended for him to do,

and that, too, *above the clouds*! "Fighting Joe" had three depleted Divisions, one from the Army of the Potomac, one from the Army of the Cumberland, and one from the Army of the Tennessee, in all about 10,000 men, in his attack on Lookout Mountain. These divisions had never fought side by side before; and it was the first time that western and eastern Union soldiers had ever fought together. In that affair Hooker "made good," and in all the days which have since elapsed whensoever Chancellorsville is mentioned something has also been said of the Battle of Lookout Mountain, which he fought the day and evening of November 24, 1863. The next morning was clear and frosty. The clouds had vanished, and the sun rose bright and dazzling, while twice fifty thousand eager eyes were turned up towards the great mountain. And over its sharp outlines, visible for miles and miles, high up there, a matter of nearly 3,000 feet, on the summit of Pulpit Rock where Jefferson Davis had stood only a few weeks previously and told the Confederates that those in the town below would soon be their prisoners, there floated on the morning breeze the beautiful Stars and Stripes which all of us were offering our lives to sustain. Boys, can you not still hear the mighty roar of cheer after cheer that the soldiers on the plain below, themselves great dogs of war struggling in the leash, sent up to those gallant comrades at the top of Lookout?

At about noon time on the day previous to Hooker's spectacular affair there had been a movement which at first looked like a review of part of Thomas' army, that of sending Wood's Division of the Fourth Corps to gain possession of some low hills south of the town, about midway between it and Missionary Ridge, and occupied by the Confederates ever since our arrival at Chattanooga. Orchard Knob, as the main hill of this little group is named, was, in those days a rough steep uplift of say one hundred and ten or

fifteen feet in height, covered with a growth of small timber, rising abruptly from the Chattanooga Valley. It was against this defended hill that Wood's division marched; followed by tremendous rolls of musketry and the roar of artillery; and presently rousing cheers told the surrounding world that Orchard Knob was occupied by Union Soldiers. Early in the morning of the twenty-fifth Generals Grant and Thomas established their headquarters on that hillock, as it was by far the best point from which to view the movements of the entire fighting force. It was from thereon, shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, that Grant ordered an advance on the rifle-pits at the base of Missionary Ridge. The guns of Bridges' Battery gave the signal, and the men in blue dashed forward in line of battle by brigades, skirmishers in front, closely followed by reserves in mass.

The big siege cannon in the Chattanooga forts roared loudly; the light artillery and muskets continued the mighty sound; the cheers of soldiers mingled with the awful noise; the rifle-pits in front were ablaze, and from the great ridge the enemy poured down redhot flames of death and destruction. The tremendous battle which was fought by the Army of the Cumberland as it was never intended to be fought was on. It had been preceded off on the right, at the East end of the ridge, where Sherman had placed his Army of the Tennessee the day before, by a furious engagement which lasted all the forenoon. "Old Tecumseh" was striving to gain ground, but he was doomed to a great disappointment. The height upon which he stood was isolated; a gorge that had escaped his reconnaissance intervened between it and the ridge proper, on the steep opposite side of which the Confederates under Hardee were strongly posted, and to whom a large force of other troops had been swiftly sent by Bragg. Meanwhile the Army of the Cumberland lying in the open

plain, or Valley, were waiting patiently for the expected command and now that order to advance had come. It was then that the Nineteenth Illinois—we had been on picket duty for three days—of Stanley's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Fourteenth Corps, moved, with all the other regiments, to an attack which was to become famous in the annals of modern war. Four divisions, in all perhaps 18,000 men, made up our force; that of the foe was about 25,000, but they were stoutly entrenched, both below and above. The irregularities of the ground were so difficult that Bragg had declared a single line of skirmishers ought to be able to hold the heights against the entire Union Army.

It would be difficult to imagine a grander theater for a battle than this open one where Union soldiers were to manoeuvre against the Confederates. From the frowning mass of Lookout on the South, to the north where Missionary Ridge abuts on the waters of the Tennessee, the numerous elevations, and the plain nearly two miles in width, afforded unusual, not to say unexcelled, opportunity for the pomp and circumstance of war. The Union force arrayed for this deadly contest consisted, on the right of General Hooker's command, three divisions; in the center Thomas had two divisions of the Fourth Corps and three of the Fourteenth Corps, under John M. Palmer; on the extreme left was Sherman, who had, besides two divisions of the Fifteenth Corps one from the Fourteenth Corps, and John E. Smith's division of the Seventeenth Corps. Grant had decided to make a demonstration in force with his center, thus hoping to check Bragg's sending troops against Sherman, to whose assistance Howard's two divisions were promptly sent. Baird's division occupied the left of Thomas's line. To the right of Baird came Wood, then Sheridan, then Johnson; the last was our division. It appears that the orders were to carry if possible, the first line of the enemy's works, that

is to say, the rifle-pits; there to halt and reform our lines. When the signal was given the Center moved forward on the double-quick, a long line of bayonets gleaming in the November sunshine, formidable, unconquerable. To Grant, Thomas, Granger and the few other officers and men on Orchard Knob, as well as to those in Chattanooga and upon the great ridge itself, that movement must have been one of the most wonderful sights ever seen in war.

Missionary ridge rises to a height of from three hundred and eighty to seven hundred feet above the Chattanooga valley, and it was at least a fifth of a mile from where our force should have stopped to the crest bristling with cannon and a foe in solid ranks well entrenched behind stout walls of fortifications, and from whence came down sheets of destroying flames which at any other time would have withered those against whom they were directed. Across the wide field dashed the Union soldiers, nor halted they, except to catch their breaths when the base of the ridge and those rifle-pits were reached. Then on and up, up, ever up, toward the crest of the mighty barrier! No hesitation anywhere, no faltering! None drops from the ranks save those whom missiles strike down; and whenever a Flag happens to fall because the bearer thereof is killed or wounded, another hero seizes the precious emblem and carries it on and upward.

Pausing occasionally to fire as best they can, the men of each division push ahead, eager to reach the goal where victory of endurance born awaits them. Hand over hand, as it were, regiments in Blue are fighting their way upwards, not always shoulder to shoulder as becomes soldiers, but stumbling over fallen trees, rugged rocks, and other impediments; not stopping to succor the wounded or to note the dead, but steadily on, up, upward still, where the musketry of the enemy is rolling like drums whence cannon are

sending down solid shot and cannister; spurning the dull earth under our feet as we follow or lead the Flag and State Banner which every battalion bears aloft: and how the colors of the Nineteenth flared that day we shall see presently. The sharp hum of bullets, the hissing of grape and cannister, the clash of accoutrements, the cries of "Steady, boys, steady!" as we rush forward and upward; the half-whispered words of comrades passing what may be last messages along; the groans of the wounded—these are the sounds we hear as we climb, whether in marching order matters not, so long as we drive the enemy back, and still farther back, into the deep woods beyond the frowning ridge. Run and shoot, shoot and run, both toward the enemy, who, meanwhile is mowing the blue line down as the farmer cuts his standing grain. The line of resistance becomes all the stronger as we advance; for by now the heavy climbing of this rugged and mighty eminence seems almost a thing of impossibility. The sky is partly covered with great clouds. Shell and bullets, grape and cannister are being spewed on the logs and rocks around and ahead of us like hailstones in a dreadful storm. And then——the "Johnnies" turn their backs, leaving batteries on batteries behind, as we, the victors, clamber over their fortifications.

Now Missionary Ridge is ours, and Bragg's army, the one that led us such a merry dance at Chickamauga, overthrown and broken, is in flight, leaving the dead and wounded in Gray to the care of those in Blue, who are giving vent to their satisfaction in loud hurrahs, some of the dear old boys weeping in their joy, little minding that in that one hour or so of assault and victory twenty per cent of their numbers had been lost. And now the Stars and Stripes are waved triumphantly towards Chattanooga, and towards that group of commanding generals on Orchard Knob, all of them amazed as they never were before, or afterwards, all save

one to whom Grant had turned, when he saw us start to do this thing, to sternly demand who gave his men their order to storm the ridge, and—

"Perhaps they gave it themselves!" was the reply of "Old Pap" Thomas.

Yea, verily, the whole Confederate force had been routed. Confederates threw down their arms and fled, or were taken prisoners in thousands; Bragg himself narrowly escaped capture. And so it came about that on the late afternoon of September 25, 1863, Hon. Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, and with the party on Orchard Knob, wired President Lincoln: "Glory to God! the day is decisively ours. Missionary Ridge has just been carried by the magnificent charge of Thomas's troops and the rebels routed."

Back soon came to him and us this reply: "The patient endurance and spirited valor exhibited by commanders and men in the last great feat of arms which has crowned our cause with such glorious success, is making all of us here hero worshippers."

Read what the ever gallant and courageous confederate General John B. Gordon says in his "Reminiscences of the Civil War" if you would have an unprejudiced resume of that glorious and unparalleled onslaught. "Was it a misapprehension of orders, was it recklessness on the part of those seasoned veterans of Thomas, or was it the habit acquired in battle of never halting when ordered forward under fire until their lines were broken against the solid fronts of opposing forces? General Grant was amazed when he saw those lines pass the rifle-pits in furious charge towards the crest of Missionary Ridge. Both Thomas and Granger denied having given the order for such a movement. It was, however, too late to halt the troops; and most fortunate for the Union army that the movement could not be recalled.

Those brave men, without orders, mounted to the summit of Missionary Ridge, leaped into Bragg's intrenchments, piercing his lines in the center, doubling them to the right and left, forcing the front in confusion to the rear. The capture of 6,000 Southern prisoners, 52 pieces of artillery, and many thousands of stands of small arms was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy. Infinitely greater, however, was the loss of the prestige which Bragg's army had gained by the brilliant victory at Chickamauga just two months and five days before. Still greater was the loss which Missionary Ridge inflicted upon the Southern cause by opening the way to Atlanta."

The storming and taking of Missionary Ridge is one of the greatest feats recorded in military history, and we, the surviving members of the Nineteenth Illinois, have the right to be proud of the fact that our Regiment was in that wondrous event. Go there to-day, attempt to climb the ascent by any of the roads which lead from valley to summit of the ridge, and you will hardly believe it possible that an army of soldiers ever got up its broken and crumbling face against the opposition of a stubborn foe, yet was that done, and our charge without order up the beetling hill, before Grant and Thomas standing on Orchard Knob a mile away, was such a spectacle as few human eyes have ever seen, and as few human beings have ever participated in and lived to tell the story. In his Official Report General Grant says of that charge: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge like bees from a hive, stopped but a moment until the whole were in line, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, from right to left, almost simultaneously following the retreating enemy without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and cannister from nearly sixty pieces of artillery, and of musketry from the still well-filled

rifle-pits on the summit of the ridge. Not a waver was seen, however, in that long line of brave men. Their progress was steadily onward until the summit was in their possession."

In those days of fifty years ago there were some famous war correspondents at the front, and among these was Benjamin F. Taylor, an inspired writer whose prose was poetical, his patriotism, courage and enthusiasm the equal of that of any soldier, and his accuracy the admiration of all army officers. Taylor was at Chattanooga, he saw this wonderful charge up Missionary Ridge, and he thus pictured the scene in the Chicago Evening Journal of that period: "They dash out a little way and then they slacken. They creep up hand-over-hand, loading and firing and wavering and halting from the first line of the works to the second. They burst into a charge with a cheer, and go over it. Sheets of flame baptized them. Plunging shot tear away comrades on the right and left. It is no longer shoulder to shoulder. It is God for us all. Under tree trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of 20,000 infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the ridge. Ten, fifteen minutes go by like a reluctant century. The hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees, but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on. They seem to be spurring the dull earth under their feet, and going up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods. If you look you shall see, too, that these 18,000 are not a rushing herd of human creatures, but that along the gothic ridge rows of inverted Λ's are slowly moving up almost in line while at the advanced point of each angle is something that glitters like a wing—the regimental Flag. And glancing along the front you count fifteen of those Colors that were borne at

Pea Ridge, waved at Pittsburg Landing, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga. Up move the banners, now fluttering like a wounded bird, now faltering, now sinking out of sight. Three times the Flag of one regiment goes down. Do you know why? Just there lie three Color Sergeants! But the flag—thank God!—is immortal, and up it comes again, and the Λ moves on. Swarms of bullets sweep the hill. The rebels tumble rocks upon the rising line. They light the fuses and roll shells down the steep. They load the cannon with handfuls of cartridges in their haste. Just as the sun, weary with the scene, was sinking out of sight the advance surged over the crest. In a minute the Flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty rebel guns were kennelled. What Colors were first on the mountain battlements one dare not try to say. Bright honor itself might be proud to bear, nay to follow the hindmost. Foot by foot they had fought up the steep, slippery with much blood; let them go to glory together."

And a little while later Taylor also wrote to his Chicago paper: "The day after the battle of Missionary Ridge was Thanksgiving and we had services in Chattanooga—sad, solemn, grand. The church bells hung dumb in their towers, indeed; but for all that there were chimes so grand that men uncovered their heads as they heard them. At twelve o'clock the great big guns at Fort Wood began to toll. Civilians said, 'Can they be at it again?' and soldiers said, 'The guns are not shotted and the sound is too regular for work.' I hastened out to the fort and the guns chimed on. A dim impression I had received before brightened as I stood upon the parapet and looked over the scene. What it was all like flashed upon me in a moment. The valley was a grand Cathedral. Fort Hood, the pulpit of the mighty minister, and far down the descending aisle in front rose Orchard Knob, the altar. The dead were lying there, far out

to the eastern wall, and God's chandelier hung high in the dome. There were the accents of praise I was hearing; thirty-four syllables of thanksgiving the guns were saying: 'Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.' And the hills took up the anthem and struck sublimely in; from Missionary Ridge it came back again, 'Give thanks unto the Lord.' and Walden's Height uttered it, 'for His mercy endureth,' and Lookout Valley sang aloud, 'forever, forever,' and all the mountains cried 'Amen!' "

There was considerable controversy at the time, and there has been often since, as to which regiment or brigade first reached the top of the ridge, but that can hardly be of much consequence; for no matter who may have first got to the summit, it was soon cleared of the foe, and through the night that fell after the battle closed Bragg's beaten force fled Southward into Georgia. The losses in killed and wounded were: Union, 5,477; Confederate, 2,518; and the reason why we suffered most was because we were so thoroughly exposed to the fire of the entrenched enemy. However words and figures give no idea of that unmatched battle of the Civil War, which, though attended with small comparative loss, was more important than many bloodier fields; and seldom, if ever, was so much accomplished in so short a space of time. How it all happened no one really knows, and we never knew. About all we realized was that we had gained glory enough for one afternoon. There, on that sky-bearing crest from the long summit of which an exultant enemy had been looking hungrily down upon us for two months the Army of the Cumberland crowned the special work for which it had been created two years previously in a grand outburst of imperishable glory; for never before had so great a mass of brave and determined soldiers stormed such obstacles to beat another so great a mass of brave and

determined foes into utter rout and maybe you who are reading these pages can imagine the thoughts which swelled our hearts as we chased the enemy back and back until he was driven beyond the bitterly fought and bloody field of Chickamauga. There we found the trees shattered by shot and shell in that other struggle of two months before still white and ghastly. The bullet-mown bushes still lay dead and withering, where they had fallen in September, and thickets showed the destruction where regiments and brigades had madly wrestled in the game called war. Broken wheels, wrecked wagons, exploded caissons, carcasses of mules and horses, torn equipment and clothing, shattered muskets and broken swords—the ruined remnants of about everything which soldiers use or wear were thickly scattered over a once terrible battlefield where the heroic work of Thomas and his Corps had saved an army, and which was now regained by those same troops that obeyed and fondly loved the only unwhipped commanding general of the Rebellion.

"What thoughts swelled the hearts of the men of the Army of the Cumberland as they chased their enemies back over the bitterly fought field of Chickamauga to refuge behind the high walls of Rocky Face Ridge! Only two months before Bragg was hurling the hosts gathered from every part of the Confederacy upon Rosecrans' worn-out, ill-arrayed force in a supreme effort to distroy it, recover Chattanooga, and restore the prestige of the Confederacy. . . . Every step of these November pursurers must have brought back to them thrilling recollections of when the Lafayette Road had been the battle's fiery heart during those two mortal days in September. Every rod of it was consecrated by a brave man's life given for his country. Far to the right, toward Lee and Gordon's Mill, had been the awful tumult when Longstreet hurled his mass of 20,000 men through

McCook's then disorganized lines. To the left were the rude log baricades and the trampled crest of Snodgrass Hill, where the lion-hearted Thomas stood all that Sunday afternoon, with Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson, Baird, Wood and Steedman; where Longstreet, Hill, Breckenridge, Cheatham, Buckner, and Cleburne had dashed out their men's blood like spray upon the rocks in fruitless beating on the firm-standing men of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Kentucky. The thin covering of earth thrown upon the hastily buried dead had been shrunken by the Autumn rains about the mouldering forms until they looked like clay effigies of the slain. So recently had the dead fallen, and so palpable was the field still with their presence, that it seemed they must be yet near, somewhere, the Confederates to bewail the failure of all for which they had died, the Union soldiers to exult over the complete triumph of their cause."*

John Fiske, in his "The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War," and Dr. J. K. Hosmer, in his "Outcome of the Civil War," both speak of this brilliant victory as one of the most picturesque battles in modern history. The former says: "The immense length of battle-front, thirteen miles from Sherman's left to Hooker's right, the extraordinary difficulty of the ground, the dizzy heights scaled, the grandeur of the scenery, all combined to make it a wonderful spectacle;" while Hosmer calls attention to the fact that of all the battles of the war, this was the only one in which our most famous four Union Generals—Grant, Thomas, Sherman, and Sheridan—happened to be all engaged.

Long afterward Colonel J. W. King, formerly of the Eleventh Michigan—at the Battle of Missionary Ridge, it, with the Nineteenth Illinois and the Sixty-ninth Ohio, formed a demi-brigade under command of Colonel Marshall

*John McElroy in "Army of the Cumberland, and the Great Central Campaign."

F. Moore, and the several regiments of Regulars made up the rest of the Brigade, and were commanded by Colonel Stoughton—wrote a long article for the Chicago edition of the Zouave Gazette, in which, after mentioning how the Brigade was withdrawn from picket duty and formed in line of battle with the other troops in front of the Rossville Road and fronting the Ridge, when the forenoon and a part of the afternoon wore away in suspense, as meanwhile we were hearing the guns of Sherman far over on our left, he says:

"It was the first time in all our service when the rank and file seemed to know as well as the commanding officers what ought to be done, and were bound to do it. Grant's plan of the battle was for Sherman's army to attack on the left and sweep around the edge of the Ridge in that direction. Hooker was to attack on the Right at or near Rossville, while Thomas's army, then composed of the Divisions of Johnson, Sheridan, and Wood—Baird's Division had been sent to the aid of Sherman—were to take the line of works at the base of the Ridge and hold them until further orders. Had Sherman and Hooker succeeded on each flank, as was expected, the rebel army would have been doubled up like the shutting of a jack-knife; but the former did not accomplish what was intended, while the latter was delayed in making his attack on account of the destruction of a bridge between Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Of the three Divisions of the Army of the Cumberland, Johnson was on the right, Sheridan in the center, and Wood on the left; later in the battle Baird's Division returned and joined Wood's left. Our Brigade lay in line of battle in the woods, facing an open field in front of the Ridge, until an Aide came dashing up and, saluting its Commander, Colonel Stoughton, said: 'The General Commanding sends his

compliments, and directs you to charge to the hill.' Thereupon the Brigade was marched obliquely to the left until it closed well on the right of Sheridan's Division.

"By this time we had gained the open field in front of the Ridge, then 'Forward, double-quick!' was heard in a clear ringing voice, and 'Forward, double-quick!' was repeated throughout the Brigade, almost immediately followed by 'March!' and the whole command sprang forward. But no sooner had these troops made their appearance in the open field than they encountered a terrific fire of musketry which came from the well-filled rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge half a mile away, also a storm of shell and cannister from the top of the Ridge itself. It became a matter of life or death to reach and take the first line of the enemy's works. Instead of continuing at a double-quick, the men of our Brigade passed through this shower of leaden and iron hail at the top of their speed. On reaching the rifle-pits they were instantly scaled and never before had there been such an intermingling of the Blue and the Gray. Most of the Confederates threw down their arms and were made prisoners; those who did not do this were either bayoneted or knocked down with clubbed muskets. A portion of the Confederates, when they saw the Union troops crossing the field, ascended the ridge and joined their comrades who were still in possession of the crest. After the Brigade had remained in the works perhaps a minute, or a little longer, a voice rang out: 'On, up the Ridge!'—whose voice it was has never been known, but no comrade in all the Brigade will ever forget it. These words were repeated; and 'On, on, up the Ridge!' seemed to come from all lips. Every man in that long line of Blue seemed possessed of a spirit to be the first upon the great crest before us.

"The hill swayed up before the Union troops at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, and nearly three-quarters

of a mile of rugged mountain side must be passed before the summit could be reached, while nearly every rod of intervening distance was swept by cannister, musket balls and shell. The crest of the Ridge was a sheet of flame, while higher up in the air were fantastic wreathes or clouds of smoke from the enemy's musketry and artillery. Their artillerymen were familiar with the ground on which their army had camped for two months, and instead of trying to depress their guns and shoot straight down the ridge at their assailants they used them at right and left oblique, and the air was filled with cannister, musket balls, grape-shot, shells, and screeching fragments. If the order had not been given by some one to charge the Ridge, the plunging fire of the enemy from the crest would have made the pits at the foot of the mountain a slaughter pen for the Army of the Cumberland. In that shower of death's missiles on the Ridge side brave men fell by thousands, mangled and crushed among the rocks, stumps, trees, and logs, and still those who remained untouched kept fighting and clambering upwards.

Their advance was not only met by a deadly, continuous fire, but the mountain side was covered with rocks, fallen timber, bushes, and ragged ravines. It was every man for himself, and thus, by taking advantage of the formation of the ground, and the protection which nature had furnished, the summit was finally reached. And still it was not a rushing mob, for the Flags that appeared like stars in the sulphurous smoke of battle were the beacon lights to keep each comrade in his regimental organization.

"Three times the Colors of the Nineteenth Illinois go down. Do you know why? Three times the Colors of the Eleventh Michigan go down. Do you know why? There lie six dead or wounded Color Sergeants! It is true, the immortal flags went down, but willing hands always and swiftly raised them aloft, though each man who did it knew

Capt. David F. Bremner and Overcoat.

he would become the target for scores of balls. While the crest of the Ridge was a sheet of flame and a cloud of smoke, all up its sides the courageous Veterans of the Army of the Cumberland were pressing on. Above all this roar and crash of battle the Union siege guns in Fort Wood could be readily distinguished as they sent their huge projectiles screeching over our heads into the Rebel position, exploding caissons, tearing to pieces men and horses, and causing terrifying havoc. But this firing was not confined to the Union side alone, for more than seventy cannon and twice nine thousand muskets from behind substantial breastworks were sweeping the front of these four divisions which were steadily and surely pressing on. Then, as we neared the summit of the Ridge, the enemy gave way, his line began to crumble to the left, in another minute we had gained the crest, and we saw the rebels seeking safety down the Eastern slope of the mountain. Just to the right, however, the Confederate line was still intact, and not more than six or seven rods away was a semi-circular earthwork in which was a Confederate Battery of five or six guns, that was still being used against our troops farther down the Ridge. There was also a support of three or four hundred Confederate infantry, who were keeping up a murderous fire on their coming foe. But when this detachment consisting of the Eleventh Michigan, Nineteenth Illinois, and Sixty-ninth Ohio, from our Brigade, got so they had clear vision of the Confederate gunners behind their refuge of logs and stones, we made it so uncomfortable for them that they abandoned guns and muskets and swiftly sought safety down the same slope where their comrades in Gray had preceded them."

We come now to the personal statement of an officer in our Regiment as regards this memorable and most wonderful battle. Writing to the Zouave Gazette of January 31, 1898, of the Nineteenth at Missionary Ridge, Captain

David F. Bremner of Company E introduces his communication by describing some of the conditions which existed in Chattanooga after the Army of the Cumberland occupied that town. "Night and day the men labored on the fortifications and in a short time a complete line of forts and breastworks enclosed the city so strongly that it would have been madness in Bragg to attempt its capture by assault; in fact it would have been madness at any time after the twenty-second of September, although, far from being disheartened or demoralized, our army would have welcomed an attack. The Regiment now settled down with the rest of the force to hard work and short rations, submitting (while claiming the soldier's privilege to grumble at times) to both cheerfully. Thus the time passed, alternate picket and fatigue duty keeping all active and interested in passing events.

"About the middle of November the grape-vine dispatches indicated that work of another kind was soon to begin, and that the long looked for day was near when the Army of the Cumberland would run the 'Johnnies' off Missionary Ridge. On the twenty-second of November our Regiment left camp on Cameron Hill and took position at the outpost in front of Fort Negley. Three days and nights were passed there, and the men became quite friendly with the rebel pickets; our lines were very close, at some points being only about fifty yards apart. During the Battle of Lookout Mountain, on the twenty-fourth, the soldiers on both sides were interested spectators of that action, till the settling clouds hid it from view, cheering or chaffing each other at the success of either force.

"The morning of the twenty-fifth found the Confederate line in our front unoccupied, the soldiers having been drawn back during the night. The Nineteenth, with the Brigade, was moved from point to point during the day until about

three o'clock in the afternoon, when we were placed in line of battle in a wood fronting Missionary Ridge, and here we anxiously awaited the order to advance. Before us was the Ridge, its summit bristling with artillery, whilst lines of rifle-pits at its base and half-way up, manned by brave soldiers, confronted us. But the stern faces of our men told that they were determined to overcome them all and gain the Ridge, or die in the attempt. Then, about half-past three o'clock, boom, boom! six times repeated; the guns on Orchard Knob were giving the longed-for signal! Forward dash the Boys in Blue; the woods are soon cleared; a stretch of half a mile of open fields lies between us and the Ridge, and there is no cover, no protection whatever from the storm of lead and iron which greets us. On, on, we go; no stop, no halt; a comrade drops here, another there, but the line moves on. The rifle-pits at the foot of the hill are gained and most of their defenders are taken prisoners. A short halt for breath, then again forward. Up, up, steady and sure, to the crest, over the breastworks—the Ridge is gained!

"The Army of the Cumberland did fight. Aye, did fight and did conquer, and the great Confederate army which for two months had been looking defiantly down on Chattanooga was defeated, driven from its strong works, and the heroes of Chickamauga were now the heroes of Missionary Ridge. The same army that was reported to be demoralized, beaten, and driven from Chickamauga; the same army of which Sherman in his 'Memoirs' says Grant told him 'The men of Thomas's army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he (Grant) feared they could not be got out of their trenches and assume the defensive.' What! the Army of the Cumberland not fight! That great army trained and disciplined by Buell, Rosecrans and Thomas! Which fought its way from the Ohio River

to the Tennessee at Chattanooga, and had never been defeated! Which had gained the objective point in every campaign! The army that, led by Buell at Shiloh, snatched victory from defeat; which, led by Rosecrans at Stone River, held the enemy so stoutly that he had to withdraw from the field at night, the army—half of it at least—which stood with Thomas all that bloody Sunday at Chickamauga, and gave back blow for blow, and only withdrew after night closed the unequal combat, and Longstreet did not dare attack again! Not fight? Grant should have known better."

In the little New England village of Newton Center, Massachusetts, where the Editor of these pages now resides, there stands an old frame house on the main street wherein the author of the great hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee" lived and there he died a few years back. One day, in his home, while awaiting the coming of Dr. Smith, we took up a small book from the table and in it read, for the first time, an original poem by the author of the famous hymn just named, which was entitled "The Highland Guards."* It ran as follows:

A song of the Highland Guards—
Souls brave and true.
Born for the times of the bitter strife,
When in the balance hung
The Nation's life;
And men inspired to dare and do
Resolved to press the conflict through.

*For writing this great tribute to our Regiment, its Color Company, and Captain Bremner, Dr. Smith was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry Veteran Club, and it was his privilege to be present at one of that society's meetings in after years.

A song of the Highland Guards,
Prompt and prepared;
First to espouse the righteous cause,
First rising to defend
The land, the laws
With patriot hearts and bosoms bared,
What toils they bore! What hardships shared!

A song of the brave Nineteenth,
Noted and known,
With them the noble Highland Guard,
Eager for honor's post,
Kept watch and ward,
Foremost for deeds of glory done,
For battles fought, for victories won.

A song for the brave Nineteenth
And Bremner's band;
Huntsville and Mission Ridge their praise;
How oft they saved the day
In fierce array?
Victor and vanquished, hand in hand,
Mighty to fight, of firm to stand.

A song for the brave Nineteenth,
Calls, loud and long,
Summon the bravest to the front:
"Where is the old Nineteenth?"
Listen! their song!
They muster, prompt to do or die,
They come! they strike! The foeman fly!

A song for the brave Nineteenth!
The Colors wave
Where shell and shot—a cruel rain—
Smite down—once—twice—again—
The true, the brave.
The men who bore the Flag may die,
But Bremner waves its folds on high.

There is a story, two of them in fact, to tell apropos of this great tribute to the Nineteenth by the immortal author-poet. From an article written for the Zouave Gazette of January 25, 1887, by Hon. Edward Roby, whose wife was long an honorary member of our Veteran Club, an organization still in existence, and which has led many a National Encampment Parade of the Grand Army of the Republic, we take this extract: "Company E (the Highland Guard) was the Color company of the Nineteenth Illinois, and David F. Bremner was in command of it, being the Captain, at Missionary Ridge. In this advance three Color bearers were cut down by the bullets of the enemy. Captain Bremner says: 'We could not spare a rifle in that battle; if I ordered a man from the ranks to take up the Flag it would silence his musket; and as I carried only a sword, I took it up and bore it on. As my head was over the last entrenchment at the top of the ridge, the rebel officer in command pointed at me with his sword and shouted, "Shoot that man!" But the guns of my own company were close at hand and the rebs had no time to aim.'"

But Bremner's overcoat was pierced by no fewer than fourteen bullets on that famous occasion, and this brings us to our second story. It is told editorially in the Zouave Gazette of January 25, 1888, as follows: "A surprise for the members of the Veteran Club and our Regiment, which we

feel assured will be appreciated, has been prepared by Comrade Jacob B. Stanger, of Company D, and will be sent with this number of the Gazette. It is a photograph of our Comrade Bremner, taken in the now historical overcoat, which he wore at Missionary Ridge. The coat is pierced with twenty bullet holes, fourteen of which were received in the above mentioned charge. Bremner, it will be remembered, was in command of Company E on that day. Being the Color Company, the Regimental Flags were in his special charge, and well did he care for them. The Regiment had not proceeded far on that memorable advance up Missionary Ridge when Corporal Wm. Patterson the Color bearer was killed.

Patrick McDonald of Company K, then took the Flag, until he was severely wounded. Sergt. George Steel carrying the State Flag, was also wounded badly, when John Brosnahan, taking it from the wounded Sergeant carried it to the crest. When McDonald fell, Captain Bremner grasped the Colors and brought it up to and over the enemy's works, amid a shower of bullets, fourteen of which went through his overcoat; he also received a slight wound in his face. Before that, at Chickamauga, the coat had been loaned to Adjutant Bangs, and it was there it received the other bullet holes.

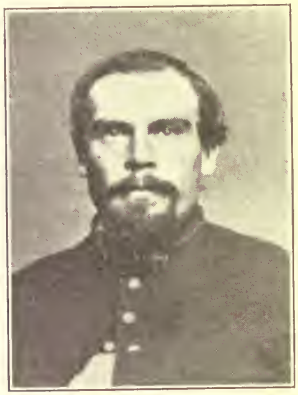
Comrade Bangs lost a leg at Missionary Ridge.

This incident of Captain Bremner and the Regiment's Flag is dealt with at further length in subsequent pages.

Just a few more words, however, and then to close this chapter. As stated elsewhere, we lost Company G from the Regiment after the Battle of Stone River; it became one of the most famous batteries in all the Northern Armies. Its name will be often found in the official records of both the Union and the Confederate operations, and always with distinguished credit. After Chickamauga, where it covered itself with renown, Bridges' Battery was assigned a position in Fort

Negley, just outside of Chattanooga. And of this fine and unexcelled organization, Captain L. A. White wrote to the Zouave Gazette of January 31, 1898, as follows:

"The succeeding two months was a period of exceeding depression to man and beast, owing to the great lack of needed supplies. Yet by extreme effort the company had been kept ready for active service, and when orders were received on the evening of November 23 to proceed to the advance line established by our Infantry across Chattanooga Valley, the battery was in prime condition to take the position assigned to it on Orchard Knob, in line of Wood's Division. During the night the six guns were arranged in a semi-circle facing Missionary Ridge, the horses were sent back to Chattanooga, and everything was in readiness for lively work in the morning. Great apprehension prevailed in regard to the possible hazard of the movement, and this was made manifest in a remark by our Corps Commander General Gordon Granger, who kindly predicted we would 'all go to h—l in twenty minutes after daylight, or make a name for life.' The Veterans were not one whit deterred by the possible danger, however, but hailed with delight, after two months of starving and rusting while pent up in Chattanooga, the opportunity to try their mettle with the forces which had caused them so much annoyance. But when morning came, no gun was heard except scattering shots on the picket lines, and so the day passed without serious interruption to the active preparations for the morrow's conflict, giving added proofs of the wisdom of our leader—Grant—who always showed implicit faith in bold strokes to put in awe an armed foe. On the twenty-fifth Bridges' Battery fired the six guns which had been arranged as the signal for the advance of the entire Union line to the base of Missionary Ridge. So long as it could be done without endangering the advancing troops, our battery kept up



Sergt. Thomas Blythe, Co. E.

Thomas C. Patterson, Co. E.

Corp. Frank Applebee, Co. C.

constant firing on the enemy's lines and works, with telling effect. During this engagement one of our shells exploded an artillery caisson loaded within a fort upon the crest of the Ridge, thus putting a number of horses and several Confederates *hors de combat*, and there was general destruction of munition of war within the fort. From the time General Grant personally ordered the signal guns to fire, until the capture of the Ridge, he, with members of his staff, was on Orchard Knob, and repeatedly gave commands to the battery. The last one was to Captain Bridges, that gunners be sent up to the Ridge to man the enemy's cannon and to fire on the fleeing troops, if such service were required. All in all, the officers and men of Bridges' Battery have ever felt a proud satisfaction in the part they were able to take in capturing Bragg's stronghold on Missionary Ridge the twenty-fifth of November, 1863"

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CHAPTER VIII.

When, not many years ago, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Emperor of Germany, was in this country he visited the battlefields of Chattanooga, that is to say, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. As a souvenir of that visit he was presented with a magnificent album, and in it one of the pictures he most admired was that of an Illinois Monument. Upon Missionary Ridge stands our great State's tribute to all her troops in the Chattanooga campaign; it rises, a symmetrical Corinthian column of granite to a lofty height, with a colossal figure in bronze at its summit holding aloft a leaf in one hand, in the other a laurel wreath, which it is conferring upon the brave men from Illinois who fought on that bloody field. From the grand Boulevard which extends along the crest of that ridge, from its river end, now known as Sherman Heights, to Rossville Gap, the gate from Chickamauga to Chattanooga, the view is marvellously beautiful; and no monument upon the entire panorama attracts more attention than the one which Illinois has consecrated to her citizen soldiers. Near it is the tall Observation Tower erected by the United States Government, marking the spot that served as Bragg's Headquarters. But this monument, grand though it is, is not the only one upon Lookout's lofty heights, on Chickamauga's sweeping vales and hills, or along Missionary Ridge, to write the name of Illinois in letters proud; and we have to do with two or three of the others in this present chapter.

The story of the unparalleled and important battles already dealt with has been often told, yet in very different ways, by both big and little historians. It is not easy to believe that these many writers ever willfully distorted the truth, or manipulated their facts and fancies, nevertheless contradictions and denials of published statements have so frequently been made that in all probability no book will ever be constructed to satisfy everybody, neither those who participated in, nor students of the Civil War. We personally believe that, on the whole, the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," published at Washington under authority of Congress by direction of the Secretary of War—it is officially claimed that nothing has been printed in these volumes except duly authenticated contemporaneous records of the War of the Rebellion—should be accepted as definite and convincing. As a general thing they are, so far as they go; the only trouble with them is their lack of necessary details bearing directly on the subject matter at issue. But in all probability the universally accepted story of the two great Western Combats of September 19-20 and November 25, 1863, the one stamped with United States, State, and individual authority, is going to be, if it is not so already, that which the National Chickamauga and Chattanooga Battlefield Park Commission has established in panoramic order, with the aid of monuments, markers, tablets, towers, etc., and which has cost millions of dollars, voted for that purpose by unanimous Congressional and State Legislation.

Under an act of Congress, passed August 19, 1890, the Battlefield of Chickamauga was made a National Park. At first it contained 6,400 acres, but since then the North end of Lookout Mountain and a considerable part of Missionary Ridge, likewise Orchard Knob, have been added to the first panoramic scheme, while the original title name was

changed to that of National Chickamauga and Chattanooga Battlefield Park Commission. The work accomplished by this body may be summed up as follows: The central drive, running from the southern limits of Chickamauga field to the heights at the river end of Missionary Ridge where Sherman's army was checked, is twenty miles in length, all of them passing through or overlooking heavy fighting ground. These plains and uplifts are a Park only in the sense that they have been restored as far as possible to their condition at the time of the two battles. Nothing has been done for purely decorative purposes. The old lines of works and the old houses that were land marks in the combats which were destroyed, then or subsequently, have been rebuilt or restored. Furthermore, the details of six engagements are set forth on tablets in the Park and its approaches by the National Commission, that is to say, Wauhatchie, Brown's Ferry, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and of course Chickamauga. Historical tablets mark Brigade, Division, Corps and Army headquarters on both sides; these also set forth the composition and commanders of regiments and batteries, likewise the part each organization played in the battles. Moreover, different States have erected special monuments of their own regiments and batteries, hence the services of the men who were in the combats named have been properly and honorably commemorated, with the important result that this Park is today the most comprehensive and extended military object lesson in the world.

It would seem that the chief promoter, if not the actual founder, of this wonderful panoramic history was Comrade Henry V. N. Boynton, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry; both Brannan and Van Deveer, his Division and Brigade Commanders, refer to him in high terms in their official reports of the Battle of Chickamauga.

In his "Chickamauga National Military Park" book Comrade Boynton informs us that this particular park project* was conceived and orgainized not only for the purpose of a memorial to American valor, but to afford to the military student an opportunity for studying of "the brilliant strategy, the unsurpassed fighting done there," and "giving impartial representation to both sides in preserving the history of the field and marking the line of battle." Writing of the dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Battlefield Park, Comrade Boynton claims that this National Panorama makes it possible for a visitor to Snodgrass Hill and Missionary Ridge to trace the movements of every organization down to the units of batteries and regiments from the beginning to the close of those engagements. Union and Confederate lines and positions are marked with equal care; the same exhaustive study has been given to the positions and movements of the one as to the other, and both the Confederate and Union doings are set forth with absolute impartiality. "The controlling idea upon which it—the National Park of Chattanooga—Chickamauga—was founded and which has shaped every feature of the project since, has been to restore and preserve the accurate history of those famous battlefields, and by the means employed to illustrate the prowess of the American soldier in battle."

Captain Bremner writes us as follows concerning the National Park: "When the Commission was locating the monuments they wrote to Chicago to the Nineteenth Illinois Veteran Club, asking that some one be sent who could identify the ground and place where the Nineteenth's monument should be set. Lieutenant Colonel Raffen and myself went and met General Boynton, Major Fullerton, and Major Smith. We went over the ground and without any hesita-

*The Government has established four of these National Parks on actual battlefields—Shiloh, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga-Missionary Ridge—and that of Chickamauga is the only one whereon a victory was gained by the Confederates.

tion or doubt made our decision. No suggestions were offered by the Commissioners. I remarked to Major Smith, 'Major, you know if we are right. For you know which Brigade supported your battery from twelve noon until the close of the battle.' And he replied, 'Yes, this is the place,' or words to that effect, and it was so located. The Nineteenth's monument is on the left of the line of the Regiment, the spot where the charge was made that closed the action, and drove the Confederates from the Hill. At the dedication of the Park about fifty of the Nineteenth Illinois, both officers and men, were present; also a large number of the Eleventh Michigan and the Eighteenth Ohio. I did not hear a single objection to the position. All our own men claimed it was right and that no mistake was made. I have had letters from a few officers of the Regiment since the correctness of the position was disputed, sending sketches and descriptions. Lieutenants D. B. Morehouse and Henry S. Dietrich, as well as Lieutenant Stivers, of the Eighteenth Ohio, all maintain that no mistake is possible."

It is both fitting and proper that this space be given to some lasting account of the National Chickamauga Battlefield Park which the Government and the States have created on the ground where more than 130,000 American soldiers met in deadly array half a century ago, inasmuch as our Regiment was among the best and foremost there; with the further incentive that the Nineteenth Illinois Veteran Club participated in the dedication of some of the monuments which now adorn that incomparable Park. And we will give, too, an account of the dedication of another monument to the honor and glory of our Regiment which, placed on the heights of Missionary Ridge, marks its efforts in a combat that, though fought differently from the orders of the

Commanding General, was the most signal victory and most spectacular battle known in history.

Of the many pleasant and successful excursions made by the Nineteenth Veteran Club, it would seem that none ever surpassed in interest and importance the one from the great city of Chicago to the bucolic stream of Chickamauga in September, 1895. The start was made on Sunday evening, the fifteenth of that month, and the next morning brought the excursionists into the station of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Louisville, Kentucky. Soon after they found themselves running over familiar lands. Lebanon Junction had changed hardly any since the war; the Veterans readily distinguished our old Camp south of the tank-house, also the drill and parade ground a little farther along. A few miles onward, Elizabethtown was rediscovered, the camp-ground back of the old graveyard being visible from the car windows. After this came well-known localities—Camp Nevin, Bacon Creek, Muldraugh's Hill, the High Bridge over Green River, Horse Cave, Mammoth Cave Junction, Edgefield Junction, where the National Cemetery, with its more than 16,000 of our Union Army comrades was seen—and finally Nashville, Tennessee, at about half past four o'clock on the afternoon of the sixteenth, was reached. As the party were to remain in that city over the night they dispersed at once to view the town, but the lateness of the hour prevented much sight-seeing. Nashville was left at nine o'clock next morning, and the train soon arrived at the scene of the Nineteenth's first big battle, that of Stone River.

Writing of that trip, our late Comrade Lieutenant Thomas M. Beatty, from whose article in the Zouave Gazette we are now taking all that concerns this excursion, says: "The view to us was an interesting one. Gazing from the cars, we could see, off on the right, the location of our terrible fight

in the Cedars; on the left the spot where we made the desperate charge across the river to 'save the left,' and where our beloved Colonel Scott received his mortal wound." Only a short stop was made at Murfreesboro, and then on, passing in succession Wartrace, Tullahoma, Decherd, Cowan Station, Stevenson, and Bridgeport—names as familiar to us as household words in those other years. Then the Club members and their guests came into the Wauhatchie Valley, with glimpses of the winding Tennessee River on the left; on the right were slowly unfolding views of Lookout Mountain; and then came the final stop at Chattanooga. Wednesday morning preparations were made to visit the Battlefields of Chickamauga, for the purpose of dedicating the Regimental Monument; and here we let Comrade Beatty continue the interesting story.

"The Color Guard donned their uniforms, the Club Flag and the old Nineteenth Guidons—now nothing but ragged strips of blue and gilt—were unfurled, and after a short march through the center of the city, the whole party took such conveyances as could be secured at the time and rode out to the battlefield; it was intolerably hot, and umbrellas and water were at a premium, but the excitement and interest in the day kept all up and no ill effects followed the ride. The first point of particular interest to come into view, was the knoll just in front of Rossville Gap, where the regiment was stationed on Monday morning after the battle, supporting a battery behind rail breastworks. The knoll is heavily overgrown with timber, much thicker than when we were first there, but otherwise the scenery is unchanged. Passing on, we soon reached the battlefield proper, and could see on every hand mute evidences of the desperate struggle. Here a granite monument to show where some brave regiment had made a desperate charge,

or still more desperate stand; there a mound of cannon-balls to mark the spot where a gallant commanding officer fell, and all around batteries of artillery on the ground they occupied during the fight; it is a sad but inspiring sight. About noon we reached Snodgrass Hill, or Horseshoe Ridge—as it is sometimes called—and, leaving the teams at the foot, the Color Guard escorted the colors to the top of the hill, and, after stacking arms in rear of the monument, dispersed, to await the formal exercises later on, an account of which is given by Comrade Young.

"Starting on the return journey about four o'clock we drove down by the Brotherton farm and located the position held by the regiment on Saturday night, where we had the severe skirmish firing, and the regiment poured a volley into the enemy over the heads of the skirmishers, (the writer remembers the point most distinctively, as he was on the skirmish line, and when that volley was fired he thought his time had come, sure!) Returning north on the Lafayette road we passed the Kelly field where our Brigade made the charge on Sunday morning and captured Gen. Adams; still further north, at the junction of the Lafayette and Snodgrass Hill road, we found the monument erected by the State to Bridges' Battery; at this point, we were told poor "Billy" Bishop, whom we all knew and admired, was killed. Returning to Rossville Gap a turn was made to the right taking the new Government road along the crest of Missionary Ridge, and we were soon feasting our eyes on some of the most beautiful views in the world. The roadway is a magnificent work extending the whole length of the ridge, as smooth and hard as our finest boulevards. The hillsides have been cut away in places, and the depressions filled up, making the road practically level the whole distance. At various places along the road tablets have been

Monument on Snodgrass Hill, Chickamauga.

erected, marking the points where the different organizations reached the crest during the battle. Many of these, however, were, according to our judgment, placed incorrectly. A tablet for the Eleventh Michigan, for instance, being placed nearly half a mile to the right of the point at which it was decided our Regiment gained the crest. Lingering on the ridge till near sunset, we finally returned to the city and reached our train thoroughly tired out but fully satisfied with the achievements and enjoyments of the day."

In the same number of the Zouave Gazette Comrade John Young, of Company E, tells how the Monument was dedicated, and his paper is worth giving in full.

"Wednesday, September 18, was the day assigned for the dedication of the State Monuments on the Chickamauga Battlefield. The morning was clear and warm, and the roads filled with the veterans of both sides who participated in the battle thirty-two years ago. The gray hairs and bent forms of many gave evidence of hardships and wounds endured. Others were present with whom time had dealt gently since in the vigor of youth they had marched over the same ground, going to, or returning from, the historic field. There was an impressiveness in the vast throng as they moved along the dusty road; to the younger generation it was an object lesson in patriotism never to be forgotten and perhaps never to be witnessed again in their day. Soon after reaching Rossville, as we approached Battery Hill, the first of the descriptive tablets erected by the Government came to view. On it we read '19th Illinois Infantry.' It told of the last position held by our regiment on September 21st before our withdrawal into Chattanooga, after passing through the famous Rossville Gap. As we moved into the more open country beyond, the beauty and grandeur of the field came to view. What a change since we last looked on it, on that memorable evening of the battle.

'The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past.'

"All was now calm and peaceful under the Autumn sky' for time has kindly healed the dents and scars of cruel war' The many monuments now dotting the hills and grassy plains brought back vivid recollections and many sad memories of the fierce struggle. After a short ride we reached the now famous Snodgrass Hill. As we approached the ridge to the position so well remembered, we observed a massive granite block with the words 'ILLINOIS,' in bold letters, on its beveled top, and cut deep in the polished face of the stone '19th INFANTRY.' This, then, was our monument, erected on the front of the ridge, where, during that Sunday afternoon, we repelled the continuous attacks of Kershaw's brigade of Longstreet's Corps, who were assisted later by Gracie's Brigade of Preston's Division. Draping the stone with our regimental flag, the color guard stacked arms to await the formal ceremonies of dedication.

"The Illinois monuments are massive granite blocks, with polished sides, having the regiment, brigade, division and corps carved into the face of the stone. They are pleasing in their look of solidity. On the left stands the ornate monument of the Eighteenth Ohio, and, still further to the left, that of the Eleventh Michigan, surmounted with a life-size statue of the lamented Colonel Stoughton.

"Snodgrass Hill seemed to be the Mecca of the many visitors. When we arrived, the ridge was well occupied, among those present being a large delegation of the Eleventh Michigan, preparing to dedicate their beautiful monument. After cordial and hearty greetings with our comrades of over two years in the same Brigade, it was decided to hold

a joint dedicatory service. Lieutenant Young, of the Nineteenth Illinois, was chosen to preside, assisted by Comrade Boughton of the Eleventh Michigan. After a few introductory remarks, Comrade, the Rev. Washington Gardner, Michigan's honored Secretary of State, lead in prayer. James W. King, of the Eleventh Michigan, then read an interesting review of the services rendered by the Brigade during the Chickamauga campaign, which was listened to with close attention. General R. A. Alger, being called upon, responded in a short and eloquent address, full of tenderness and deep feeling. He was followed by Captain Bremner and Comrade Dustin of the Nineteenth, and by Comrades Boughton, Hicks, and Whallon, of the Eleventh Michigan, who were listened to attentively as they related the story of the struggle for possession of the hill on which we stood. The ceremony of dedication was concluded with 'taps' by the bugler."

Nearby the Government has erected a descriptive metal tablet, reading as follows:

STANLEY'S BRIGADE.

Negley's Division—Thomas's Corps.
Col. Timothy R. Stanley.
Sept. 20th, 1863, noon, 2nd position.
19th Illinois, Lieut. Col. Alex. W. Raffen.
11th Michigan, Col. Wm. L. Stoughton.
18th Ohio, Lieut. Col. Chas. H. Grovenor.

The brigade arrived on this ground, from the woods west of the north end of the Kelly field, about noon. The 18th Ohio was placed on the left of the line, at the Snodgrass House, as support to Battery I, 4th U. S. Artillery of Vanderveer's Brigade, which had been posted there by Gen. Negley. The 11th Michigan was on the left of the front

line, and the 19th Illinois on the right, joining Gen. Brannan's line. Col. Stanley was wounded at noon, and Col. Stoughton took command. The assault on the position by Kershaw's Brigade was continuous and persistent from 1 o'clock until 4. About 4:30 Gracie's Brigade of Preston's Division came to the assistance of Kershaw, and carried the point of the hill in front of Stanley, and held it for an hour. At 6 o'clock the 18th Ohio was brought from the left, and forming behind the crest, charged forward, and with the assistance of the other regiments, recaptured the position. This closed the fighting on that part of the line. At 7:30 the brigade following "Harker's" withdrew by McFarland's Gap to Rossville. Casualties in the battle: Killed, 20; wounded, 146; captured or missing, 49. Total, 215.

"The remainder of the day was taken up in viewing other portions of the field, especially the ground we fought over on Sunday forenoon, near which is erected the Monument to Bridges' Battery, and where gallant young Lieutenant Bishop was killed. The Park and Drives, including the crest road to Missionary Ridge Battlefield, cannot be surpassed for beauty and scenic grandeur. In closing I can but repeat what was said by Governor Holcomb, of Nebraska, in reference to the Park. 'On every hand are mute evidences of the memorable conflict. Could the stones speak, or the hills break the long silence they have kept, we would hear innumerable stories of desperate valor not chronicled in history.' "

The Nineteenth's Monument, standing on Horseshoe Ridge—sometimes called Snodgrass Hill—occupies a conspicuous position at the point of that height about two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards South and a little East of the Snodgrass House, being located, as near as could be determined in the absence of the rail breastworks, on the

very spot where stood our regimental Colors during the battle. All the Illinois monuments are alike in size and appearance; the only difference in them lies in the lettering. The fact that they are scattered over an area of at least 6,000 acres removes the objection of monotony urged by some. But this sameness is a decided advantage; for whenever the eye rests on one of them, the observer knows that some of the best blood of the State that gave Lincoln and Grant and Logan to the Union cause baptized the ground on which it stands. It is believed that, all things considered, Illinois has the most appropriate monuments in the National Chickamauga-Chattanooga Battlefield Park. Each of her monuments consists of only two stones, the base and the die, the weight of both being ten tons. They are made of Quincy, Massachusetts, granite, believed to be the most durable granite in the country; the base stone of the Nineteenth is seven feet six inches long; four feet four inches wide, and one foot six inches high, with nine-inch bevel on top, quarry face. The die is six feet four inches long, three feet two inches wide, three feet high; three sides and top quarry face, nine inch bevel around top, cut finish; on front of bevel the word "ILLINOIS" in raised polished letters, which dominates all and can be seen from afar; the front face of the die highly polished, with sunk letters containing necessary inscription; die set in with wedged joints. The foundation of each monument was prepared by the United States Government without cost to the State. There were thirty-six regiments from Illinois engaged in the Battle of Chickamauga.

* * * * *

The erection of a Monument on Missionary Ridge in honor of the Nineteenth was first suggested during the attendance at the dedication just dealt with. After the memorial service on Chickamauga field, the scene of the battle

of November 25 was visited by the Veteran Club. The part of the crest of Missionary Ridge reached by our Regiment in the heroic onslaught described in Chapter VIII was definitely located; it is about 1,000 feet South of the Bragg tower. The ground was afterward purchased by Comrades Bremner and Young; the site was presented to the Veteran Club without cost; and steps were at once taken to raise sufficient funds by subscription to carry out the Club's intentions. The result was all that had been hoped for, the monument was assured. Those having the matter in charge agreed, and most properly, that the battle scene which had inspired the illustrious author of "America" was the best possible subject for the die of this testimonial to the valor of the Nineteenth Illinois, and so it came about that Captain David and his brave Color Company are "in the forefront of the fight" in that memorable contest which drove the enemy from before Chattanooga. The monument occupies a prominent position about fifteen feet above the crest road, a flight of stone steps leading from the roadway to its base, the slope of the bank being rip-rapped to prevent its crumbling.

The evening of November 23, 1897, a few members of the Regiment—Comrades David F. Bremner, John Young, P. F. Guthrie, H. A. Downs, P. McConnell, Robert R. Sampson, Charles Ferris, G. H. Uchtman, J. M. Spahn, Jacob Bolles, J. H. Reynolds, Jacob B. Stanger, Thomas Beatty (Comrades Ramage, Lamb, and Irons joined the party at Chattanooga), etc., with their ladies and friends, left Chicago and arrived at their destination at three o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. The next day—Thanksgiving Day, 1897—the party went up on Lookout Mountain and thence, after a noon dinner, took carriages to Missionary Ridge, to attend the dedicatory service for which they had gone so far from home. Writing to the Zouave Gazette of that trip, Mrs.

H. A. Downs, wife of our esteemed comrade, says: "This was a sacred observance, and only those men who had been in battle and had seem comrades falling at their sides can fully understand the emotions which almost made utterance impossible. The folds of the State and Regiment Flags rested over the beautiful monument like a final benediction. . . . As we stood there beneath that Autumn foliage, with all the wonderful surroundings of Nature and the beautiful in Art, a group of men and women, showing our loyalty to and love for those who had fallen thirty-four years before, it seemed as if the Lord of Hosts and the God of Battles Who presided on that day of carnage was also present on this occasion as a Spirit of Peace."

The dedicatory services were simple, yet impressive. Our old battle Flags, those that we planted in the enemy's breastworks at the close of the assault on the Ridge in 1863, and which since the war have reposed in Memorial Hall of the State Capitol, had, through the kindness of the Governor of Illinois, been sent to us, and with Comrades Peter F. Guthrie, of E Company, and Robert Sampson, of A company, as color bearers, were placed on either side of the Monument, the Flags unfurled.* Comrade John Young, the then President of the Veteran Club, stepped to the front, called the gathering to order and, after a few introductory remarks, delivered an address in which he said:

"Comrades and Friends:—We are here today to do honor to our former comrades of the Nineteenth, who gave up their lives in defense of the Union, and dedicate to their memory this beautiful monument to be guarded and cared for by a grateful nation, whose liberal generosity has made this—the battlefield of Missionary Ridge and the adjoining fields

*It is with sadness we add that one of these Color bearers, Comrade Guthrie—a man of lovable character, brave and true—passed away about two years afterward, thus giving another noble type of the Volunteer soldier to the long list taken from our fast diminishing ranks. He died lamented by many good men, but lamented by none more than he who writes these words.

of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain—a national park where the patriotic citizens and the military student may come, and on the many monuments read the story of the assault on this memorable hillside of the two days' struggle on Chickamauga's sanguinary field, and of the daring and seemingly impossible ascent of Lookout, now, as then, standing before us grim and defiant. Great events are brought as vividly to the mind's eye as if they had just occurred. Could I turn back the year hand on time's dial thirty-four years today how different would be the scene presented. Below us, where now a prosperous city has been built, then was to be seen the tents of a great army, with the guns of Fort Wood and Negley hurling shot and shell upon the heights on which we now stand, while in their front the Army of the Cumberland was forming its ranks, preparatory to the desperate work before it. Along the embattled crest of this ridge the enemy, alert and watchful, were behind their works, observing, no doubt, with thrilling interest the movements of our troops in the valley below. On the morning of that day the sound of Sherman's guns and the rattle of musketry on our left told of the commencement of the struggle for possession of the Ridge. Early in the afternoon Generals Grant and Thomas, with other officers of prominence, assembled on Orchard Knob waiting impatiently for the sound of Hooker's guns, off by Rossville. Near them stood our Company G, then known as Bridges' Battery, ready at the word of command to fire the signal guns that put the veterans of Stone River and Chickamauga in motion for the assault. How gallantly the Army of the Cumberland performed its part history tells. Before the sun went down on that day, thirty-four years ago, the Ridge, from Rossville to the Tennessee river, was ours. But at what a cost! The thousands of marble headstones in the National Cemetery yonder show how many brave hearts joined their

Bronze Panel Set in Monument on Missionary Ridge.

The battle scene shows Captain Bremner, flag in hand, climbing the breast work; on his right, Private Brosnahan is taking the state flag from the wounded Sergeant Steel; below, Colonel Alexander W. Raffen, sword in hand, is cheering on his men; near him Lieutenant T. M. Beatty is leading brave Company A in support of the colors. In the center, Lieutenant John Young stoops for an instant over the dead color bearer, Patterson; near him Corporal Tom G. Lawler, with blanket roll over his shoulder, is pushing forward with his comrades of Company E. Up near the colors Major James V. Guthrie is gallantly leading the left of the Regiment in the final charge; below him. Sergeant P. F. Guthrie, with musket at "ready," is pressing to the front. Near him the wounded McDonald, cap in hand, is cheering on his comrades. In a few moments after, the victorious flags were waving over the captured works.

comrades on the other shore in this and the surrounding battlefield. I will leave to others present to tell of that grand charge, how those dear old flags led us up these rugged heights to final victory, and how the gallant Army of the Cumberland emerged from the woods and advanced as if on parade against the batteries crowning the Ridge. The bronze tablets on our monument tell how well the Nineteenth did its duty on that day. It was a glorious victory, and well does our brave dead deserve this mark of our never failing admiration of their gallant deeds.

"And now, comrades, with uncovered heads we will drape this monumental stone with the old flags, and this shall be our formal dedication."

President Young then requested Major E. E. Betts, Topographical Engineer of the Chattanooga Military Park System, to accept the monument on behalf of the National Park Commissioners, and transferred to him a deed to the ground on which it stands. Major Betts responded feelingly, accepting the trust in behalf of the Commissioners and promised to see that it received the same care and attention as those erected by the States. Major General McArthur and Major Vocke were called on and made short addresses suitable to the occasion.

The die, or panel, a bronze relief, represents the climax of the battle, the incident shown being historically correct. The Confederates, driven from their works at the foot of the great slope, retreated up the face of the Ridge, and, assisted by the artillery occupying the lines above, contested every yard of ground during our ascent. As the Nineteenth neared the crest, the enemy's fire became doubly destructive. Here Color Corporal William Patterson, of Company E bearing the National Flag, was killed. Private Patrick McDonald, of Company K, grasped the fallen Flag and bore it onward. In a few moments he also was struck down, and

was thus compelled to surrender his precious charge. Then Captain Bremner, commander of the Color Company, seized the Flag, as elsewhere related, and, amidst cheering from the whole brigade, planted it on the enemy's breastworks, receiving a volley from the retreating Confederates, which shot the staff in twain in his hands. Sergeant George Steel, who had bravely borne the State Flag up the Ridge, fell, severely wounded, almost in reach of the crest. Private John Brosnahan, dropping his musket, took the colors from the wounded Sergeant, and, following his Captain, carried it on to and over the same breastworks.

The bronze shows Captain Bremner, Flag in hand, climbing toward the works. On his right Private Brosnahan is taking the State Flag from the grasp of wounded Sergeant Steel. Below, Lieutenant Colonel Raffen, sword in hand, is cheering on his men. Near him Lieutenant Thomas M. Beatty is leading Company A in support of the Colors. In the center, Lieutenant Young of Company E, stoops for an instant over poor Patterson. Close by, Corporal Thomas G. Lawler, with blanket roll over his shoulder, is pushing forward with his comrades of Company E. Up near the Colors, Major Guthrie is gallantly leading the left of the Regiment in the final charge. Below him, Sergeant Peter F. Guthrie, with musket at "ready," is pressing to the front, while near Peter the wounded McDonald from Company A, cap in hand, is cheering his comrades on. A few moments later those two victorious Flags were waving over the captured breastworks of the late defiant foe.

On his return North, General McArthur, (Captain of the Highland Guard—Company E—when that organization offered its services to the Governor of Illinois in January, 1861, and who was appointed Colonel of the Twelfth Illinois Volunteer Infantry; he rose to be a Major General during

Rear View of Monument on Missionary Ridge.

the war) who was one of the Club's guests on this occasion, wrote to the Zouave Gazette as follows:

"The ceremonies at the dedication of the Nineteenth's Monument to the memory of its heroic dead on Missionary Ridge were simple from the fact that no official dignity graced the occasion, impressive by the fact that the actual participants of the heroic struggle, together with the identical Flags borne on that memorable November afternoon in 1863, were placed as sacred emblems by their bearers on the Monument as a last tribute of respect to their fallen comrades. On looking over the ground traversed by the grand old Army of the Cumberland, and considering its fearful struggle at Chickamauga, and the magnificent courage displayed by again attacking the enemy in his strong positions around Chattanooga, there raised within me emotions of pride and renewed confidence in the future of our glorious country. The difficult ground up which the Union soldiers charged could hardly be credited were it not for the monuments scattered all over the field, now standing silent but convincing witnesses of the truth of history to coming generations. In talking with an ex-Confederate soldier on this question I asked him what was the feeling among the Confederates that could induce them to yield such strong stragetic positions. He answered by saying that although they whipped the "Yanks" at Chickamauga, it was such a victory as they had no desire to repeat, and with the sound of Sherman's guns thundering away on their right, backed up by the Army of the Tennessee, whose reputation for hard knocks had preceded them, their men simply became discouraged, an explanation that I thought was fair, and, in the nature of things, was human.

It is with sadness we add that one of the Color bearers of that notable occasion, Comrade Peter F. Guthrie—a man of lovable character, brave and true—passed away about two

years afterwards, thus giving another noble type of the American soldier to the long list of our comrades taken from our fast diminishing ranks. He received injuries at the battle of Stone River from which he never fully recovered. He died lamented by many good men, but lamented by none more than he who writes these words.

But of all the monuments in the National Park of Chickamauga-Chattanooga Battlefield none is more original in design than another one placed by Illinois upon Orchard Knob. It was something like a Hall of Glory, a Pantheon to heroic men, standing near the ever-floating Flag which they so grandly defended. Beneath the canopied top of the testimonial the weary may rest on the marble seats and read the names of regiments that hailed from Illinois. The ceiling of this is polished to a mirror's brilliancy; and it is flanked by cannon, of the kind which our Comrades in the Light Artillery so bravely stood for in the Civil War. Here, too, the position of our old friends in Bridges' Battery has been definitely marked by the National Park Commissioners. Four guns representing that Battery have been mounted in their original positions, and a tablet with the name and official designation placed just in front. This Memorial of Bridges' Battery and the Illinois Hall of Fame make Orchard Knob one of the most prominent and attractive spots around Chattanooga.

Dedication of Monument on Missionary Ridge, November 25th, 1897.

CHAPTER IX.

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CHAPTER IX.

Told in the fewest words possible, the story of our Regiment after Missionary Ridge would read something like this. In a skirmish with the Confederates at Grayville November 26, 1863, followed the next day by a combat with them at Ringgold. Return to Chattanooga on the twenty-ninth. Preparations for Winter existence as Veterans who knew what to do and how to do it. Huts constructed without the aid of architects, yet containing all the conforts really necessary to a soldier's well-being. Something doing nearly all the time—as for instance: Up and out early for roll-call—O! that Orderly Sergeant!—followed soon by a breakfast which could not be duplicated at Sherry's; writing letters, mending clothes, washing shirt and socks, going to the Commissary for rations, or to the Quartermaster's on detail work; visiting comrades in other companies, occasionally those in other regiments; laboring on the fortifications; cleaning up camp; battalion drill—never could we have escaped that if we had served "a thousand years, my own Columbia;" discussion of past campaigns, or prophecies as to coming ones; conduct of armies in the East more or less criticised; and so on for a multitude of daily incidents, events and happenings important just at that time, although of no great value for the future, hence barely hinted at in these memories of other days.

That Winter a little thing occurred which brought the Nineteenth Illinois very close, so to speak, with one of the noblest women this country has ever known—Mary A. Livermore, of blessed memory. She was from Massachusetts,

and it was in a town not far from the village where the Editor of these pages now resides that she passed away only a few years back. During the war she lived in Chicago, and by her and some other ladies in that city the Soldiers' Rest was founded in the early stages of the great struggle. "It was also through their efforts that the Soldiers' Home came into being while the war was still in progress; that two great sanitary Fairs were organized and brought to a successful issue; that camp hospitals were equipped and supplied with Nurses and medical supplies, and the men at the front furnished with such coveted luxuries as onions, pickles, and chow-chow, to supplement the regular *menu* of hardtack and sowbelly."* So prosperous, indeed, was the Chicago Sanitary Fair of 1863, that Mrs. Livermore was called to New York to organize and manage the still greater one given there in the Spring of 1864, and it was then that a Private of Company A became her collaborator in its monetary triumph.

Comrade Nicholas Phieffer was mustered out of life's service at Peoria, Illinois, toward the end of January, 1866; he had been a good soldier, and was a man well liked by those in the Regiment who knew him personally. Among other accomplishments, Nick was remarkably skillful with his pocket-knife, and many a handsome article did he whittle for those he loved. One fine day in December he showed up at a "villa" in Company D's line to consult with a Comrade for whom he always had affection, and in whose arms he died a few years afterward. He had carved from laurel root dug up on the battlefield of Chickamauga two dozen of the handsomest napkin-rings that were ever seen, and now he desired to present them to our Commander, "Old Pap" Thomas, for his table use. Was such a thing possible? The decision being finally in the affirmative, straight away, and

*Frederick F. Cook, in "Bygone Days in Chicago." (A. C. McClurg & Company.)

without permission to leave camp, two High-Privates marched to Headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, carrying a mysterious looking bundle which contained the napkin-rings. There was no difficulty whatever in obtaining an interview with General Thomas, who at once displayed earnest interest in the matter. He praised Comrade Phieffer's exquisite taste and skillfulness, as he turned the rings over and over in his hands; summoned members of his Official Staff to look at them, then finally took poor Nick's breath away with a proposition. Prefacing his suggestion with the assertion that he would hardly dare use such beautiful and valuable articles in his mess service, the great Commander gently said he would gladly accept the rings if he were permitted to send them on to Mrs. Mary Livermore, with a few words of explanation, for her Sanitary Fair at New York, where they were bound to be admired and would undoubtedly sell for a considerable sum when the story of their making came to be known. Such a fine disposal of his handicraft almost overwhelmed our former Comrade, but he was a man who never lost his balance, and he said:

"General, I carved them for you, and it would have been a real pleasure to me if you had accepted them; but if you think it better that they should go to the Sanitary Fair people I am quite willing, if—if you will do the sending."

General Thomas laughed heartily at this, then said, seriously: "Well, I will attend to that part of the affair, and we must do it at once so as to get them on the catalogue, if there is one."

Then the "Rock of Chickamauga" shook hands with both those High-Privates of the Nineteenth, they retired from Headquarters, and they managed to reach their company huts without being detected as absent from camp without leave. The rings went safely to New York; they were exhibited at the great Sanitary Fair; and they sold for

twenty-five dollars each, that is to say, six hundred dollars!

About the middle of December Grant's General Orders No. 9, in which he gave his thanks and congratulations to "the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee, and their Comrades from the Army of the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy," reached Chattanooga, and was read to all the troops, of whatever organization. In that Order General Grant, then in Virginia, and Commander-in-Chief of all the Union Armies, pointed out some of the things which had been accomplished by the forces in and near Chattanooga, as for instance: the securing control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville; the dislodging of the enemy from his stronghold upon Lookout Mountain; the driving him out of Chattanooga Valley; the wresting from his determined grasp possession of Missionary Ridge; the hustling him from all points, utterly routed and discomfited; the securing of positions from which no Confederate power could ever afterward dislodge us, etc., and he said: "You will yet go to other fields of strife, and with the invincible bravery and unflinching loyalty to justice and right which have characterized you in the past, you will prove that no foe can withstand you, that no defenses, however formidable, can check your onward march." It was more than four months from that date, however, before Sherman's armies started to carry out Grant's prediction that no foe could withstand us, no defense could check our onward march.

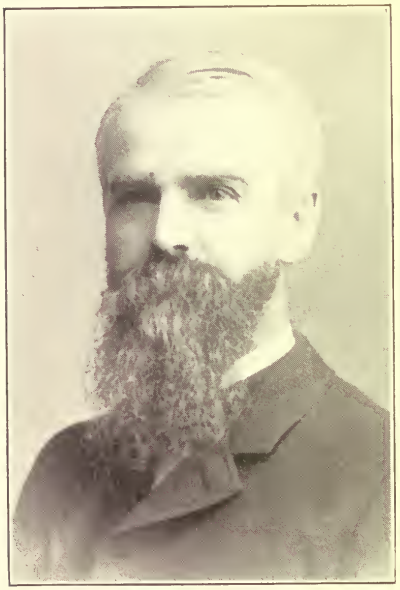
It is true that with the coming of George Washington's Birthday in 1864 things about Chattanooga took on the real stamp of war again. On the twenty-second of February the Nineteenth was one of the regiments that "demonstrated" against Dalton, Georgia, and which movement included a skirmish with the enemy at Ringgold on the twenty-third, another at Catoosa Station on the twenty-fourth, an action

at Buzzard Roost Gap on the twenty-fifth, and still another at Turner's Station the next day. After that we took in Grayville again, and thence returned to camp at Chattanooga. Renewal now of "the same old programme" already hinted at; and then—at last—the forward movement that ushered in the Atlanta Campaign, in which the Nineteenth skirmished, combatted, engaged, and battled, now at Ringgold, now at Rocky Face Ridge, now at Resaca, or on the line of Pumpkin Vine Creek, or at Dallas, or at New Hope Church, or at Adairsville, or at Kingston, or at Allatoona Hills—at scores of places indeed, until we finally reached Ackworth, from whence we started for "God's Country." Such are the bare facts, but the story would be very imperfect if left in any such skeleton form, hence the necessity of dealing more largely with those closing six months in the history of our Regiment.

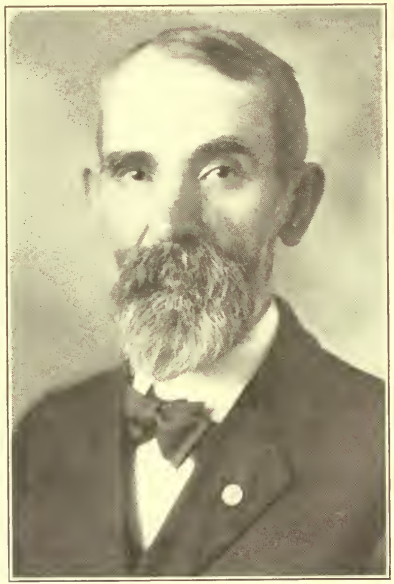
Following the disaster which had befallen him at Missionary Ridge, Lieutenant General Braxton Bragg had safely withdrawn his badly beaten army through the gorge in the Chattanooga Mountains, and, fixing his headquarters at Dalton, Georgia, within easy railroad communication of Atlanta and the rich farming lands round about, he immediately started to constructing extensive fortifications to render that place impervious to assault, and all to no purpose. It seems that about everybody in the South except Jefferson Davis had lost confidence in General Bragg, and public clamor was so insistent that early in December, 1863, he was relieved of the command of the Confederate force in our front and Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee—a gallant and distinguished officer whom the Army of the Cumberland had the honor of first meeting at Stone River almost a year previously, and where he displayed remarkable skill and tenacity; moreover it was he who fought Bragg's right on Missionary Ridge with deplorable results to Sherman's

intentions—was appointed his successor. Hardee remained in command only a short time, however, being soon succeeded by Lieutenant General Joseph E. Johnston, whom many critics have pronounced "the finest military mind in the Confederate Armies." In turn, and about the middle of July, 1864, Johnston had to give way to Lieutenant General Hood, a famous Captain whom Thomas often whipped, then finally administered to him the most crushing defeat of the Civil War at Nashville.

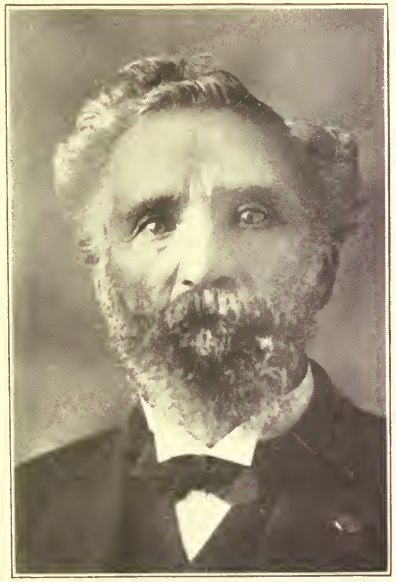
The Union force which Sherman commanded at the beginning of the Atlanta Campaign was composed of three armies, namely: that of the Cumberland (it had again been reorganized, to a certain extent, but the Nineteenth Illinois still remained in the same Brigade, Division, and Army Corps), Major General George H. Thomas commanding; that of the Tennessee, Major General James B. McPherson commanding; and that of the Ohio, Major General John B. Schofield commanding. The larger force was assigned to Thomas; it consisted of the Fourth, Fourteenth, and Twentieth Army Corps, and it was destined to bear the greatest burden of the offensive work to come. In the Army of the Tennessee was the Fifteenth (John A. Logan's famous Corps), also the Sixteenth Corps, while Frank Blair's Seventeenth Corps joined this army the tenth of May. The Army of the Ohio consisted of the Twenty-third Corps, which had been formed by consolidating the two Corps from the Army of the Potomac sent us after we had been cooped up in Chattanooga. Sherman's total force was just under a hundred thousand men, with 250 pieces of artillery. Johnston had about 54,000 men and 245 pieces of artillery to begin with, but by the tenth of May General Leonidas Polk's Corps of 20,000 men was sent to his command, so that the relative proportion between the advancing strength and that of the defense was as ten to seven during the entire campaign



Lieut. H. E. Carter, Co. D.



Lieut. John Dedrick, Co. H.



John Mercer, Co. H.

which followed. The Union Army was indeed numerous and well equipped, but it had in truth enormous difficulties to face. The region in which it operated was wooded and mountainous, in great part thinly settled, quite unsurveyed and unmapped. Our 98,800 men and the thirty-five or forty thousand animals must be supplied mostly from as far North as the Ohio River, by a single line of railroad, exposed to the enemy from Louisville to Chattanooga—indeed it was often attacked, and might be broken any day. Along this thread of connection one hundred and thirty cars, carrying ten tons each, must proceed every day in order that our force might be fed and clothed.

When the Nineteenth started on this campaign in May, 1864, it was still in the Second Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, with Brigadier General John H. King and Brigadier General Richard W. Johnson, both regular officers, for our Brigade and Division commanders, while Major General John M. Palmer, a Volunteer soldier from Illinois, was at the head of the Corps. On the third of May General Johnson moved his Division from Grayville to Ringgold, leaving an outpost of two regiments, the Nineteenth and the Twenty-fourth Illinois, at Parker's Gap, to hold that pass until the advance of the troops from the direction of Cleveland should cover it. Then, on the day but one following, those two regiments were relieved and transferred from the First Division to the Brigade of Brigadier General John B. Turchin, in the Third Division, same Army Corps. With us in this new Brigade, besides our old friends the Twenty-fourth Illinois, were, the Eighty-second Indiana, Twenty-third Missouri, Eleventh, Seventeenth, Thirty-first, Eighty-ninth, and Ninety-second Ohio regiments. At that time we had only fifteen officers and two hundred and thirty-nine men in our Regiment.

The morning of May 7 General Turchin's Brigade broke camp at Ringgold, and after a hard day's march encamped near Tunnel Hill, where the Thirty-first Ohio was thrown out as a picket guard. Next day we marched to a position opposite Buzzard Roost Gap, and remained there, camped in line of battle, for four nights and three days. On the twelfth the Brigade moved through Snake Creek Gap to a position about two miles East, to occupy works thrown up by the Army of the Tennessee in a previous attempt on the enemy. The thirteenth Turchin shifted his position to within three miles or so of Resaca, where we bivouacked, knowing that the Confederates were close at hand, and feeling that another battle was going to take place very soon. The morning of the fourteenth came at last; the night had been anything but a restful one. Turchin early moved the Brigade to the left of our Division (Baird's), connecting there with the right of the Army of the Ohio. Here skirmishers from the Nineteenth Illinois and the Thirty-first Ohio were thrown out; these engaged the Confederates about two hundred yards in advance of the line of battle, and drove them back to the hills, a distance of at least three-quarters of a mile, but were unable to advance any further owing to the strength of the enemy. Thereupon our skirmish line was doubled in strength, and the foe was compelled to give back to the second line of hills.

Then our Brigade became mixed up with Hascall's of the Second Division, Twenty-third Corps, consisting of the One Hundred and Seventh Illinois, One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio, and the Twenty-third Michigan regiments, in a rather peculiar way. In the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" one may read: "While my command was near the left of the Fourteenth Army Corps, in front of Resaca, I was ordered to advance in conjunction with the First Brigade and

attempt to carry the enemy's position. My Brigade was formed in three lines and advanced in order until I came up with the lines of the Fourteenth Corps, intrenched in my front, when the troops of both Corps became intermingled in the thicket in their front, and in a short time the lines were in disorder." Now the *lines* thus referred to by General Hascall were his own, not ours; and the question, which naturally arises, "Why were his troops in disorder at such a moment?" is answered by Major Uriah M. Laurence, commanding the One Hundred and Seventh Illinois, in his official report of the part that regiment took in the Battle of Resaca. He says: "About noon on May 14 we started for the front, and the One Hundred and Seventh soon ran on the Nineteenth Illinois and an Ohio regiment and was compelled to move round them by the left flank, which threw us considerably in the rear."

Major Laurence was a gallant and courageous soldier, an honor to Illinois, as were all the troops under him, but neither he nor they were yet aware of the fact that when the Nineteenth had, like a trained thoroughbred pointer, once established its nose toward the game, no power, not even that of a stubborn enemy on the defense, could induce it to move—except forward. Once on the battlefield we quite forgot the polite form of "After you, Sirs," but refused to budge from whatever position might be assigned to or taken up by us, unless it were toward the enemy, or in obedience to orders; nor should our younger comrades from Illinois have expected us to yield the *pas* to them under the circumstances. Even though a writ of *supersedas* had been issued by General Hascall, we would, in all probability, have refused to step aside. Though always gentle in manner, the Nineteenth was ever vigorous in the deed; and as every regiment in Sherman's armies had some particular enjoyment, it may be acknowledged here that Our's was that of

hanging on, firm in the belief that success was the companion of virtue, and—*Silent leges inter arma*, as Cicero puts it—all polite laws are silent in the midst of arms.

Whilst we have been thus running on, General Baird was settling the matter before Resaca by giving the order that Turchin's Brigade should advance as Hascall's Brigade advanced, and so the soldiers of both brigades moved forward. The position held by the Confederates was one strongly intrenched on an irregular conglomerate of hills, with spurs running in every direction, their main line on these elevations inclining northeastward, toward a bend in the Connesauga River, forming a refused flank to their force. On most of the hills they had batteries protected by earthworks of various descriptions, and so disposed as to sweep the lines of approach in every direction. The face of the country was very rough, rising and falling in a succession of heights and deep gorges, or ravines, rendering it a difficult matter for our troops to advance in good order, and the foe had availed himself of these advantages, and was now cross-firing and enfilading the ground we were passing over, both with artillery and musketry.

Turchin's Brigade advanced steadily, however, as did the other Union forces engaged, until our lines suddenly found themselves confronted by a deep, narrow creek, with quicksand in places and steep and muddy banks. The enemy's sharpshooters fled on our approach, yet this stream stopped further progress. But it also proved a source of great annoyance to the Confederates, for it gave the Union boys the chance to pour in an enfilading fire which soon drove them from their works, although the advantage was of short duration. The enemy soon succeeded in driving our unsupported advance toward the rear; and then Hascall's troops again got us into trouble by suddenly falling back through our lines, although, to their credit, be it said, they quickly

reformed. Turchin's Brigade was next posted on the first ridge in front of the enemy's stronghold, and there we remained, fighting till night came down. The battling was fiercely renewed on the fifteenth of May, but that night Johnston retreated across the Oostenaula River.

On the sixteenth of the month the Second Division of Palmer's Corps was sent to capture Rome, Georgia, which it did on the eighteenth, and it held that place till the twenty-fourth. In the meantime our Division had advanced with the main army, participating in its actions, and following the retiring Confederates from Resaca to Lost Mountain. On the twenty-sixth it moved to Raccoon Ford, and thence to the forks of the Dallas and Van Wert roads, returning on the twenty-ninth with wagon trains to Burnt Hickory, where it remained for the rest of the month, protecting the rear of the army. The second of June it moved from Burnt Hickory, and took up a position in reserve behind Johnson's Division. From there General Palmer advanced it about a mile; and during the night of the fourth the enemy fell back from our front in the direction of Big Shanty. Next day we swiftly followed them, but no engagement could be brought on, although there was considerable musketry firing. The sixth of June the Brigade was on its way to Ackworth, to help replace the railroad; and vast quantities of war munitions were already reaching that station when, on the ninth of the month, the Nineteenth faced about and started homewards. Our Regiment had been a part of Sherman's army for considerably more than half the distance to Atlanta; and from the time when General Johnson had left us on outpost duty at Parker's Gap till now, a matter of more than five weeks, we had been in a series of almost continuous skirmishes and combats, with one big battle included, thus alternating marching and fighting with delightful regularity.

The mobility of "Old Tecumseh's" mighty force on this memorable campaign is counted among the most remarkable things in military history. Never, says John McElroy, in his work, "The Atlanta Campaign," was a great army stripped to actual fighting weight as was Sherman's three armies by the end of the first month, and he thus goes on: "When it started out it was thought that everything superfluous had been discarded under the rigid orders of Sherman, cutting down the trains to a wagon for each regiment, tents discarded, and shelter for the officers limited to a mere 'fly.' Regimental, Brigade, Division, even Corps commanders had to content themselves with this meager shelter, which was scanty indeed, against the driving rains. A mule carried all the larger cooking vessels for the company. These were intrusted to a Negro, who was expected to make his way as best he could to the point for which that company's regiment was heading. Each enlisted man carried the half of a tent with a rubber or woolen blanket, while his partner carried the other half, and the men were thus better sheltered than their officers. His haversack contained his rations, usually enough for three days at a time, and on his belt was a small pot or tin in which to boil his coffee. This and the half of a canteen were his principal, if not sole, cooking utensils. The half canteen was both multiplex and useful. In it the soldier fried meat, or cooked a ragout of salt pork and hardtack; it served as a wash bowl in the morning when he was not near a brook; and with it he scooped out shallow rifle-pits under the fire of the enemy. Generally he had all he could eat; and, despite the fact that the Confederates had been living on the country, there was considerable to be picked up by industrious foragers along the wide sweep over which the army marched. Another thing which our troops brought to a high state of excellence by the time they had settled down in front of Kenesaw was

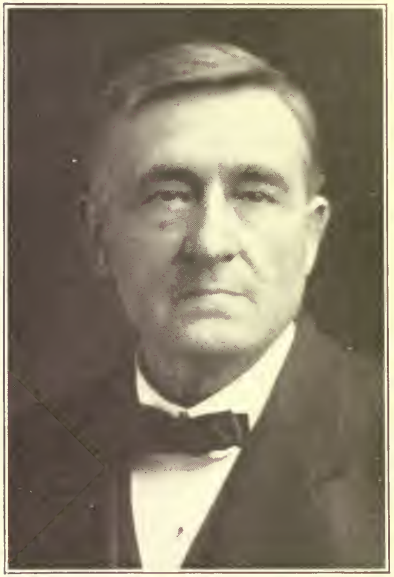
that of rapid construction of field fortifications. While the skirmishers were engaged in front the rest of the men stacked arms, got axes and picks from the wagons, which were kept close to the ammunition train, and in an incredibly short time had themselves well covered against assault."

It was the ninth of June, 1864, when the Nineteenth Illinois left the front. The Front! Foremost in many of the campaigns of the Civil War, some of them bordering on the sensational, all of them of gravest importance to the Nation. In the front! and most of the time with a Commander in a class by himself, a General whom we loved much, but revered him more. We never criticised, never doubted him; never attributed to him either moral error or mental weakness; and those of us of the dear old Regiment who are still living are thankful that we served under "Old Pap" Thomas, the loyal Virginian, the incomparable Soldier, the "Rock of Chickamauga," the Christian gentleman, one of the greatest Captains of the Ages.

We were quite willing to go home, of course, still we left the front with keen regret, and with many a looking backward as we journeyed northward. In front of us now were the beloved ones of family and social circles—those who had been working for us, hoping for us, praying for us, as they awaited our return; but at the Front back of us were the army comrades of months and years—those who had stood by us in many an hour of peril, were ever ready to share their last hardtack with us, aye, to pour out their very lives with us for the preservation of our common Country. It called for all the joy we realized would soon be ours to overcome the sadness of leaving the Boys in Blue who were still to win grand triumphs at the front whilst we went marching home. Such a show of fighting men, our own dear comrades of war, would never again meet our eyes; and though our minds were overflowing with thoughts of coming happiness,

our hearts were heavy with the knowledge that we had said farewell and forever, to the Fourteenth Corps, and the to Army of the Cumberland. Our only consolation was the belief that among the more than two hundred regiments of Infantry in Sherman's marching host we could truthfully lay claim to brotherhood with the bravest and the best.

Adieu to Infantrymen, Artillerymen, Cavalrymen and Engineers of the Army of the Cumberland! Adieu to all comrades, both of rank and file, and to comrade field officers as well, for our marching and fighting days are ended! We shall soon have our honorable discharges, yet nothing can ever diminish the part we have had in the Nation's deliverance. The cars are bringing us swiftly home, but the sound of their rattling wheels is forming itself into seeming words: "Old Pap Thom! Old Pap Thom! Old Pap Thom!" "Old Tecum! Old Tecum! Old Tecum!" "Army of the Cum! Army of the Cum! Army of the Cum!" as we travel toward Lake Michigan. On the tenth of June the Regiment was back in Chattanooga; on the thirteenth it was in Nashville; on the fifteenth in Louisville, and on the seventeenth we were once more among the dear people of Chicago. The eighteenth of June we took up our temporary abode in Camp Fry, far over on the North Side, but not until the ninth of July the Paymaster having settled Uncle Sam's indebtedness to us, and the muster-out rolls being duly approved by proper authorities, did we receive those precious documents, our Honorable Discharges from service in the Union armies. We had served "Father Abraham" and his Government faithfully and loyally for three years, two months, and sixteen days. "Battle's magnificently stern array," and in the van of which we had so often been, was far from us now; but we were to become "ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times."



Howard Field Beardsley, Co I.

Drum Major William Nevins.

James Gaffney, Co. A.

CHAPTER X.

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CHAPTER X.

During the winter of 1863-64, also just previous to our leaving the front for final muster-out, a goodly number of the men in the Nineteenth re-enlisted as Veteran Soldiers and this fact gives our Regiment something of a claim on the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the War. For if it was not among the marching battalions which peopled Pennsylvania Avenue with victorious heroes from the West on that forever memorable twenty-fourth of May, 1865, it certainly was represented there by some of those who had been our gallant comrades in many battles, hence we are impelled to bring this work to a close with brief account, gathered from various reliable sources, of an unparalleled military array, when once mighty armies marched for the last time behind the tattered Emblems of the Republic they had helped to save.

Knowing the impatience of the Country's citizen soldiers to return to their homes, President Johnson and Lieutenant General Grant ordered a Grand Review of the two great forces which had converged at and near the Nation's Capital after the terms of Peace had been dictated and accepted. These two forces were the Army of the Potomac, and the combined armies of the Tennessee and of Georgia. For four years those Union heroes had been marching and battling in the Southland, and now the parting was at hand; beyond this coming and magnificent pageant lay reunion with friends and relatives who had not been seen in several years, and there was an enthusiasm, an emotion in every man's

bearing such as was never known before in the histories of war.

The appointed days, May 23-24, 1865, dawned at last. The sky was as blue as a turquoise new-mined from the dark, and the May breeze toyed with blossoms and green boughs. The Capital was covered with the Nation's Flags, everywhere flowers and tri-colored bunting smiled on one another, and the Government, with a host of illustrious guests, was present to witness this last display of the pomp and circumstance of a War of Rebellion that had lasted for four long years.

Along Pennsylvania Avenue they marched, those gallant Boys in Blue for whom a vast and applauding throng had long been waiting. On Tuesday it was the Army of the Potomac, 150,000 men, led by Major General Meade, the the conqueror of Lee at Gettysburg; men who had followed every step of the Virginia Campaigns. On Wednesday it was Sherman's mighty force—men who had tramped thousands of miles through the heart of the Southland. Each force had its own characteristics, its own local colors, its own display, and each had its vast multitude of enthusiastic admirers, all these welcoming the returning home of the Nation's warriors. We shall deal only with the Grand Review of the second day, however; and on that day, at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, rode Major General John A. Logan, as its Commander. It was a place of honor and distinction that he had long since won, notably in the night battle before Atlanta; but it was only now that "Black Jack," the greatest Volunteer General of the Civil War, had come into his own, as the Commander of a grand fighting and victorious Army. With the precision of military discipline and long experience, those Western soldiers marched, along Pennsylvania Avenue by columns, company after company, regiments ditto, brigades, divisions, and corps as

well, with Logan riding at their head, a magnificent man on his war steed. Bayonets were gleaming a forest of steel in the bright sunshine. Regimental Flags, torn and tattered—

> "A bit of faded stuff, a rag,
> And yet a thing to die for!"

garlanded now with flowers, and held proudly aloft before the faces of the President of the United States and his Cabinet, their illustrious guests, and the Commanding Generals; and Oh, how the "Old Boys" who had followed those Flags through so many perils and dangers must have been thrilled as they looked on the bullet-pierced Colors which had been their guidance on so many battlefields! And the bands played their choicest airs of war, of camp, of exultation, of peacefulness, as those Western soldiers paraded before the distinguished personages who stood upon the reviewing platforms! See those conquerors in ragged uniforms marching—not to war now, but as though each individual one of them were going to dine with the Nation's President just as soon as the Grand Review was over! See them, marching as on a prize drill competition, not missing a step, nor losing sight of that elbow-to-elbow touch, or those inches of distance between back and breast of rear and foremost rank; eyes to the front as become well-disciplined, thoughtful troops, their unsurpassable swing speaking of days and months and years which knew next to nothing of defeat, even at the hands of equally gallant, equally courageous soldiers of the South whom they had been "running up against" during a stubborn contest that never should have been!

Hep, hep, hep! left, left, left! how the tread of those thousands on thousands of victorious Boys in Blue must have fired the imagination and quickened the blood of the

vast multitude which filled the Nation's Capital that May day of nearly half a century ago! Not Sparta after Platea, nor France after Austerlitz, nor new-born America after the fall of Yorktown, beheld a more glorious or a more satisfying sight. Not Rome, back in the ancient days of her highest grandeur, kept such a feast to the War God Mars as was witnessed during those two days of the memorable Grand Review at Washington in May, 1865. Yet no sordid ambition for military despotism disturbed the mind or thought of those home-comers who had fought the fight set them. The combat and the camp, the battle and the bivouac, the danger and the disease, the short rations and the need of clothing, the silent grief over the loss of another dear comrade and the dread of prison-pen, the longing for news from the beloved ones up in "God's Country"—all these and many another memory were to be put aside on the morrow; for on the morrow these mighty armies were to be made, as in the twinkling of an eye, into a mighty industrial force that was now to rebuild the Nation's strength and bring blessings to a reunited land.

We have before us at the present moment, indeed it is from it that we are about to quote, an original copy of the New York Tribune bearing the date of Thurdsay, May 25, 1865, and on its first page (one column and over) is the following special dispatch from Washington, dated the day previously: "We have had another bright and in all other respects charming day for the review of the Armies of Tennessee and Georgia. The sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue, at all elevated points, were today, as yesterday, occupied by deeply interested spectators. Fresh arrivals this morning augmented the already large number of strangers who had especially visited Washington to witness the Grand Military Parade. The tastefully decorated stands near the Executive Mansion were again occupied by President

Johnson, members of the Cabinet, and Lieutenant General Grant, together with distinguished army and navy officers, Chiefs of Executive Bureaus, the Diplomatic Corps and their families, and other personages. The vicinity of the reviewing point was densely crowded over a larger area than yesterday, this locality being the most attractive.

"The Army of the Tennessee moved from the Capital at nine o'clock this morning, proceeding toward the Executive Mansion. At the head of the column rode Major General Sherman, who was vociferously cheered all along the line, while many clapped their hands, and others waved their handkerchiefs and miniature flags. The greeting of this hero was in the highest degree enthusiastic. He had been presented with two large wreaths of flowers, one of which had been placed around his horse's neck, the other hung upon his own shoulder. Sherman was accompanied by Major General O. O. Howard, formerly in command of the Army of the Tennessee. Next following Major General John A. Logan, Staff, and Escort. He yesterday assumed command of this Army, and rode at the head of it. Until yesterday he commanded the Fifteenth Corps, composed of troops from Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin. The Seventeenth Corps came next, preceded by its commander, Major General Frank P. Blair, Jr., his Staff, and Escort. The troops of this Corps are from Illinois, Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota and Michigan.

"The next in review was the Army of Georgia, Major General Henry W. Slocum commanding, who rode at the head of this column. The Twentieth Corps was commanded by Major General Joseph A. Mower, and it included volunteers from Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Ohio, Delaware, Indiana and Michigan. This was succeeded by the Fourteenth Corps, Brevet Major

General Jeff. C. Davis commanding. It was composed of Volunteers from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan Kentucky, Minnesota and New York. The respective commanders of the Armies, Corps, Division, and Brigades bore upon their persons profusions of flowers, which had been bestowed in acknowledgment of their heroic deeds; and as they passed along the line cheers were given, and handkerchiefs and flags were waved, by those who chose this mode of testifying their gratitude for the gallant services of both officers and men. None seemed to be weary of continuous gazing at the troops, as there was always presented something of increased interest. The Armies represented all branches and divisions of the service—Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry, with sufficient variety in trimmings and appointments to relieve the general sameness of uniform; and several regiments of Zouaves contributed to produce this effect. There was an extensive flashing of drawn swords, bayonets, and polished brass cannon in the clear sunlight. Sections of pontoon-bridges, ambulances, stretchers, even heavy wagons, were features in the procession. There was also a fair representation of the spade and axe department, the implements being carried on the shoulders of both white and black soldiers. Much amusement was occasioned by a display of pack horses and mules. These were all heavily loaded with commissary supplies, including chickens.* A coon, a dog and a goat were comfortably fastened to three of the saddles; these were soldiers' pets.

"An interesting feature in the Grand Parade was the exhibition of Flags and Banners of various patterns, some of them entirely new; others were carried, torn by bullets and reduced to shreds; while others, entire as to material, were faded by exposure to the weather or blackened by the smoke of battle. Several staffs were carried, from which the

*Oh, yes! Chickens included in Commissary supplies—don't you remember, boys?

Flags had been shot away. All the spear-heads were ornamented with flowers either in bouquets or wreaths. It was remarked, as in contrast to the Army of the Potomac, that the troops comprising the Armies of Georgia and Tennessee wore the wide-brim felt hats, regulation pattern. Their appearance in all respects was equal to that of the Army of the Potomac, notwithstanding they had performed more marching service. Their general movements were much admired and accordingly applauded. The Commander of each Army, and Corps, and Division, attended by one Staff Officer, dismounted after passing the General-in-Chief, and joined him until that Division, Corps, or Army had passed the reviewing stand, when he remounted and rejoined his command. Officers commanding regiments presented swords on passing the Reviewing Officer, but company officers were not required to make such salutes. Brigade bands, or consolidated field music, turned out and played as their Brigades passed. One band to each Division performed during the march from the Capitol to the Treasury Building. After the troops passed the Reviewing Officer, they were marched to their respective quarters. The two Armies occupied six hours in passing—the same length of time required yesterday for the review of the Army of the Potomac."

The rest of the first page of the Tribune is filled with the names of the different organizations which passed in review before President Johnson and Lieutenant General Grant on that day. On the editorial page within we find the following:

THE GRAND REVIEW.

Such a spectacle as no other Continent ever saw, as this Continent will never see again, ended yesterday. The great Armies that have saved the Union passed up Pennsylvania Avenue, out of mortal sight and into everlasting history.

Henceforth they exist only in name. The Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Tennessee, the Army of Georgia —they are names to conjure with forever, but the terrible force of them in battle has been wielded for four years only to vanish in a day, and to leave behind them results greater than themselves. Such a pageant as yesterday and the day before witnessed is an event that has to search wide for precedent or parallel. From the time of Napoleon when one or two spectacles possibly equalled this in mere numbers, there is nothing to help the flight of the imagination till far back in ancient history where we may fancy the myriads of Darius passing in review before the tragedy of Arbela had piled the Persian host in hetacombs on the plain which their Macedonian conquerors trod. But the great armies of old history, of Darius or Xerxes, are shadows, while the great armies of today are living and breathing men. Those were the slavish instruments of tyranny and ambition; these are the right hands of a Nation struggling for its own life and the immortality of the Republic. And these Armies of ours passed in review before no ordinary spectators. The Armies themselves —what are they? The Two Hundred Thousand Men who have tramped with feet of flesh and blood by the White House — who are they but the sad survivors of successive Armies of Dead Heroes whose earlier fate gave life to their remaining Comrades and to the Republic? Past what do they file in quick procession Tuesday and Wednesday of this week and this memorable year? Past a tenantless White House from which has gone out the dead corse of him who had earned the right to view this triumphal march! We know not on which to think most sorrowfully—the emptiness of the President's Mansion or the thinness of these soldier-ranks, where every living man seems to be accompanied by innumerable shadows of departed Patriot Warriors. Illustrious

Dead are they all—more illustrious than any living, possessed of a more sacred and enduring fame than any who yet tread this whirling globe. Nor is the mind carried backward only in its survey of this miraculous procession. We think of those who look on, as well as of those who pass by. There stands the President whose hands are uplifted by those thronging thousands and who sees in them the visible support of his Government. There is the great Commander whose all-embracing genius has saved the Nation. There are the Representatives of the Executive, Legislative, Judicial Departments—each one thankful to the Army that he has a department to administer. There are the Diplomatic Representatives of the Great Powers of Christendom—gazing with earnest eyes on this demonstration of the greatest Power of all; conscious that no European Sovereignty could match this marvelous demonstration of Democratic supremacy. And there—whether far or near, whether from the steps of the White House or from the prairies of the West, or the shores of the Atlantic, or the summits of the mountains which divide a Continent—there is the American People looking reverently, admiringly, affectionately on this March of their Brothers through their Capital and like them inspired, uplifted, and strengthened by the occasion. No need to draw a lesson from it—still less to applaud those who make part of it. We but echo the cry of the Army and of the People into whom the Army will in a moment melt, "Long Live the Republic—one and indivisible forever!"

THE TRIBUTE OF A FAMOUS JOURNALIST.

Among the few distinguished representatives of the press at the front in those days of war was Mr. Charles A. Page, who, although connected with a great New York newspaper,

was born on a farm near Dixon, in Lee County, Illinois, therefore to be included among us, in a way, as a man from the "Sucker" State. The evening of Wednesday, May 24, he wrote his paper: "The Grand Review is over. Two days of deserved apotheosis of the two Great Armies of the Republic have come and gone, and 150,000 veterans have been reviewed, not merely by Grant and Sherman and Meade and Logan, but by the people, the grateful millions. To civilians looking on, perhaps the most amazing thing was the numbers that marched by. Unused to armies, they sat seven hours yesterday and seven hours today, while the men with sabres and the men with bayonets, in close order and at brisk pace, marched past, and still the wonder grew where all the soldiers came from. And yet only one-quarter of the loyal forces now under arms in the country were seen by them. So the dense, swift, long columns were the greatest wonder, because they were dense and swift and long. The next wonder was that the soldiers seemed so little excited. They tramped along with a certain easy, satisfied, every-day nonchalance that was the perfection of *nil admirari*. They scarcely looked right or left, and any pride and exultation they did show was prim and bronzed like their faces and their uniform. There were, however, some exceptions. When a shout of 'Hurrah for Massachusetts!' would be raised by a group of Bay State spectators, or an enthusiastic 'Sucker' would call for and get rousing cheers for Illinois, as regiments from their respective States passed by, then the rank and file would look eagerly to where the shout came from, and scan each man's face as though hoping to see a familiar one. Again, when a Colonel on passing the main Pavilion would ask for cheers for the President and General Grant, the imperturbable faces would become transfigured into wild animation and pride, and old rusty hats, grasped by tawny hands and swung high by brawny arms, would circle in the

air, while lungs made strong by years in the field, and throats familiar with the whoop of the charge and the cheer of victory, would send up a noise like that of the many waters of many Niagaras. And yet not one in fifty would turn his eyes to see the faces of those they were cheering. Whether the seeming want of curiosity was the result of discipline which commanded 'eyes to the front,' or whether they really did not deign to appear to be curious, I can't say.

"To the stranger in Washington who had never seen the men on that main Pavilion, it was well worth while the rushing up as the rear of a Division or Corps passed, the hurried glance, and the scamper back when the head of the next column approached. There were the President and Cabinet, Grant, Sherman, Meade, Logan, Hancock, Howard, Slocum, Hunter, Humphreys, and fifty others only less famous. . . . One thing, both yesterday and today, never failed to call forth cheers, and that was the old Flags, the tattered, torn, stained Flags, frayed to shreds, staffs with a few sprays of a lint-like-silk—these were loudly cheered time after time. One regiment had affixed to an old staff, to which still clung a few shreds of the old Flag, a score of bright new streamers, each having the name of one of the battles of the regiment—and wasn't *that* cheered!

"The Army of the Potomac reviewed yesterday is mainly composed of Eastern troops, while the Army of Georgia (Slocum's), and the Army of the Tennessee (Logan's), are mainly Western troops. The exception in the former case consists in a dozen Western regiments scattered through the different Divisions. In the latter the exception is the Twentieth Corps (the Eleventh and Twelfth consolidated) which went West under Hooker. Naturally a comparison was provoked in the minds of the spectators between these Eastern and Western troops. It was noted that the Western men had the advantage in physique, were taller men,

with fewer boys, and scarcely any foreigners among them, that their marching step was several inches longer—officers of the Army of the Potomac conceded that they marched better, that they moved with an elastic, springy, swinging step that does not belong to the Eastern boys, and that their faces were more intelligent, self-reliant, and determined. One could not distinguish officers from men except by their uniforms; the privates and the officers seemed equal in intelligence and manly bearing, and in station when at home. . . . It was remarkable to see how the Twentieth Corps, transplanted, as it had been, from the East, had taken on many of the characteristics of their new comrades. They had learned the same swinging stride, exchanged caps for hats, and become military cosmopolites. . . . And so the last Review is over. The War is over. The boys are going home. 'When shall their Glory fade?' "

* * * * *

AUTEM ECCE ALTERUM.

(But, behold the other side!)

But there is another side to the brilliant and touching picture of some forty-eight or fifty years ago—that of the return of the defeated Armies of Dixie Land. Not in martial ranks, not with bands playing and regimental colors flying in the bright Spring atmosphere, not marching proudly before their Confederate President, but in single, in scattered groups, straggling and struggling backward from the fields of great battles where they had so bravely fought, thousands of them broken in health, every one and all more or less a victim of deprivation in camp or on the march; old boys in tattered uniforms, many of them shoeless, all with bellies empty until Grant said, "Give them rations till they no longer faint with hunger." They, the flower and

the hope of the Southland in its unwise and disloyal attempts to destroy the Union, returned to their homes by virtue of the human goodness and the fraternal sympathy of their Conqueror. And yet it was not all darkness and dread they faced when their weary footsteps brought the Boys in Gray to their own again; for by the ashes of places which had once been their homes these returning "Johnnies" found a-bloom the rarest flower that breaks the calyx of years—the love and sympathy of tender women—mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, even of the colored servants, many of whom had remained faithful to the ties that bound them to "Ole Massa" and "Ole Misses" through the dread weeks and months of frightful rebellion. And it was with this rare flower on their breasts, so to speak, that those defeated soldiers with whom we so often fought, set themselves to teach the world the hardest lesson of War, that of how to work after defeat, of how, now that the sword was sheathed, the bayonet turned into a sickle, the cannon dismantled, the flags beyond their reach, to become people of the earth again. We often tackled them, "we'uns" of the Nineteenth, and we know they were indeed a brave and sturdy race of men. If they had not been the War would have lasted hardly a year; and that they were a brave and sturdy race is to our eternal glory, for it was men of courage and valor whom we defeated during the Civil War. One of their own best fighters has expressed it as a consolation that they were beaten, not by an external foe, but by those of their own flesh and blood. Therefore, a toast: "Our former foes, our present friends!" They are not to be classed under any ordinary description. *Valete ac plaudite.*

HONOR ROLL.

THE LONG (PARTIAL ONLY) DEATH ROLL.

COMMISSIONED FIELD AND LINE OFFICERS.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
BRIG. GENERAL.			
Turchin, John B.	June 18, 1901	Random, Ill.	
COLONEL.			
Scott, Joseph R.	July 8, 1863	Chicago, of w'ds in battle	Gracel'd Cm.
LIEUT. COLONEL.			
Raffen, Alex. W.	Apr. 24, 1901	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
MAJOR.			
Guthrie, Jas. V.	May, 1906		
Harding, Fred'k			
SURGEON.			
Bogue, R. G.	Dec. 8, 1893		Rosehill Cm.
ASST. SURGEON.			
Blake, Sam'l C.	Feb. 5, 1897		Oakw'ds Cm.
CHAPLAIN.			
Conant, Rev. A. H.	Feb. 8, 1863		
ADJUTANT.			
Bell, V. B.		Detroit	
Miller, Chauncey	Jan. 16, 1880	Salt Lake City	Elmw'd Cm.
QUARTERMASTER.			
Wetherell, R. E.			

COMMISSIONED FIELD AND LINE OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
CAPTAINS.			
Calhoun, Wm. A.	Jan. 24, 1907	Chicago	
Campbell, Jas. G.	1911	Bakersfield, Cal.	
Chandler, K. H.	Jan. 2, 1863	Killed at Battle Stone River	
Colby, Chas. A.	Sept. 28, 1888	Louisville, Ky.	
Guthrie, Pres. N.	Feb., 1902	Pittsburg, Pa.	
Hayden, Jas. R.	Nov. 15, 1902	Seattle	
Howard, B. B.	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed Sept. 17, 1861	
Murchison, Alex.	Feb. 3, 1903	Kewanee, Ill.	
Shepley, Chas. H.	Mar. 2, 1862	Killed	
Stuart, Charles	June 9, 1889	Osceola, Ill.	
A. A. G.			
Curtis, Wm. B.		On. Mt. Wash't'n	
DRUM MAJOR.			
Nevans, William	Mar. 27, 1894	Chicago	
LIEUTENANTS.			
Beatty, Thos. M.	Mar. 15, 1904	"	
Boone, Sam. S.	Feb. 15, 1892	"	Rosehill Cm.
Eames, Oliver E.	Feb. 1, 1907	"	
Hunter, J. H.	Jan. 9, 1863		
Jackson, Wm.	Dec. 10, 1897	Elmira, Ill.	
Job, Thos. L.	July 18, 1861	Hannibal, Mo., killed	
Keeler, L. J.	Mar. 20, 1880		
Lamberson, C. V.		Chicago	St. Boniface Cm.
Raffen, J. W.	Mar. 28, 1886	"	Gracel'd Cm.

COMMISSIONED FIELD AND LINE OFFICERS—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
LIEUTENANTS.			
Wharton, Clif. T.		Quincy, Ill.	
Wood, Wellington	Jan. 5, 1863	Of wounds	
Q. M. SERGEANT.			
Downs, H. A.	Feb. 1, 1909	Chicago	

ENLISTED MEN.

COMPANY A.

Ambrose, M. C.	June 17, 1894	Chicago	Chicago
Berg, George			St. Boniface
Bristol, William		"	Gracel'd Cm.
Cherry, John G.	Apr. 30, 1863	Killed	
Cleonewerck, D.C.	Sept. 20, 1863	Battle Chickamauga, killed	Atlanta, Ga.
Deitrich, Henry S.	July 8, 1909	Chicago	Chicago
Fitch, George W.		Elgin, Ill.	Elgin, Ill.
Gassette, N. T.	Mar. 26, 1891	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Hanley, Thomas	July 21, 1863	Huntsville, Ala., of wounds	
Hillas, Robt. B.		Dunlap, Iowa	Dunlap, Iowa
Holmes, D. L.	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone Rvr., Kl'd	On battlef'ld
Kerr, Charles	Feb. 3, 1863	Nashville, Tenn., of wounds	
Keebles, Burr B.	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone Rvr., Kl'd	On battlef'ld
Lane, Charles	Aug. 27, 1862	Richmond Creek, Tenn., killed	
Lee, Timothy	Nov. 5, 1861	Elizabethtown, Ky.	Calvary Cm.
Massey, H. R. A.		Chicago	Calvary Cm.

COMPANY A—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
McFarland, G. M.	June 25, 1863	Nashville, of wds.	
McIntyre, John	July 21, 1863	Tullahoma, Tenn.	
McLean, James	Mar. 4, 1880	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Metcalf, F. W.	Sept. 11, 1863	Near Lafayette, Ga., killed	
Moore, Chas. A.	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone Rvr., K'ld	On battlef'ld
Mulvey, Chris. A.			
Pease, Ira A.	Jan. 2, 1863	" " "	"
Phiefer, Nicholas	1867	Peoria, Ill.	Detroit Cm.
Price, Wm. H.	Sept. 13, 1908	Chicago	Chicago
Skinkle, James		"	Gracel'd Cm.
Stewart, James		"	Rosehill Cm.
Stickney, A. L.	June 1, 1904	"	
Sylvester, Cushing	Oct. 6, 1883	"	"
Trueman, Geo. S.	Jan. 11, 1863	At home, of wds.	
Ultz, George	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone Rvr., Kl'd	On battlef'ld
Vahl, August			Chattanooga
Van Brunt, W. H.	Oct. 17, 1887	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Warner, Chas. J.	Sept. 20, 1863	Battle Chickamauga, killed	Atlanta, Ga.
Winslow, Zebedee	Oct. 18, 1908	Chicago	Chicago

COMPANY B.

Jackson, Sergt. J.	Feb. 23, 1864	Killed in action near Dalton, Ga.	
Blackwell, Chas.	Oct. 14, 1863	Chattanooga, of wounds	Chattanooga
Bullis, Samuel D.	1889	Adell, Iowa	Adell, Iowa
Burrows, Henry	Apr. 9, 1862	Louisville, Ky.	
Cinnamon, James			Florissant, Col.

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Duncan, J. G.	Mar. 11, 1872		
Fleming, Wm.	1908		
Harsh, Chester P.	Apr. 11, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Horrigan, Frank	May, 2, 1861	Pulaski, Tenn., killed	
Hunter, J. H.	Jan. 9, 1863		
Hutchinson, Geo.	Jan. 29, 1882	Stark County, Ill.	
Imes, James O.	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone Rvr., kil'd	Battlefield
Ingles, William	Sept. 18, 1862	Nashville, Tenn.	
Jackson, David	Jany. 8, 1911		
Jordan, Ed. M.	Oct. 5, 1863	Chattanooga, of wounds	Chattanooga
Jordan, Willard	Sept. 20, 1863	Chickamauga, killed	
Kenyon, Isaac	Dec. 30, 1862	Stone Rvr., kil'd	Battlefield
Leason, Chas. N.	Dec. 31, 1862	" " "	"
Meigs, J. C.	Dec. 4, 1901		
Merrill, James	Mar. 17, 1891	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Montooth, Sam'l	1899		
Morgan, Cornelius	Sept. 15, 1861	Pilot Knob, Mo.	
Morgan, Colum.	Jan. 7, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Newcombe, W. H.			Florissant, Col.
Oziah, Thos. W.	Mar. 21, 1908		
Pashley, John S.			
Pask, J. F.	Aug. 16, 1906		
Peebles, Robert	July 11, 1883	Chicago	Calvary Cm.
Robinson, Thos.		Kewanee, Ill., of wounds	

COMPANY B—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Ryerson, Geo. N.	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone Rvr., kil'd	Battlefield
Stone, George H.	Nov., 1894	Kewanee, Ill.	Kewanee, Ill.

COMPANY C.

Borkvort, Peter	Feb. 26, 1863	Stone River, of wounds	Nashville
Chase, Ira J.*	May 11, 1895	Lubec, Me.	Danville, Ind.
Davis, Jas. A.	Apr. 19, 1862	Tuscumbia, Tenn., killed	
Flinn, Michael			Calvary Cm.
Gould, George	Nov. 28, 1863	Chattanooga, of wounds	Chattanooga
Hennesy, M. D.	June 17, 1893	Quincy, Ill.	Quincy, Ill.
Idear, Charles			Killed
Ives, John	Sept. 27, 1912		
Keeler, Louis J.	Mar. 20, 1880	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Kelley, James	Sept. 20, 1863	Chickamauga, killed	Chattanooga
Kennedy, Anthony			
Lincoln, Fayall	July 20, 1872	Palatine, Ill.	Palatine, Ill.
McKeeby, Edward	June, 1864	Killed	
McKeeby, James	Jan. 30, 1882	Chicago	Gracel'd Cm.
Rodgers, A. Y.	Mar. 27, 1883	"	Rosehill Cm.
Smirnoff, Alex.	Sept. 20, 1863	Chickamauga, killed	
Strothers, Geo. C.	Nov. 14, 1891	Quincy, Ill.	Quincy, Ill.
Sweezy, Henry	Jan. 3, 1863	Stone River, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Tabor, John	Sept. 20, 1863	Chickamauga, killed	

*Was Governor of Indiana.

COMPANY C—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Tapley, Mark S.	1912		
Topp, August		Died in Andersonville Prison	
Wilson, Thos. J.	Mar. 8, 1895		

COMPANY D.

Aiken, Alexander	Aug. 28, 1861	Ironton, Mo., kld.	
Anderson, A. E.	Feb. 26, 1902		Mt. Olive Cm.
Daggy, H. C.	Jan. 5, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	
Deer, Jackson	Mar. 29, 1862	Nashville, Tenn.	Nashville
Dennis, C. W.	Mar. 13, 1862	" "	"
Ferris, Charles	Jan., 1911		
Gates, Henry	Jan. 24, 1862	Bacon Creek, Ky.	Bacon Creek
Goldsmith, Alex.	Dec. 26, 1907		
Goldsmith, J.	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone River of wounds	Battlefield
Haynie, J. Henry	April 14, 1912	Newton Centre, Mass.	
Holmes, E. O.	June 16, 1862	Winchester, Tenn., killed	
Hutchins, Ed. W.		Chicago	Gracel'd Cm.
Madden, Samuel	Jan. 25, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	
Mahoney, Thos.	Dec. 9, 1863	Chattanooga, of wounds in Battle Chickamauga	
McCrackin, Robt.	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone River, kld.	Battlefield
Phillips, Joseph	Jan. 29, 1862	Bacon Creek, Ky.	Bacon Creek

COMPANY D—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Sandler, Lewis		Died in Andersonville Prison	
Stanger, Jacob B.	Aug. 11, 1909	Chicago	St. Boniface Cm.
Willard, Thos.	Nov., 1903	St. Charles, Ill.	St. Charles

COMPANY E.

Anderson, Mat.	Sept. 29, 1862	Of wounds rec'd at Chickamauga	
Austin, Isaac	Mar. 5, 1862		
Bennett, John		Soldiers' Home	Quincy
Bourk, John	Apr. 11, 1862	Louisville, Ky.	
Bremner, Wm. C.	Mar. 27, 1887	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Brosnahan, John		Soldiers' Home	Milwaukee
Carmichael, D.	Jan. 2, 1863	Nashville Tenn.	Nashville
Chield, Charles		Soldiers' Home	Quincy
Fitzpatrick, J.	Sept. 11, 1862	Nashville	
Fraser, Alex. McL.	Mar. 16, 1880		
Griswold, Jos. C.		Died in Andersonville Prison	
Guthrie, Peter F.	Sept. 11, 1900	Chicago	Mt. Olive
Huntington, J. C.	Feb. 28, 1863	Nashville, of wds.	Nashville
Irons, Andrew		Chattanooga	
Joel, George	Jan. 5, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Kelley, Martin	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Lawler, Thos. G.	Feb. 3, 1908	Rockford, Ill.	Rockford, Ill.
Mann, Andrew	Sept. 15, 1862	Nashville, Tenn., killed	Nashville

COMPANY E—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
McGraw, James	Sept. 12, 1862	Nashville, Tenn., killed	"
Noble, J. G. P.	Jan. 6, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
O'Brian, Daniel	Dec. 1, 1863	Chattanooga	Chattanooga
Patterson, Wm.	Nov. 25, 1863	Killed at Battle Missionary Ridge	
Reynolds, J. H.	Apr. 16, 1900	Chicago	Calvary Cm.
Rimer, John	July 4, 1863	Killed	Nashville
Skipsey, Joseph	Feb. 26, 1883		
Steel, George	July 14, 1868	Chicago	Gracel'd Cm.
Strang, Stephen	Oct. 1, 1862	Chattanooga	
Walsh, Thos. C.	Apr. 10, 1863	Chattanooga, of wounds	Chattanooga
Welch, Thomas	Sept. 15, 1862	Nashville, Tenn., killed	Nashville

COMPANY F.

Job, Lt. Thos. L.	July 18, 1861	Hannibal, Mo., killed	
Afland, Wm.	Jan. 15, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Bigby, Green	Mar. 1, 1864	Chattanooga	
Bobbitt, J. W. S.	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Bobbitt, S. S. A.	Nov. 25, 1863	Missionary Ridge, killed	
Bouyer, A. J.	Sept. 20, 1863	Killed at Chickamauga	Battlefield
Griffin, Samuel	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone River, kld.	Murfreesboro
Hodkinson, J.	Oct. 5, 1861	Of wounds	

COMPANY F—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Kummell, Jaques	June 3, 1894		Oakw'ds Cm.
Valentine, C. H.	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	Rosehill Cm.
Voney, Prosper	Nov. 27, 1863	Missionary Ridge, of wounds	
Slater, Jas. L.	Mar. 10, 1862	Of wounds	Nashville
Sullivan, A. J.	Dec. 11, 1884		

COMPANY H.

Benham, John	Mar. 6, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	Murfreesboro
Benson, Nels. P.	Nov. 10, 1893	Moline, Ill.	Moline, Ill.
Bergstrom, S.	Sept. 24, 1898	Bloomington, Ill.	Bloomington
Brown, Joseph G.			
Gould, M. A.	Feb. 1, 1907	Moline, Ill.	Moline, Ill.
Kerns, George			
Lawrence, Chas.	Sept. 20, 1863	Killed at Chickamauga	
Mapes, L. B.	Dec. 1894		
Maxham, H. C.		Died in Andersonville	
Maxwell, Jesse	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone River, kld.	
Mead, George		Died in Andersonville	
Thompson, G. G.	Apr. 1, 1890	Moline, Ill.	Moline, Ill.
Van Order, C.	May 28, 1912	Chicago	
Walsh, W. L.	1897		Tremont
Wheelock, T. D.	July, 1906	Moline, Ill.	Moline, Ill.
Wheelock, E. E.	1910	"	
Williams, J. A.	Jan. 15, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.	Nashville
Wood, Wm. H.	Nov. 23, 1862	" "	

COMPANY H—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Young, Daniel E.	Oct. 4, 1861	In Ohio	
Young, Samuel	Mar. 4, 1863	Nashville, Tenn.	Nashville
Youngs, John Y.	Sept. 1, 1863	"	"

COMPANY I.

Barras, Henry	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Barton, John R.	Oct. 10, 1863	Of wounds	
Brown, John	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Bruce, Robert	"	"	
Carroll, Lawrence	"	"	
Christian, Wald.	Feb. 3, 1862	Louisville, Ky.	
Clark, Samuel	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Coleman, Jacob	"	"	
Connelly, M.	"	"	
Connor, Henry	"	"	
Cowden, Harrison			
Douglas, John	"	"	
Frost, William	"	"	
Galloway, William			
Harwick, Wm.	"	"	
Ingraham, Jerr.	"	"	
Jones, Lyman M.			
Lamb, Thomas	Oct. 4, 1862	Nashville, Tenn.	Nashville
Meather, George	Apr. 1, 1883	East Wheeling, Ill.	
Mensel, Frederick	July 23, 1862	Nashville, Tenn.	
Morrison, Thos.	Feb. 22, 1864	" "	Nashville
Morrissey, John			
Painter, A. H.	Sept. 17, 1861	Killed	
Rhea, Chas. H.	1874 or 1875		

COMPANY I—Continued.

NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Rhine, John	Oct. 17, 1861		
Ringer, Wm.	"	"	
Roffner, A.	"	"	
Schlosser, Conrade	July 4, 1864	Chicago	Rosehill Cm.
Simons, H.	Apr. 20, 1863	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Murfreesboro
Smith, Joseph	Oct. 17, 1861	Killed	
Trittean, John	Dec. 31, 1862	Stone River, kld.	
Vincent, Wm.	Feb. 25, 1862	Elizabethtown, Ky.	
Winterstein, Milton			

COMPANY K.

Anderson, Thos.		In Andersonville prison	
Black, John	Feb. 1882		
Bullen, Edg. M.	Feb. 3, 1863	Murfreesboro, of wounds	
Clark, Lyman	Apr. 14, 1863	Murfreesboro	
Cobb, Joseph			
Eckart, George	Sept. 3, 1912	Oak Park, Ill.	
Fullerton, J. C.	Jan. 2, 1863	Stone River, kld.	
Grady, Robert	Feb. 18, 1896	Milwaukee, Soldiers' Home	
Griffen, Dan'l W.	Dec. 30, 1862	Stone River, kld.	
Higgins, Charles	Oct. 16, 1861	Killed	
James, John T.	Sept. 3, 1861	Quincy, Ill.	Quincy, Ill.
Kent, Charles	Feb. 6, 1910	Chicago	
Ladwick, Chas.		Eden	
McDonald, Pat'k	Apr. 4, 1906	Chicago	
Metz, Louis		East Wheeling, Ill.	

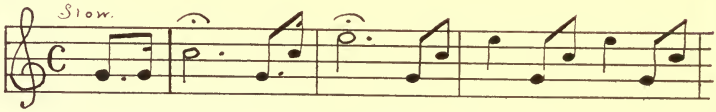
J. Henry Haynie, Commander Charles Ward Post, G. A. R.

COMPANY K—Continued.

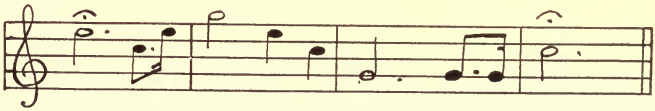
NAME.	DATE OF DEATH.	WHERE AND HOW.	PLACE OF BURIAL.
Miller, M. L.			Gracel'd Cm.
Morgan, Charles	Feb. 23, 1899	Forest Home	
Morisette, Alex.			
Otten, R.	Dec. 7, 1889		Waldheim
Pemberton, T.	Sept. 20, 1863	Killed at Chickamauga	
Shephard, Frank		Elgin, Ill.	Elgin, Ill.
Simpson, A.	Aug. 10, 1862	Pulaski, Tenn., killed	
Stark, Charles			
Stephens, John	Apr. 7, 1910	Chicago	
Tincholen, S. H.		In Andersonville prison	
Uchtman, G. G.	Oct. 17, 1899	.	Rosehill Cm.

"TAPS."

"At the Soldiers' Homes, where the Veterans of the Civil War are laid to rest, at burials of privates and officers at army posts, wherever the last military honors are paid, the sweet notes of this call gives voice to the last farwell."



Put out the lights, Go to sleep. Go to sleep. Go to sleep, Go to



sleep. Put out the lights, Go to sleep, Go to sleep.

SOME OFFICIAL REPORTS *of* COMMANDING OFFICERS

CAPTURE OF BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY.

REPORT OF BRIGADIER GENERAL O. M. MITCHEL.

Headquarters Third Division, Department of The Ohio.
Bowling Green, Ky., Feb. 15, 1862.

GENERAL:—I have the honor to announce that the advance guard, consisting of Colonel Turchin's Brigade, under cover of artillery from each of the batteries commanded by Captain Loomis, effected a passage of the river last night by means of a large flatboat, which was found by our scouts during the afternoon at a large flouring mill about four miles below the town of Bowling Green. The advance guard, accompanied by a detachment of Colonel Kennett's cavalry, supported by three regiments of a reserve from the main body, marched upon the town, and entered without finding any opposition at five o'clock this morning. Our cavalry pickets are now thrown forward five or six miles along the railroad leading to Nashville, the railroad leading to Russellville, and the turnpike leading to Nashville. Every precaution has been taken to prevent the surprise of our advance guard. The entire division is encamped on this side of the river near the railroad, and convenient to wood and water. Our troops, though they had been on the march for two days and without sleep for the greater part of three successive nights, are in the highest spirits. I know not how to express my grateful acknowledgments to all the officers and soldiers comprising the Third Division. Their promptitude, energy and indomitable courage will win, I trust, the confidence and approval of the general commanding the department and of the entire country.

Our victory is almost a bloodless one, but not the less important. I find on examination that Bowling Green is susceptible of the most perfect defense. One of the works on the north side of the river is admirably constructed and beautifully finished. I regret the loss of many valuable buildings in the town by fire. Our effort to drive the enemy from the town by artillery did not prevent them from firing the depot and several other public buildings. We found a large supply of corn

partially consumed by fire. One locomotive on the track was injured badly by burning the wood in the tender. Five or six locomotives in the engine house have been partially destroyed by the fire. Three of them, it is thought, may be repaired. We find on the track at the depot several platform cars, some house cars, several hand cars, and a piece of artillery mounted upon a platform car ready for removal, all of which the enemy was compelled to abandon, by our unexpected attack. A large supply of flour and beef had been distributed among the citizens; should our troops require it, I shall feel it to be my duty to use these stores as the property of the United States. Other stores, consisting of boxes of boots and shoes, sugar, coffee, kegs of nails, barrels of whiskey, tents, and saddles have fallen into our hands, the enemy being unable to remove them from General Hindman's former headquarters to the South side of the river. Indeed, our approach was so rapid and so unexpected that the first intelligence the enemy had of our presence was communicated by the explosion of a shell near the depot.

I am informed by the inhabitants that our firing created the greatest consternation, and that the troops of the enemy precipitately abandoned the town, which but for this they would have done probably at an early day, feeling that other points had become of greater importance, and as their force was limited in number they were compelled to concentrate them where most needed.

The railroad from this point to the tunnel is in perfect condition. The line of telegraph is also complete. About four miles and a half of track have been destroyed by burning the ties and bending the rails. If other rails are sent forward with chairs and spikes promptly, I think a single regiment could open the road in a week. I shall establish today a ferry across the river near the turnpike bridge. Captain Yates, commanding Mechanics and Engineers, reports that the bridge can be in order so as to pass teams in four or five days.

I send this morning a very large train of wagons to Green River for supplies and forage. The quartermaster has been ordered to the country to purchase beef, cattle, mutton, and pork. If orders were given to send by rail our supplies and forage as far as the railway is in condition it would greatly aid us in supplying the division. It is important that some arrangement

be made by means of which our mails may be received regularly and promptly.

I respectfully request your orders as to the disposition of those troops which have been sent forward to support my division. I think it important that Glasgow should be occupied for the present by one brigade. With that force thus posted I feel that our present position can be held against any force which the enemy may be able to send against us. The commanding general will please announce to the country the fall of Bowling Green and its present occupation by United States troops. Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

O. M. MITCHEL,
Brigadier General.

CAPTURE AND OCCUPATION OF HUNTSVILLE.

(Extract from report of Brigadier General Ormsby M. Mitchel.)

Headquarters Third Division.

Huntsville, Ala., April 11, 1862.

SIR:—After a forced march of incredible difficulty, leaving Fayetteville yesterday at twelve M., my advance guard, consisting of Turchin's Brigade, Kennett's Cavalry, and Simonson's Battery, entered Huntsville this morning at six o'clock. The city was taken completely by surprise, no one having considered the march practicable in that time. We have captured about two hundred prisoners, fifteen locomotives, a large amount of passenger, box, and platform cars, the telegraph apparatus and offices, and two Southern mails. We have at length succeeded in cutting the great artery of railway intercommunication between the Southern States.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

O. M. MITCHEL,
Brigadier General Commanding.

CAPT. J. B. FRY,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Headquarters Third Division.
Camp Taylor, Huntsville, April 16, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 93.

SOLDIERS!—Your march upon Bowling Green won the thanks and confidence of our Commanding General. With Engines and Cars captured from the enemy, our Advanced Guard precipitated itself upon Nashville. It was now made your duty to seize and destroy the Memphis and Charleston Railway, the great Military Road of the enemy. With a supply train only sufficient to feed you at a distance of two days march your from Depot, you undertook the Herculean task of rebuilding twelve hundred feet of heavy bridging, which by your untiring energy was accomplished in ten days.

Thus, by a Railway of your own construction, your Depot of Supplies was removed from Nashville to Shelbyville, sixty-three miles, in the direction of the object of your attack. The blow now became practicable. Marching with a celerity such as to outstrip any messenger who might have attempted to announce your coming, you fell upon Huntsville, taking your enemy completely by surprise, and capturing not only his great Military Road, but all his Machine Shops, Engines and Rolling Stock.

Thus providing yourselves with ample transportation, you have struck blow after blow with a rapidity unparalleled.—Stevenson fell, sixty miles to the East of Huntsville. Decatur and Tuscumbia have been in like manner seized and are now occupied. In three days you have extended your front of operations more than one hundred and twenty miles; and your Morning Gun at Tuscumbia may now be heard by your comrades on the battlefield recently made glorious by their Victory before Corinth.

A communication of these facts to Headquarters has not only won the thanks of our Commanding General but those of the Department of War, which I announce to you with proud satisfaction.

Accept the thanks of your Commander, and let your future deeds demonstrate that you can surpass yourselves.

By order of

O. M. MITCHEL,
Brigadier General Commanding.

W. P. PRENTICE, A. A. G.

EXPEDITION TO CHATTANOOGA.

(Extract from report of Commanding General.)

Shelbyville, Tennessee, June 12, 1862.

Our expedition into East Tennessee has proved successful. We are returning with eighty prisoners, including a number of prominent officers; also captured a drove of cattle, and a large quantity of horses intended for the Rebel army. The defeat of General Adams' forces in Sweeden's Cove was much more complete than first reported. He escaped without sword, hat, or horse. We silenced the enemy's batteries at Chattanooga on the evening of the seventh, after a fierce cannonading of three hours. On the eighth, at nine o'clock a. m., we reopened, firing for six hours upon the town and rifle-pits, driving the enemy out and forcing him to abandon his works and evacuate the city. They burned several railroad bridges to prevent pursuit. The Union people in East Tennessee are wild with joy. They meet along the roads by hundreds. I shall send you a number of their principal persecutors from Sequatchie Valley.

Yours very truly,

JAMES S. NEGLEY,

Brigadier General.

GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

(Extracts from the official report of the Division Commander.)

Headquarters Eighth Division, Department of the Cumberland.

Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 8, 1863.

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the troops of my command in the engagements with the enemy on Stone River:

. . . . In the rear and on the right was a dense cedar woods with a broken, rocky surface. From our position several roads were cut through the trees in our rear, by which to bring up the artillery and ammunition trains. In front a heavy growth of oak timber extended toward the river, which was about a mile distant. A narrow thicket crossed our left diagonally, and skirted the base of a cultivated slope, which expanded to the

width of a mile as it approached the Nashville pike. This slope afforded the enemy his most commanding position (in the center), on the crest of which his rifle-pits extended, with intervals, from the oak timber immediately in my front to the Nashville pike, with a battery of four Napoleon and two iron guns placed in position near the woods, and about eight hundred yards from my position. Behind this timber, on the river bank, the enemy massed his columns for the movements of the next day. Their skirmishers were driven from our immediate front after a sharp contest, in which the Nineteenth Illinois and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers displayed admirable efficiency. The position of my command was held under a heavy fire until darkness terminated the skirmishing in our front, by which time we had inflicted considerable loss upon the enemy. . . . .

Early the next morning, and before the heavy fog had drifted away from our front, the enemy in strong force attacked and surprised General McCook's right, commencing a general action, which increased in intensity toward his left. Sheridan's Division stood its ground manfully, supported by the Eighth Division, repulsing and driving the enemy at every advance. . . . For four hours the Eighth Division, with a portion of Sheridan's and Palmer's Division, maintained its position amid a murderous storm of lead and iron, strewing the ground with heroic dead. The enemy, maddened to desperation by the determined resistance, still pressed forward fresh troops, concentrating and forming them in a concentric line on either flank. By eleven o'clock Sheridan's men, with their ammunition exhausted, were falling back. General Rousseau's reserve and General Palmer's Division had retired in rear of the cedars to form a new line. The artillery ammunition was expended; that of the infantry reduced to a few rounds; the artillery horses were nearly all killed or wounded; my ammunition train had been sent back to avoid capture; a heavy column of the enemy was marching directly to our rear through the cedars; communication with General Rosecrans was entirely cut off, and it was manifestly impossible to hold the position without eventually making a hopeless, fruitless sacrifice of my whole Division. To retire was but to cut our way through the ranks of the enemy. The order was given and manfully executed, driving back the foe and checking

its approaching column in our rear. . . . . Colonels Stanley and Miller now promptly reformed their brigades with the remaining portions of the batteries, and took possession on the new line, as designated by Major General Thomas. Shortly afterward the Twenty-ninth Brigade* was ordered to the left to repel an attack from the enemy's cavalry on the trains.

The troops remained in line all night and the next day in order of battle until noon, when the Division was ordered to the right of General McCook's line, in expectation of an attack upon his front. January 2d, at one o'clock p. m. my command was ordered to the support of General Crittenden on the left, and took position in the rear of the batteries on the West bank of Stone River. About three o'clock p. m. a strong force of the enemy, with artillery, advanced rapidly upon General Van Cleve's Division, which, after sustaining a severe fire for twenty or thirty minutes, fell back in considerable disorder, the foe pressing vigorously forward to the river bank. At this important moment the Eighth Division was ordered to advance, which it did promptly, the men crossing the river and charging up the steep bank with unflinching bravery. The Nineteenth Illinois, Twenty-first, Eighteenth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-fourth Ohio, Eleventh Michigan, Thirty-seventh Indiana, and Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers displayed their usual promptness and gallantry. Four pieces of artillery and a stand of colors were captured at the point of the bayonets, and a large number of prisoners, the enemy retreating in disorder. . . . .

I refer to my command with feelings of great pride for the living, and personal sorrow for the dead. Without a murmur they made forced marches over almost impassable roads, through drenching winter rains, without a change of clothing or blankets, deprived of sleep or repose, constantly on duty for eleven days, living three days on a pint of flour and parched corn. Ever vigilant, always ready, sacrificing their lives with a contempt of peril, displaying the coolness, determination, and high discipline of veterans, they are entitled to our Country's gratitude. Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan, and Tennessee may proudly inscribe upon their scrolls of fame the names

* The Nineteenth Illinois was in the Twenty-ninth Brigade, Eighth Division.

of the Seventy-eighth Pennsylvania, Nineteenth Illinois, Thirty-seventh Indiana, Nell's section of Kentucky Battery, Eighteenth, Twenty-first, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-fourth Ohio, Eleventh Michigan, and Spear's East Tennessee Brigade. . . .

* * * * * *

I have the honor to remain,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JAMES S. NEGLEY,
Brigadier General.

MAJOR GEORGE E. FLYNT,
Chief of Staff.

WHAT THE COMMANDING GENERAL SAID.

In his official report to the Adjutant General of the Army, Major General W. S. Rosecrans wrote: "If there are many more bloodier battles on record, considering the newness and inexperience of the troops, both officers and men, or if there has been more true fighting qualities displayed by any people, I should be pleased to know it."

COLONEL STANLEY'S REPORT.

(Extracts from the official report of the Brigade Commander.)

Headquarters Twenty-Ninth Brigade, Eighth Division.
Battlefield near Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 4, 1863.

SIR:—Before the smoke of battle is over, and while the dead lie uninterred, I desire to make the following important report:

On the thirtieth of December, 1862, the Eighth Division occupied the extreme right of the advance of the Army at this point, my brigade occupying the right. The enemy were in our immediate front and extending to our right. It was expected that General McCook would occupy our Right and first engage the enemy there. I directed Colonel Scott, with his regiment (Nineteenth Illinois), as skirmishers, to protect our right flank, but not to bring on an engagement, as you had ordered not to do so at that time. It, however, became necessary to occupy some buildings in a field, from which we were annoyed by the enemy, and Colonel Scott drove them from the place and afterward held

it. We were then annoyed from a barn and brick-kiln in our advance and right, and Colonel Scott charged and drove the enemy away. Quite a number of them were killed in these skirmishes and some two or three of our men were wounded.

During the day General McCook came up on our right and sharply engaged the enemy. At night we lay on our arms, and early on the morning of December 31, our skirmishers advanced and drove the enemy's skirmishers partly through the woods in our front, and General McCook engaged them on our right, but eventually fell back, and then a very heavy force was precipitated on our front and right, and on the Seventh Brigade, to my left. This infantry force was supported by a battery on our front and by another in intrenchments on our left; the firing was very severe; but the Brigade (as also did the Seventh Brigade on my left), not only sustained the attack without falling back, but poured such a well directed fire upon the foe that they faltered, and their onward rush was stayed. However, the Union troops, both on our right and left, had fallen back so far as to bring the Confederates on three sides of us and they were fast closing on our rear. At this time General Negley directed his Division to cut its way through and to join the troops further at the rear; and this we did in good order, halting at two points and checking the enemy by well directed volleys which by this time they had learned to fear.

After we had formed in line behind the crest of a low hill, an officer from another Division rode to the front of the Eighteenth Ohio and ordered them forward, himself leading the way, and made the charge upon the enemy in the woods; but the foe was so strong there that the regiment was compelled to fall back with heavy loss. As soon, however, as I saw the move, I called upon the Eleventh Michigan to follow me to their support, which they did most gallantly; but I soon called them off, as they had no support and the fire was murderous. I exceedingly regretted this order from an officer not having command over me, and without consulting yourself or me. Many of my men were left on the field.

On January 2, the enemy attacked the Left flank of our Army in strong force of infantry and artillery, and soon drove our scattered forces to the rear. General Rosecrans and General

Negley were both on the ground occupied by the Eighth Division, and ordered my Brigade forward across Stone River to stay the advancing forces. This was done with a will, the Nineteenth Illinois leading, accompanied by the Seventh Brigade. They met the enemy with cheers, and with such determination that very soon the enemy gave way, followed closely by us, and were driven from every position up the hill through the timber and through an open field to woods beyond.

In this gallant advance my brigade charged a battery and took four brass pieces. We occupied the field, and soon reenforcements came to our relief, but it was nearly dark, and I did not deem it prudent to advance further without orders, as there was a battery in the woods beyond, which took effect on us at short range. I here rallied my men and formed a little to the rear of the crest of the hill. It was now about dark, and, following your order, I withdrew my command to our former position.

In this engagement, as also the one of December 31, the Seventh Brigade acted in concert with my own, and sometimes the two, to some extent, were intermingled, but fought together without confusion, and thus troops from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan stood side by side, each vying with the other in the conflict. . . . They acted with that bravery expected of well-disciplined troops fighting in a just cause. They stood manfully and bravely the appalling fire of a much larger force, and in the last engagement met and repulsed a superior force, elated with a supposed victory. The officers and men, almost without exception, behaved with the most determined bravery.

Colonel Stoughton, of the Eleventh Michigan, was in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, and throughout both engagements acted with the most distinguished gallantry. Good judgment was also displayed by him in rallying his own men and others of my brigade at the crest of the hill in the last engagement, during my temporary absence on another part of the field. Colonel Scott of the Nineteenth Illinois, was also where danger was most imminent, and by his coolness and bravery aided his regiment in its gallant defense on the first day, and its heroic

charge on the second. He was seriously wounded in the second engagement, and carried off the field cheering and encouraging his men.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. R. STANLEY,
Colonel Commanding.

CAPT. JAMES A. LOWRIE,
Asst. Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Eighth Division.

(Official report of Lieutenant Colonel Alexander W. Raffen.)

Headquarters Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.
Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 10, 1863.

SIR:—I would respectfully submit to you my report of the part taken by the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Infantry in the late engagements before Murfreesboro. On Tuesday morning, December 30, 1862, the regiment, under the command of its colonel, Joseph R. Scott, was, by your orders, deployed as skirmishers, to take possession of and hold certain buildings on the Nolensville pike. On the north side of said pike, on our front and right, opposite the above buildings, was a brick yard, at which we found the enemy in strong nunbers. We succeeded after a short struggle, in driving in their line of skirmishers which had been thrown out, taking possession of the designated places. We held the position thus gained until relieved, about twelve M., by the Forty-second Illinois on our right and the Eighteenth Ohio on our left. We then retired, and were held as a reserve, remaining in that position until next morning, the thirty-first of December, 1862.

At about nine o'clock a. m. of that date, we became engaged with a large force of the enemy. By your orders we changed our position, for the purpose of protecting and preventing, if possible, our Right wing from being turned, which after some two hours' hard fighting, the enemy succeeded in doing. We retired, falling back in line of battle to a cedar forest, where we halted, but were ordered to fall back still further. We again made a stand some fifty yards from the edge of the forest, engaging the enemy alone. We held our position perhaps half an hour, but our colonel, seeing that we were in danger of being outflanked, ordered a retreat, which was done in good order, falling back to

the railroad. By your orders we changed our position several times during the day, but we were not engaged in action.

On Thursday, January 1, 1863, we changed our position several times, but did not become engaged with the enemy.

On the second, about 3:30 o'clock p. m., the enemy suddenly attacked the Left of our army with great fury, and after some severe fighting the Left gave way. We were then ordered forward to their support. Charging upon the enemy, we drove them back. Crossing Stone River, we forced them beyond their batteries, capturing four of their guns and remaining masters of the field.

Early in this engagement our colonel, while gallantly leading his men, fell, severely, but not dangerously, wounded; the command then devolved on me; and I here take great pleasure in testifying to the bravery and good conduct of both officers and men in my command. But where all did their duty so nobly it would be unjust to discriminate.

Inclosed please find list of casualties in my command.

Trusting the above may prove satisfactory, I am,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALEX. W. RAFFEN,
Lieutenant Colonel,
Commanding Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.

COL. T. R. STANLEY,
Commanding Twenty-ninth Brigade.

DAVIS' CROSSROADS (GEORGIA) ENGAGEMENT.

(Report of the Brigade Commander, Colonel T. R. Stanley.)

Headquarters Second Brigade, Second Division,
Fourteenth Army Corps.
In the Field, September 12, 1863.

MAJOR:—In compliance with your orders of this date, I have the honor to report the following list of casualties in my command in the engagement of yesterday. In submitting this report I deem it proper to add an account of the operations of my command in the engagement above alluded to. In the skirmishing during the early part of the day nearly every company of my command was more or less engaged and acquitted themselves with credit and honor.

On taking my position on the ridge at Davis', as ordered by Major General Negley, I placed the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry and Eleventh Michigan Volunteer Infantry in line on the slope in front of the Fourth Indiana Battery, and in rear of a fence, directing them to build breastworks of rails and stones to protect themselves from musketry, which they did promptly and effectually. The Eighteenth Ohio was placed in double column as a reserve. Captain Schultz, commanding Battery M, First Ohio Volunteer Artillery, was ordered to take position on the side of the hill in my rear. He then opened on the enemy, firing over us with one section, and worked with good effect until ordered to retire.

I sent four companies of the Nineteenth Illinois forward, one to a barn, two to the bank of the creek on the right, and one behind the stone wall on the left and near the creek. This last, with one company of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, which was temporarily there, fired a volley on a mounted group of the enemy (as they were fiercely and rapidly pursuing two of the Twenty-fourth Illinois, who had fallen to the rear) which unseated all of the foe in sight, killing thirteen, as reported, and wounding a large number. It is believed the pursuing party was a general officer and his staff at the head of a column of mounted men.

The enemy placed a battery in position, that was well handled and did terrible execution, especially upon the Eighteenth Ohio, which had been placed on the right flank to guard against the foe, who appeared there in strong force. Finding that it would be necessary for me to remain on or near the left in order to observe the enemy in that quarter, I gave Colonel Stoughton, who was on the right, instructions to act at discretion with his regiment and the section of artillery on his right, all of which he did (sending out one of his companies as skirmishers) with proper judgment.

I have already said the enemy appeared in heavy force on my right; this force consisted of a column of infantry and several pieces of artillery. Seeing the emergency, Captain Waggener, my assistant adjutant general (I being on the left), ordered the Eighteenth Ohio into position there and immediately reported the fact to me, which I approved. The artillery soon opened, and I was then exposed to a galling cross-fire. The Eighteenth, however, with the company

of the Eleventh Michigan skirmishing and the aid of the section of artillery, directed by Colonel Stoughton, held the foe at bay in that quarter. In the meantime the enemy in front, taught a severe lesson by the Nineteenth's company behind the stone wall, kept at a respectable distance. His battery, however, did fearful execution, throwing shell and grape with remarkable precision.

While this was being done, I was momentarily on the right; the four pieces on the left were withdrawn without my order, thus leaving me at that point at the mercy of the well directed fire of the enemy's artillery. Soon after, however, the train having arrived, Major General Negley ordered me to retire; this I did in good order, bringing with me the section on my right, which remained until ordered by me to leave.

A portion of the Eighteenth Ohio was thrown temporarily in confusion, and I retired them first, bringing up the Nineteenth Illinois and Eleventh Michigan in rear of the section and skirmishers to their rear. However, I soon had the Eighteenth Ohio also in line and retired with the Brigade in line of battle, ready at any time to face about to the enemy. . . . The foe suffered much more severely than we, and they did not follow us up closely as we fell back. . . .

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

T. R. STANLEY,
Colonel Commanding.

MAJOR JAMES A. LOWRIE,
Assistant Adjutant General, Second Division.

OFFICIAL REPORTS OF THE COMMANDERS OF OUR BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Headquarters Second Brigade, Second Division,
Fourteenth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland.
Chattanooga, Tenn., September 28, 1863.

MAJOR:—In compliance with your order, requiring a report of the operations of my brigade from the time of leaving Cave Springs, Ala., up to our arrival at this point, I have the honor to submit the following.

My command consisting of the Eighteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Nineteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Eleventh

Michigan Volunteer Infantry, and Battery M, First Ohio Volunteer Artillery, (the Sixty-Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry having been left at Cowan, Tenn.), left Cave Spring and crossed the Tennessee River at Caperton's Ferry on the evening of the first of September. We continued the march from day to day, crossing Raccoon Mountain, and encamped on Lookout Mountain September 8. That same day the Eleventh Michigan Infantry, under Colonel Stoughton, was thrown forward and moved down the mountain, clearing out the heavy timber with which the road had been blockaded, and, skirmishing briskly, drove the enemy for more than a mile and a half, and occupied Steven's Gap. September 9 my brigade made a reconnaissance to the front and drove the enemy's outposts some three miles, with light firing. The next day we moved forward to Davis' Crossroads, and, after some manoeuvreing in that vicinity, the engagement took place on the eleventh of September, an official report of which you have already received.

Falling back to Bailey's Crossroads, we remained there until the seventeenth of September, when we moved off on the Chattanooga Road and encamped at Crawfish Spring on the night of the 18th. On the morning of the nineteenth I moved under orders toward the left and took position on an elevated point designated by Major General Negley, with the Eleventh Michigan thrown considerably forward. In the afternoon I advanced my three regiments in line of battle, and, in connection with the Third Brigade, deployed on my right, drove the enemy out of the woods in our front and regained the ground which had been held and lost during the day by the troops of some other command. Later in the day we advanced still further and drove the enemy, with heavy firing, from an open field in our front. We subsequently withdrew to the edge of the woods, constructing light breastworks of rails and remained during the night.

At an early hour the next morning (Sunday, September 20), I received orders from Major General Negley to withdraw from my position and move off up the road toward the Left. I had moved but a short distance, in compliance with this command, when I was ordered to return to the former position, which I did, driving the enemy, who had in the meantime advanced and occupied it. I was relieved shortly afterward by a brigade from General Wood's Division, and again ordered toward the left,

where the battle was raging loudly and heavily. Having moved my command, including the battery which had remained all night in position on the hill in my rear, some distance on and to the left, on a line with the Rossville Road, I was ordered by Major General Negley to push my regiments quickly into the woods on to the right, to support the forces engaged therein. This I did, moving rapidly forward and leaving my battery in immediate charge of Major General Negley, under whose orders Captain Schultz, commanding, having at that time become separated from the brigade, acted during the principal part of the day. I pushed my regiments quickly through the woods and reported to the officer in command, who ordered me farther to the left, to report to whomsoever I found in command there. Upon reaching a certain point I was ordered into line at right angles with the front, but finding nothing to do there, I pushed forward again until I found Major General Thomas, from whom I received definite and positive orders to advance to the support of Brigadier General John Beatty, commanding First Brigade, who was being hard pressed. Having reported to Beatty, under his direction, I formed my line of battle at right angles with the road. This was hardly done when the enemy advanced on us in heavy force. The Eighteenth Ohio and the Eleventh Michigan, forming the first line, opened a rapid and effective fire, which checked the enemy. Observing this, I ordered the Nineteenth Illinois forward, and on their closing up I ordered the line forward to which all responded with cheers of triumph, and the enemy fled in dismay, though several times our number. We thus drove them for a half mile or more, strewing the ground with killed and wounded, and taking a large number of prisoners. Among the latter were Brigadier General Adams and one or two of his staff, who surrendered to officers of this Brigade, and were sent to the rear under guard by the Assistant Adjutant General, Captain R. J. Waggener. I myself talked with General Adams (who told me his name) and know that he was captured by my brigade. He was wounded and asked me to send him a stretcher, which I was unable to do. Quite a number of other officers were near him, dead and wounded, and one of my officers who observed closely thinks there was another Brigadier General among the lot. Our volleys were destructive to them, and I attribute their utter rout to the skillful fire and impetuosity of my brigade.

Having followed up the enemy a considerable distance, and finding myself wholly unsupported, I slowly fell back a few paces under heavy fire from the Washington Battery (which had opened on my line), for the purpose of closing up my ranks and securing some support. General Beatty in the meantime had brought up a brigade to my rear, which he had "borrowed," and I halted my command in their front, imforming them that I would check the enemy and, if the fire became too hot, would fall back on them and fight with them, but was only allowed a few minutes' rest before the enemy in strong force attacked me. Being hard pressed I gave the order, after firing a number of rounds, to fall back fighting to the supoprt. Upon looking around, however, I found the support had disappeared and we were left to our own resources.

I would be glad to state what brigade this was that so shamefully deserted us without firing a gun, but, although I think I am correctly informed, I am not sufficiently certain to express an opinion.

My brigade continued to fall back slowly, halting and firing at intervals, presenting a good front to the enemy, until I withdrew my command and took a position next to some log buildings on the brow of a hill near the Rossville Road. The enemy soon began a fierce and determined attack on this position, defended as it was by part of a battery of the Fourth United States Artillery, which did its duty well, supported by my brigade and some scattered fragments of other regiments. While conducting the defense of this point and earnestly striving to employ the forces under my command to the best advantage I was struck by a ball or piece of shell on the right shoulder, and finding myself unable to continue longer on the field, I turned over the command to Colonel Stoughton, of the Eleventh Michigan, who conducted the brigade through the rest of the engagement of that day, and until we marched, on the night of Monday, 21st, from Rossville to this place. I was, however, with the brigade on the morning and throughout the day on Monday, assisting so far as able. During the charge heretofore spoken of, Brigadier General Beatty was with me and by his cool and gallant bearing added to the enthusiasm of my officers and men, and will be long remembered by them.

I cannot state the number of prisoners taken, for the reason that they were sent to the rear to other commands. The several commanding officers discharged their duties faithfully and well. Colonel Stoughton, of the Eleventh Michigan, displayed the same coolness and fearlessness as at Stone's River. I cautioned him that he exposed himself too much but saw no change in that respect afterwards. The same may be said of Lieutenant Colonel Raffen, of the Nineteenth Illinois, who was always ready, prompt, and courageous; as also of Lieutenant Colonel Grosvenor, of the Eighteenth Ohio, who with his regiment, was in the hottest of the fight.

* * * * * *

Accompanying this is the report of Colonel Stoughton for the time he was in command. He sustained himself well and, with the brigade made such a fight as is seldom made by so small a number of men. After I resumed command I marched to this point with the Division, leaving the Sixty-ninth Ohio, which joined us at Rossville, Monday, the twenty-first, with regiments from other brigades, in charge of Colonel Stoughton, who brought up the rear in good order in the morning.

Since our arrival here I have been engaged more or less, day and night, on the earthworks, and my men have displayed the same willingness to labor as to fight. The loss of valuable officers and men of my command has been heavy both in killed and wounded. A report of the casualties has been already forwarded.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. R. STANLEY,
Colonel Commanding.

MAJ. JAMES A. LOWRIE,
Assistant Adjutant General.

REPORT OF COLONEL WILLIAM L. STOUGHTON.

Headquarters Second Brigade, Second Division,
Fourteenth Army Corps.
Chattanooga, September 27, 1863.

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the Second Brigade while under me

in the recent engagement. I assumed command about twelve, noon, of the twentieth inst., Colonel Stanley having been wounded and left the field. About one o'clock I advanced the command about fifty yards and drove the enemy, who had opened a scattering fire upon us, from our immediate front. I then placed the Eleventh Michigan and Nineteenth Illinois Regiments in line of battle, in a strong position, under cover of the hill, leaving the Eighteenth Ohio to support a section of the Fourth United States Artillery and watch the motions of the foe. Soon after the brigade had taken this position the enemy made a spirited attack on a hill to my right, occupied by the left of General Brannan's Division, apparently driving our troops back. I at once ordered the Eleventh Michigan and Nineteenth Illinois to their support. These regiments advanced at a double quick and charged upon the enemy, driving him from the hill. Immediately after this charge I was informed by General John Beatty that our position upon this hill must be maintained, and was directed to use the forces under my command for that purpose. I thereupon placed my forces along the crest of the hill, the Nineteenth Illinois on the right, and the Eleventh Michigan on the left, and constructed rude breastworks.

My Brigade was by far the largest, if not the only, organized force on the hill, and I accordingly assumed command. The fragments of the regiments on the hill and all men found in the rear were placed in the most available positions. About four o'clock the enemy made a vigorous attack upon our position, and a contest ensued, which in its fierceness and duration has few parallels. Our troops without exception, maintained their ground with unfaltering courage, and the few who recoiled from the storm of bullets were speedily rallied, and returned with renewed vigor. The enemy was in heavy force, and fought with the most determined obstinacy. As fast as their ranks were thinned by our fire they were filled up by fresh troops. They pressed forward and charged up to our lines, firing across our breastworks, and planted their colors within one hundred feet of our own. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped our lines, and in some places the position of the foe could only be known by the flash of their guns.

At six p. m. the enemy still held his position, and as a last resort, I ordered up the Eighteenth Ohio, and rallying every man that could be got, charged forward with cheers upon his colors. His flag went down. His lines broke, and fell back from the hill. During the fight Brigadier General John Beatty rode up and assisted materially in sustaining and inspiring the men. His assistance there, and also in sending men forward, was timely and very valuable.

Our ammunition having become exhausted during the fight, every cartridge that could be found on the killed and wounded, as well as in the boxes of the captured prisoners, were taken and distributed to the men. Lieutenant Colonel Raffen, of the Nineteenth Illinois, Lieutenant Colonel Grosvenor, of the Eighteenth Ohio, and Lieutenant Colonel Mudge, of the Eleventh Michigan, behaved with great coolness and gallantry, and managed their respective regiments with skill and ability; the last named was severely wounded.

* * * * * *

About eight o'clock p. m. orders came from General Brannan to retire, and the Brigade was quietly formed and marched in good order to Rossville. About half an hour before we left a raking fire was poured into our ranks by the enemy from a hill to our right, which had been occupied and as we supposed was still held by General Granger's Reserve Corps. On the morning of the twenty-first, by your orders, I took position with my Brigade on a road leading in a southeasterly direction from Rossville. The enemy appeared in force on our front and an artillery fight was kept up most of the day. At night the Sixty-ninth Ohio was posted as pickets at our front, and according to your orders I withdrew the rest of the brigade at twelve o'clock, moving the artillery by hand, and formed the column on the Chattanooga road, where Colonel Stanley again assumed command.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM L. STOUGHTON,
Colonel Eleventh Michigan Infantry,
Commanding Second Brigade.

MAJ. JAMES A. LOWRIE,
Assistant Adjutant General, Second Division.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

(Extract from Colonel Moore, Sixty-ninth Ohio.)

In his official report, dated Headquarters Sixty-ninth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Chattanooga, December 5, 1863, Colonel Marshall F. Moore, commanding the demi-brigade, says: "I was left in command of the left wing of the brigade, composed of the Nineteenth Illinois, Sixty-ninth Ohio, and the Eleventh Michigan. Of these the two former named regiments were in the first and the last in the second line, the Nineteenth Illinois forming the extreme left of the Division. Between two and three o'clock p. m. we were directed to move by the left flank toward the position occupied by General Sheridan, whose Division was formed in line of battle in a strip of timber bordering on the marshy plain at the base of the Ridge. After advancing until our left was nearly opposite Sheridan's right, we threw out a strong line of skirmishers and moved forward until our main line connected with his. The whole line was now ordered to advance, and immediately on our emerging from the timber into the open plain, the enemy opened on us from the summit of Missionary Ridge, with a most deadly fire. The command was now given to charge, and our line moved off at double-quick with loud cheers, the sound of which mingled with the roar of artillery and exploding shells. Our skirmishers had now become engaged with the enemy, who were occupying a line of rifle-pits at the base of the Ridge. Upon these our main line charged and speedily drove them out, and a large number of prisoners were taken.

"At these rifle-pits our men halted for a few moments to take breath. At the command forward, they moved on up the hill promptly, in the face of heavy volleys of musketry and a galling fire of grape, cannister and shell from the batteries in front to our left, which kept up an oblique fire across the slope of the hill. Just above the rifle-pits I was struck down by a piece of shell, but soon recovering, I found our line slowly advancing in the face of a very destructive fire from the rifle-pit breastworks on the crest of the Ridge. Under this fire, our line, though checked did not waver. Led by gallant officers, the men continued to advance, and when within a few rods of the summit, raised another shout and rushed forward, driving the enemy from his last stronghold in splendid style. The Nineteenth Illinois and Sixty-ninth Ohio, which were in the first line, did not stop at

the summit, but charged down to the foot of the hill on the other side, where, having no support, they halted and reformed. One piece of artillery and a large number of prisoners fell into our hands after reaching the crest; among the latter was the Colonel of the Seventh Florida regiment, who surrendered to Lieutenant Colonel Raffen, of the Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers.

"Without wishing to disparage any other troops where all behaved so nobly, it is due to the regiments of my command to say that they were, if not the first, at least among the very first, to gain the summit. Our colors were among the first planted on the crest, although the Color bearers of both the Nineteenth and the Sixty-ninth fell mortally wounded before they had enjoyed what they so richly deserved—the satisfaction of seeing the Standards they had so honorably borne waving over Missionary Ridge. The Colors of the Sixty-ninth Ohio were taken up and borne forward, after the fall of the Color Sergeant, by Lieutenant Frederick E. Wilson, of Company H, and those of the Nineteenth Illinois by Captain David F. Bremner, of Company E, of their respective regiments. Taking into consideration the fact that when they went into this action both officers and men were worn out for want of rest, and by fatigue and exposure, their conduct in this memorable charge is beyond all praise."

Colonel Moore, Lieutenant Colonel Raffen and Major Guthrie, of the Nineteenth, were "conspicuous for their gallantry; and the same could be said with equal justice of all the other officers and the men in the regiment."

The report of Colonel William L. Stoughton, of the Eleventh Michigan Infantry (General King was absent), commanding the entire Second Brigade, reads as follows:

Headquarters Second Brigade, First Division,
Fourteenth Army Corps.

Chattanooga, December 5, 1863.

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the forces under my command in the action of the twenty-fifth ultimo, and the subsequent pursuit of the enemy. During the forenoon of that day, the Brigade was withdrawn from the picket line and formed in front of the Rossville Road. The right wing, composed of the first and second battalions of the Fifteenth and Eighteenth, the Sixteenth and Nineteenth

United States Infantry, was placed under the immediate command of Major Edie, and the left, composed of the Sixty-ninth Ohio, Nineteenth Illinois, and Eleventh Michigan Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Moore. About one p. m., by your orders, I moved the brigade to the left and closed on the right of General Sheridan's Division, the First Brigade of this Division closing on our right and completing the line of attack.

Our position at this time was partially concealed by the woods. An open field extended thence nearly half a mile to Missionary Ridge—a strong position occupied by the enemy and fortified by a line of rifle-pits about half way up the side, a stout breastwork on the crest, with cannon planted at intervals. Between three and four p. m., orders were received to attack the enemy's works, and the whole line at once advanced. On emerging from the woods the troops were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's artillery. The skirmishers covering our front at the same time engaged those of the enemy, driving them in, and the whole line moved rapidly and in admirable order across the field. On reaching the base of the hill the fire of the Confederates, both of infantry and artillery, became still more destructive, and I gave orders to charge the first line of rifle-pits. These were speedily carried, and most of the enemy occupying them were either disabled or captured and sent to the rear.

After resting a few minutes for the men to recover their breath and to close up the ranks, the order was passed along the line to charge the breastworks. At the command the whole line sprang forward in gallant style and moved rapidly up the steep and difficult ascent. When near the crest they dashed forward with a shout of victory, routing the enemy, drove him from his stronghold, and captured a large number of prisoners with one piece of artillery.

The command bivouacked on the hill during the night, and next morning formed part of the column which followed in pursuit of the retreating foe. Soon after dark we crossed a small creek about a mile south of Graysville, and by your direction I formed the Brigade in line of battle and moved through a piece of woods to attack the enemy on a road leading from that place to Ringgold. On approaching the road we surprised and captured his pickets, and learning his position moved promptly forward and made a vigorous attack, capturing over sixty prisoners, one flag, three pieces of artillery, two caissons with

horses and equipment complete. One gun, dismounted and thrown over the river bank, and two caissons, abandoned by the enemy in his flight, were found the next morning and secured. The captured artillery was known as Ferguson's Battery.

We remained at Graysville during the night, and early next morning one regiment was sent to Chattanooga with the captured artillery while the remaider of the Brigade resumed the march to Ringgold. On arriving at that place a line of battle was immediately formed in front of a range of hills occupied by the enemy. The position was, however, carried by the troops who were engaged when we came up. The command remained here until the twenty-ninth ultimo, when, pursuant to orders, we returned to camp at Chattanooga.

It would be doing injustice to the troops of my command if I were to close this report without mentioning the noble and gallant manner in which they performed the duties required of them. Although somewhat exhausted by three days' incessant picket duty prior to the Battle of Missionary Ridge, they neither hesitated nor faltered, but entered into the engagement with the ardor and enthusiasm of fresh troops, nor were they last upon the Ridge.

The Brigade captured in all five pieces of artillery, one stand of colors, and six hundred and thirty-nine prisoners, including one colonel. The Brigade went into action with eighty-six commissioned officers and 1,455 enlisted men, making an aggregate of 1,541. Of these twenty-five were killed and one hundred and thirty-six wounded.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM L. STOUGHTON,
Colonel Eleventh Michigan Infantry,
Commanding Brigade.

BRIG. GEN. R. W. JOHNSON,
Commanding First Division.

REPORT OF A REGIMENTAL COMMANDER.

Headquarters Nineteenth Illinois Infantry.
Chattanooga, Tenn., December 3, 1863.

SIR:—In obedience to orders, I would respectfully report that my Regiment went on picket duty the morning of Sunday,

November 22, and remained on that duty until about two-thirty o'clock p. m. Wednesday, November 25, when we were relieved and took position on the left of the Brigade, in the right front of Fort Wood. By your direction, I then deployed one company as skirmishers to connect with the right of the line of skirmishers of General Sheridan's Division, which was on our left. We then advanced in line of battle toward Missionary Ridge, emerging from the wood into the open plain, about three-thirty p. m., under a very heavy fire of both artillery and infantry, and took possession of the enemy's rifle-pits at the foot of the hill. Resting a moment or two only, we advanced up the ridge dislodging the enemy after a most desperate resistance, and secured position on the crest at about four-thirty p. m., *our regimental colors being the first on the top of the ridge in this part of the line.* The enemy fled in disorder, and we captured one piece of artillery in a ravine at the foot of the Ridge, on the eastern side, which was afterward taken possession of by a regiment of Sheridan's Division. While ascending the ridge the Colonel of the Seventh Florida Infantry surrendered to me, and I sent him to the rear under guard. Quite a large number of prisoners passed through our lines, and we sent them to the rear without guards. The regiment went into bivouac on the top of the Ridge at about five-thirty p. m.

I would make special mention of Major James V. Guthrie, who was conspicuous in cheering the men in the charge up the hill; Captain David F. Bremner, of Company E, who planted our Colors with his own hands in the rebel works on the crest of the hill; Captain James G. Campbell, of Company F, who was wounded, near the top of the hill, while in advance of the line cheering the men forward; Captain Presley N. Guthrie, of Company K, who was also conspicuous in cheering and urging the men forward during the whole action; and Adjutant Lester G. Bangs, who was severely wounded while in advance of the line as we emerged from the wood at the foot of the hill. I would also mention, for most gallant conduct, Sergeant George Steel, of Company E, Color bearer, and Private Patrick McDonald, of Company K, and John Brosnahan, of Company E, who took the Colors in turn after the Color Sergeant had been wounded. In fact, every man engaged behaved with great coolness and gallantry.

The whole force present in the engagement was thirteen officers and one hundred and eighty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, of whom were killed two privates; wounded, two officers and twenty-two enlisted men; missing, none. Total killed and wounded twenty-six. The number who bivouacked on the top of the hill was ten officers and one hundred and fifty-seven enlisted men.

APPENDIX

ILLINOIS.

"By thy rivers gently flowing,
Illinois, Illinois,
O'er thy prairies verdant growing,
Illinois, Illinois,
Comes an echo on the breeze,
Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
And its mellow tones are these—
Illinois, Illinois.

When you heard your Country calling,
Illinois, Illinois,
Where the shot and shell were falling,
Illinois, Illinois,
When the Southern host withdrew,
Putting Gray against the Blue,
There were none more brave than you,
Illinois, Illinois.

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois;
On the record of thy years
Abraham Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan, and our tears,
Illinois, Illinois."

THE COLORS WHICH WE FOLLOWED.

"Forever float that Standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's Banner streaming o'er us!"
—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Of course, and during the war, flags were to be seen on either side; but the same Flag, the Stars and Stripes, was the proud Emblem of all Union soldiers and sailors. In the armies Its regimental folds were inscribed in historic gild with the names of battles, and often was crimsoned with the blood of the brave men who carried It. We also had the state Flag in each regiment; but it was the Star Spangled Banner that we ever honored most; and, it is hardly necessary to record the fact that this was the one thing which the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry held the dearest of all its possessions. It was a great disgrace for a regiment to lose its Colors in battle; and emphasis may be laid on the fact that such shame never fell to the Nineteenth during its many combats; yet did we capture those of the enemy.*

Immediately after the battle of Stone River the people of Chicago determined to present our Regiment with a new Stand of Colors. Our Flags, already worn by usage, whipped into holes by the winds, riddled by bullets in numerous skirmishes or heavier engagements, were almost entirely done for in those two days near Murfreesboro, and

*The Confederacy changed its flag three times during the Rebellion. First came the "stars and bars," hoisted over the Capitol at Montgomery the fourth of March, 1861; with its seven stars and three stripes, it looked, amid dust and smoke, so much like the repudiated Union Flag that something more original was sought for. Then came a battle flag with a red field crossed by two blue bars, each bearing six gilt stars, besides a large one in the center; and finally it was the "Southern cross," which the surviving Confederates honor to this day.

this fact having come to the knowledge of our friends at home, in due course, Flags bright and beautiful, as rich and costly a set as ever gladdened any regiment, were in our hands; and for a matter of one year and five months, although in many a combat, never were those colors lowered in defeat. Not one single touch of disgrace or dishonor, not the slightest spot of shame or cowardice, not the breath of a blunder, nor that of discomfiture, no trace of ever having been vanquished, can be found in their record. But in their Stars and Stripes, in the Red, White and Blue of their composition can be read the story of Victory accomplished, of Duty to the National Government faithfully performed, of the Honor of the dear State of Illinois firmly and devotedly upheld by officers and men alike, whose names are borne on the rolls of the Regiment with which this volume deals. And the Colors once so proudly followed by the Nineteenth may now be seen in the Capitol Building at Springfield, Illinois. They were delivered to Governor Richard Yates by Comrade Lieutenant John Young, and today they hang, with many other regimantal Flags, Standards, Guidons, etc., and many another War Relic, in Memorial Hall, at the Capital of a State which sent no fewer than one hundred and fifty-six Regiments of Infantry, seventeen of Cavalry, and two of Artillery, a total of about 259,000 soldiers, to the Front in the Civil War!

SCATTERING SHOTS.

ITINERARY OF THE REGIMENT.

The following itinerary of the Regiment will prove of interest and be of value in determining disputed questions as to the location of the Regiment on any given date. It was compiled from the regimental monthly reports and the writer believes it to be absolutely correct.

1861.		Arrived at		1862.		Arrived at	
July	13	Quincy, Illinois.		Feb.	12	Bowling Green,	Kentucky.
"	14	Hannibal,	Missouri.	March	4	Nashville,	Tennessee.
"	14	Palmyra,	"	"	19	Murfreesboro,	"
"	21	Emerson	"	April	6	Shelbyville,	"
"	22	Philadelphia,	"	"	9	Fayetteville,	"
"	22	Palmyra,	"	"	11	Huntsville,	Alabama.
"	27	St. Louis,	"	"	12	Tuscumbia,	"
Aug.	4	Bird's Point,	"	"	27	Huntsville,	"
"	5	Norfolk,	"	"	30	Athens,	"
"	15	Bird's Point,	"	May	27	Fayetteville,	Tennessee.
"	17	Sulphur Springs,	"	June	2	Salem,	"
"	18	Pilot Knob,	"	"	3	Cowan,	"
"	31	Jackson,	"	"	4	Sweden's Cove,	"
Sept.	7	Cape Girardeau,	"	"	6	Jasper,	"
"	9	Fort Holt,	Kentucky.	"	7	Chattanooga,	"
"	14	Elliott's Mills,	"	"	8	Andrews Farm,	"
"	16	Cairo, Illinois.		"	9	Jasper,	"
"	17	Accident on O. & M. R. R.		"	10	Near Stevenson,	Alabama.
"	18	Cincinnati,	Ohio.	"	11	Crow Creek,	"
"	19	Camp Dennison,	"	"	12	Bellefonte,	"
"	24	Cincinnati,	"	"	15	Huntsville,	"
"	25	Louisville,	Kentucky.	"	16	Rock Springs,	"
"	25	Lebanon Junc.,	"	"	17	Winchester,	"
Oct.	1	Chicago,	"	"	24	Camden,	"
"	2	Lebanon Junc.,	"	"	25	Paint Rock Sta.,	"
"	25	Elizabethtown,	"	"	26	Larkinsville,	"
Nov.	16	First issue Zouave Gazette.		"	27	Bellefonte,	"
Dec.	12	Bacon Creek,	Kentucky.	"	28	Stevenson,	"
				"	30	Bridgeport,	"
				July	22	Huntsville,	"

ITINERARY OF THE REGIMENT—Continued.

1862.		Arrived at
July 22 to	Aug. 26.	Scattered along M. & C. and T. & A. C. R. R. guarding bridges; headquarters at Huntsville; left Huntsville, Aug. 26.
Aug.	30	Nashville, Tennessee.
"	31	Lavergne, "
Sept.	1	Murfreesboro, "
"	6	Nashville, "
Dec.	31	Battle Stone River, Tenn.
1863.		
Jan.	1&2	Battle Stone River, Tenn.
"	3	Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
March	4	Bradyville, "
"	4	Murfreesboro, "
"	9	Salem, "
"	15	Murfreesboro, "
June	24	Marched via:
"	25	Hoover's Gap, "
"	26	Beech Grove, "
"	27	Fairfield, "
"	27	Manchester, "
"	30	Tallahoma, "
July	1	Winchester, "
"	2	Elk River, "
"	8	Decherd, "
"	10	Cowan, "
"	13	Tantallen, "
"	15	Anderson, "
"	18	To Cave Springs, Georgia.
Sept.	1	Caperton's Ferry, Ala.
"	2	Opposite Bridgeport "
"	3	On Raccoon M'nt's "
"	4	Near Trenton, Georgia.
"	6	On Lookout Creek, "
"	7	Stevens Gap, "
"	8	On Lookout M't'n, "
"	9	Bailey's Crossr'ds, "
"	10	Davis Crossroads, "

1863.		Arrived at
Sept.	11	Dug Gap, Georgia.
"	11	Bailey's Crossr'ds, "
"	17	Craw Fish Springs, "
"	19	Battle Chickam'ga, "
"	20	Battle Chickam'ga, "
"	20	Rossville Gap, Tennessee.
"	22	Chattanooga, "
Nov.	25	Battle Missionary Ridge, "
"	26	Grayville, Georgia.
"	27	Ringgold, "
"	29	Chattanooga, Tennessee.
1864.		
Feb.	22	Ringgold, Georgia.
"	23	Tunnel Hill, "
"	23	Catoosa Station, "
"	25	Buzzard's Roost, "
"	27	Parker's Gap, "
"	27	Tyners Station, Tennessee.
March	2	Grayville, Georgia.
May	3	Ringgold, "
"	7	Tunnel Hill, "
"	14	Bat. of Resaca, "
"	15	Bat. of Resaca, "
"	17	Calhoun, "
"	18	Adairsville, "
"	19	Kingston, "
"	23	Left Kingston on Atlanta campaign
June	2	Burnt Hickory, Georgia.
"	7	Ackworth, "

Our term of service having about expired we started on our homeward journey from Ackworth, Ga., on June 7.

June	10	Chattanooga, Tennessee.
"	13	Nashville, "
"	15	Louisville, Kentucky.
"	17	Chicago, Illinois.
"	18	Camp Fry.
July	9	Mustered out.

Reunion of Co. B in 1901, the Fortieth Anniversary of Enlistment.

Left to Right
1st Row.
1. C. H. Drury, since dead.
2. Jas. G. Boardman, dead.
3. R. B. Gardner, dead.
4. Robt. Fell.
5. Geo. Ritchie.
6. D. J. Moon.

2nd Row.
1. John T. Thornton, dead.
2. Jas. Montooth.
3. J. W. Pask, dead.
4. Geo. Dugan.
5. Wm. Fleming, dead.
6. J C. Meigs, dead.

3rd Row.
1. Alex. Murchison, dead.
2. T. W. Oziah, dead.
3. I. M. Spencer.
4. David Jackson, dead.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS M. BEATTY, Co. A. A most excellent officer. Perhaps no one did more to keep alive the spirit of true comradeship among the survivors of the Regiment.

As a soldier, none had a better record. He was wounded during the attack on Chattanooga in 1862. Owing to his Captain, and 1st Lieutenant being on detached service, he was in command of his company in every battle.

He died March 15, 1904.

ADJUTANT LESTER G. BANGS. The sketch of his experience at the Battle of Stone River, printed in the preceeding pages, will interest the survivors.

Wounded at Chickamauga, he was with us again at Missionary Ridge, when he was again wounded, resulting in the amputation of his leg. He now resides in Carroll, Iowa.

CORPORAL DAVID MCARTHUR, Co. E, was one of the most gallant and meritorious soldiers in the Regiment. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Stone River.

During a reconnaissance in force to Buzzard's Roost, near Dalton, Georgia, February, 1864, the enemy was in a strong position in the mountain gap, and a severe engagement followed. Corporal McArthur, acting Sergeant, was in charge of part of our Picket lines. About dark our main force was ordered to retire, and McArthur instructed to hold the line for some time after the Brigade had moved. The night was dark. McArthur performed his critical duty in the face of a watchful enemy with great skill and ability and without loss.

A party of Regulars on Picket on his right were also safely guided by him. When the party reached the Brigade, the officer in charge of the Regulars was surprised to learn that he had been following the lead of a Corporal of Volunteers. Corporal McArthur lives in comfort in New Era, Oregon, prominent in the G. A. R., honored and respected by all in his section of the State, as a model citizen.

CAPTAIN CHARLES STUART, Co. B, was a most gallant commander. He died June 9, 1889. His successor, Captain Alexander Murchison served until our muster out. He was an able and fearless officer. He died September 3, 1903.

LIEUT. WM. JACKSON, his able assistant, died December 10, 1897.

"Comrade Jackson enlisted at Elmira as sergeant in Company B, and was mustered with the Regiment June 17, 1861; was promoted to second lieutenant October 30, 1861, and to first lieutenant July 15, 1862. He remained with the regiment at the front constantly, and took part in all the

battles in which it was engaged until mustered out, July 9, 1864, when its term of service expired.

"After the war he was for some years connected with the State militia. He organized the Elmira Zouaves in July, 1884, the company being attached to the Fourth Regiment Illinois National Guard, and in April, 1891, was commissioned Colonel of that regiment.

"Fraternally, Comrade Jackson was a Royal Arch Mason, and a charter member of James Jackson Post, No. 37, G. A. R."

That he was a splendid soldier, a brave and manly man and a sincere and faithful friend, is the unanimous testimony of his comrades of the Nineteenth.

This splendid Company made an enviable record during its years of service. Captain Murchison in 1884 prepared the following sketch of its organization.

"The Company was first organized some time in the summer of 1858, as a Horse Company, at Elmira, Stark Co., Ill., to compete for a premium of $50 offered by the Agricultural Society of Stark County; $25 for the best twenty-five horses, and $25 for the best trained twenty-five horses and riders, to be competed for at the County Fair held at Toulon in September, 1858. Both premiums were taken by the Elmira Company, with that old stalwart go-ahead Captain, Chas. Stuart (so well known to the 19th) commanding. In this contest several other companies competed, but had no show.

During the Fall of 1858, the Company did good work as escort in political processions (for who does not remember the hot and earnest campaigns of '58 and '60?) and had the honor of escorting that grandest of men, A. Lincoln into Toulon, the Couuty Seat of Stark, headed by 36 young ladies, mounted on horseback, each representing a State, followed by a long train of wagons and carriages (just such a turnout as Elmira could beat all out-doors on) with Capt. Stuart at the head.

From this time up to April 13, 1860, the Company met occasionally for drill. On this occasion, it met to organize as a Rifle Company, to be known as the Elmira Rifles, and elected Chas. Stuart, Captain; A. Murchison, 1st Lieutenant but he gave way to S. M. Hill, who claimed considerable military knowledge, taking 2nd Lieutenant. The commissions issued to said officers were signed John Wood, Governor; O. M. Hatch, Secretary of State; Thomas S. Mather, Adjutant General, I. S. M., registered in Book A, page 62, and assigned the Company to the 67th Regiment I. S. M.

The Company, thus organized, numbered some forty members, and met occasionally during the year 1860 and early Spring of '61, for drill. When matters began to look warlike, a number of young men from Lafayette joined

with us, increasing our numbers to 75 or 80, and at the first call for 75,000 men we offered our services to Gov. Yates, but found there was no room for us.

We then disbanded the Lafayette part of the Company, but kept up the original organization, and went about our every day business. The writer hereof went to his old calling of breaking prairie, but yet somewhat doubtful of that 75,000 men being able to thrash all Rebeldom into good behavior And, sure enough, as I came in from my work one Saturday evening, my sister came to the door and handed me an envelope, which I found contained a telegram from Springfield, ordering the Elmira Rifle Company to report in Chicago on June 12, 1861. I then said good bye to that breaking plow, for I never saw it after that afternoon, though I do not think that the share was beaten into either a sword or a pruning hook. I found myself in quite a quandary, with a company numbering only forty men, Captain Stuart in Vermont on a visit, with only two days to work in and one of those days Sunday. I remembered distinctly that I slept but little, but thought a good deal on that Saturday night. But morning found me ready for work. After an early breakfast, I started for Osceola, notified Orderly Sergeant Dr. Pashley to have notice given in the churches at Osceola, and sent a notice to be given in the churches at Elmira, that there would be a meeting held at Osceola (which meeting was held in the M. E. Church) on Monday afternoon, to fill the Company to the required number. From there I went to Kewanee, sent a dispatch to Captain Stuart notifying him that the Company was ordered to be in Chicago on the 12th day of June, 1861, and spent the remainder of the day, till late at night, notifying every one I saw of the meeting, requesting their attendance. At that meeting, the number on our roll was increased to 75 or 80.

THE COMPANY STARTS FOR CHICAGO.

Tuesday evening, we started from Kewanee to Chicago with 86 men, but still lacked 15 men of the number we wanted, for nothing would suit us but a full Company, 101. Here, Uncle Johnny and Dr. Boardman came to the rescue by saying to us: "Go on, boys, with what you have, we will see to it that you have your full quota." And, sure enough, the third morning after going into Camp Long, Uncle Johnny Turnbull came charging into Camp with several more men than we wanted, making it necessary for us to transfer three to Company C and two to Company D. But to go back to our arrival in Chicago: We had no orders where to report or who to report to. I knew that we would be all right if Stuart could only get there, and I knew if it was possible he would be there. And, sure enough, he was. I don't know that I ever felt better pleased than I did as I heard Captain Stuart's quick sharp "Halt!" as we were rounding the corner of the City Hotel, corner

of Lake and State streets. The first thing on the programme then was breakfast at the City Hotel, next, a hall to stop in till a camp was established. During the day, we found that grand and noble soldier, Col. Joseph R. Scott, who so willingly gave his young and manly life for his country. From this time out, the history of Company B and the 19th is one and the same. In its trials and joys and fame there is no distinction of Companies. They were one—the gallant Nineteenth."

THOMAS E. PATTERSON, COMPANY E. One of the youngest soldiers in the Regiment. He displayed marked courage and ability in the performance of every duty assigned him. Soon after the war he went West, where his sterling qualities soon brought him deserved recognition and prosperity. He is now serving his second term as Mayor of the flourishing city of North Platte, Nebraska.

CORPORAL HOWARD (FIELD) BEARDSLEY, COMPANY I. Comrade Beardsley, of Company I, a most gallant soldier was seriously injured in the railroad wreck of September 17, 1861. After an absence of several months, he rejoined his regiment and served out his three years. He claims that he and M. V. Foley were the first Iowa boys to enlist for three years and they had to go to Galena, Illinois, to do it. Mr. Beardsley comes from a patriotic family. Col. David Field of Deerfield, Mass., who commanded the Hampshire County Regiment during the War of the Revolution, was his great, great grandfather; Elihu Field, a revolutionary soldier, was his great grandfather, and his grandfather, Henry Field, served in the War of 1812.

H. S. DIETRICH, COMPANY A. Comrade Dietrich was among the youngest in our ranks. After over three years of honorable service, during which he participated in the stirring events described in these pages with distinguished gallantry.

He later was appointed State Inspector of Rifle Practice, with the rank of Colonel. He died July 8, 1909.

CORPORAL THOMAS G. LAWLER, COMPANY E. Comrade Lawler, one of the best soldiers in the Regiment, active in the G. A. R. He was elected Commander in Chief in 1894. Successful in civil life, he was greatly honored and respected by his fellow citizens of Rockford, Ill, where he died February 3, 1908.

SERGEANT W. H. WILDEY OF COMPANY A, better known as Harry, is still active. He was a most gallant soldier, as Sergeant of General O. M. Mitchel's Scouts in Tennessee and northern Alabama. He proved his sterling

soldierly abilities in many daring scouts, and was highly commended by his superior officer. He is a leading citizen of Mount Carroll, Ill. He left us August 17, 1863 to accept promotion as First Lieutenant in another Regiment.

LIEUTENANT H. E. CARTER, COMPANY D, a fine officer and gallant soldier. Owing to his residence in another State, he has been with us but seldom since the War days. His former comrades will be pleased to see his likeness. He is comfortably situated and well preserved. His home is in Detroit, Michigan.

SERGEANT THOMAS BLYTHE, COMPANY E. Every survivor will be pleased to look on the picture of Sergeant Tom. None better in the Regiment, a brave soldier and a most excellent non-commissioned officer.

He is now a resident of Denver, Colorado, somewhat enfeebled, but deeply interested in the welfare of his former comrades in arms.

All will read the following with interest:

SERGEANT BLYTHE'S DEMAND ON GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON.

The following incident has been furnished by Comrade Blythe, of Denver, Colorado, formerly Sergeant of Co. E.

While lying in camp at Nashville, Tenn., in September, 1862, we learned that two of our company, privates Mann and Welch, had been shot by a citizen down town. The men were dead when brought to camp, and we were informed that the murderer had been taken under guard to the 42d Illinois camp on the Franklin Pike; about thirty-five or forty of us started after the man determined to bring him over to our own camp for punishment. On arriving at the 42d Illinois camp, however, we found that he had been taken to the capitol; we then decided to proceed to the capitol and secure him, and being the ranking sergeant present, I took command of the detachment and marched them to the capitol grounds, and leaving them resting on their arms outside, Corporals Guthrie, Huntington and myself proceeded to find the Governor, Andrew Johnson, who we found in Company with Colonel Gilman, of the First Tennessee, coming down the steps. I at once demanded the prisoner of the governor and he inquired by what authority I made the demand. I replied that as the men who were killed belonged to our company we took the authority upon ourselves, as we thought the prisoner should be tried by drum head court-martial. We could do nothing with the governor, however; instead, he ordered Col. Gilman to place us all under arrest, and to send us to General Negley's headquarters. On arriving there I stated the case to the General, who did not seem to think very highly of it and gave us a great talk about foraging. I told him we had not been foraging but it did not seem to make much impression, and he gave us another lecture, telling us

what a great breach of military disiepline I had been guilty of in taking so many armed men out of camp without instructions from the officer in command, and demanding a prisoner from the governor of the state. And when he got through I thought it was all up with me. However, he finally told me to take the men back to camp, and that he would see that the prisoner was duly tried and punished. I was glad to get off so cheaply, but to my knowledge nothing was ever done to the murderer.

LIEUTENANT ALVAH MANSUR, COMPANY H, died at Pasadena, Cal. Comrade Mansur enlisted at Moline, Ill., in the Moline Rifles, and was mustered with that company into the Nineteenth Illinois as second lieutenant June 17, 1861. He was promoted to first lieutenant Dec. 1, 1861, and resigned July 22, 1863.

After the war Comrade Mansur engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements at St. Louis, Mo., under the firm name of Deere, Mansur & Co., which attained a world-wide celebrity.

He was a courteous and capable officer, and a talented and educated gentleman. He always took an appreciative interest in the club, and was most liberal in furthering any worthy object which it undertook.

CAPTAIN K. H. CHANDLER, COMPANY F, was an able and fearless officer quiet and unassuming. At the Battle of Stone River, January 2, 1863, he was instantly killed while leading his company. No more loyal or gallant officer than he fell in defense of his country.

SERGEANT RUEBEN F. COFFIN OF COMPANY G, later of Bridges' Battery, a most gallant soldier, in a recent letter, referring to the Battle of Missionary Ridge, says: "Our Battery was stationed on Orchard Knob, where I think we did credit to the Regiment. We exploded two caissons on the Ridge, near Bragg's headquarters, but as our lines advanced up the Ridge we had to cease firing. I then had a chance to observe the Infantry lines. Our attention was attracted to one Flag, near the right of Bragg's headquarters, and watched it closely, as it was in advance—saw it go down twice; that meant two Color bearers shot; but Flag or line did not stop. I heard General Granger exclaim, 'Oh! how I would like to shake hands with that Color bearer.' I learned later it was the Flag of the Nineteenth Illinois. All honor to the Nineteenth. I feel proud of the record they made and that I belonged to the organization."

Comrade Coffin resides at Walnut Grove, Longmount, Colorado.

LIEUTENANT JOHN DEDRICK, COMPANY H. A most gallant and fearless officer, always on duty with his company. He is now retired from active

duties, after a successful business career in his home city, Geneseo, Illinois.

JAMES GAFFNEY, COMPANY A. Comrade Gaffney remains with us—the same genial spirit as when with us in his youth. As soldier or wagon master he was always to be relied on, and always at the front.

JAMES BLOOMFIELD, COMPANY A. Comrade Bloomfield, Secretary of the Nineteenth Illinois Veteran Club, is an earnest and devoted worker in the interest of our Club. He is also a member of the Committee having in charge the publication of this, our History, on which he has done much valuable work.

His record as a soldier is an enviable one, always ready for duty, brave in action, cheerful and contented. No matter what befell, he was throughout his service a "model soldier."

During an engagement near Tuscumbia, Alabama, in 1862, he was taken prisoner, and after much suffering, was duly exchanged, and again entered the ranks of the Regiment, serving until our final muster out, July 9, 1864.

The writer regrets he did not secure photographs of all who deserved recognition. Among the missing, all of whom served with courage and devotion, we mention the following:

Quartermaster Sergeant H. A. Downs.
Robt. R. Sampson, Company A.
Joseph M. Spahn, Company A.
John Q. Fergus, Company A.
James C. McElhose, Company C.
Miles Martin, Company C.
Thomas King, Company E.
T. H. Agnew, Company E.
Sergeant Joseph T. Johnson, Company K.
James Fenton, Company K.
Andrew Burns, Company K.
Wm. Butler, Company K.
Albert Heller, Company K.
James Ryan.
Wm. C. Burton.
And many others.

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J. HENRY HAYNIE . . . . . FRONTISPIECE.

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